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THE NEW YORKER

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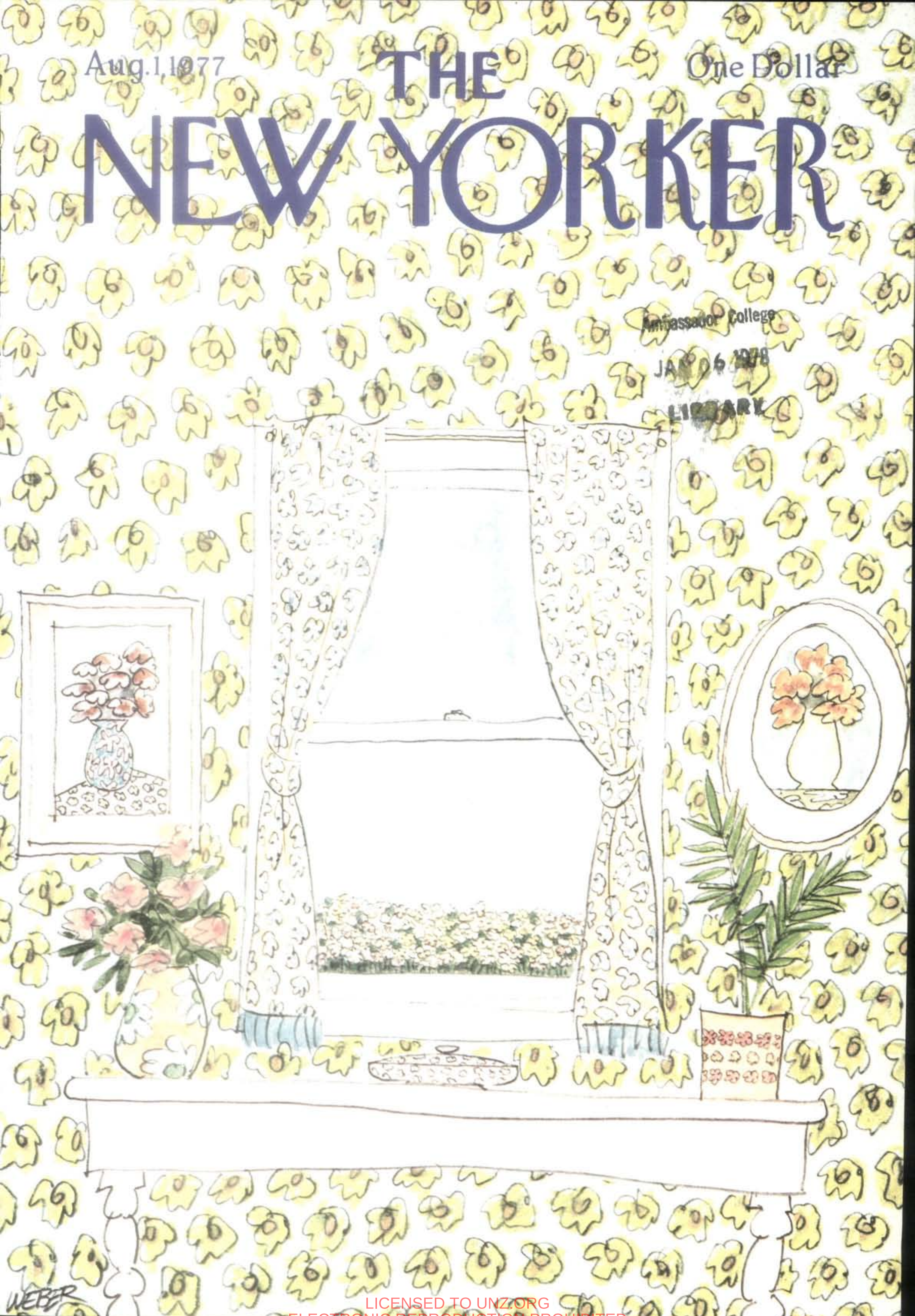

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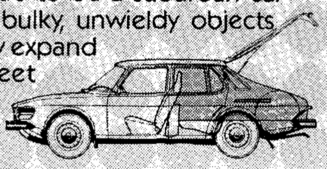

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANNA CHRISTIE—O'Neill's early and silly melodrama makes a creaking vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 30.)

ANNIE—Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike, in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—Al Pacino is superb in a revival of David Rabe's passionate play about the U.S. Army in Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

THE CHERRY ORCHARD—Chekhov's great comedy is worthily enacted by an exceptional cast; the ravishing settings and costumes are by Santo Loquasto, and the sometimes arbitrary and self-important direction is by Andrei Serban. Not to be missed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GEMINI—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I LOVE MY WIFE—Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST—A flabby production of Oscar Wilde's sparkling comedy, but with good performances by Patricia Conolly and Munson Hicks. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISS MARGARIDA'S WAY—Estelle Parsons in a four-week engagement of a play written and directed by the Brazilian playwright Roberto Athayde. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Floriana Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Dick Cavett (who has just replaced Tom Courtenay) is the star of Simon Gray's comedy about a London publisher who *asks less of life than life is determined to* give him. An able cast backs up Mr. Cavett, under the direction of Harold Pinter. Steven Sutherland substitutes for Mr. Cavett on Wednesday afternoons. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SEASON'S REASONS—A play written and directed by Ron Milner, with music by Charles Mason. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

THE 2ND GREATEST ENTERTAINER IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD—Dick Shawn in a one-man show. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

THE SHADOW BOX—An impressive Broadway début by a young playwright named Michael Cristofer. The subject of his play is the difficulty in our society of facing the intolerable fact that we die; contrary to what one might expect, the play is not in the least a gloomy one. The superior cast has been ably directed by Gordon Davidson. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM—Thirty-odd ravishing songs by Stephen Sondheim, well sung by some English and American admirers of our local laureate. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SLY FOX—A superb adaptation, by Larry Gelbart, of Ben Jonson's "Volpone." Uproarious shenanigans by, among others, Robert Preston, Jack Gilford, and John Heffernan. The direction is by Arthur Penn. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A SON COME HOME, ON BEING HIT, and **GETTING IT TOGETHER**—A triple bill by Ed Bullins, Clay Goss, and Richard Wesley, respectively. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 490-0077. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, July 31.)

UNSUNG COLE—And quite a lot of sung Porter, too, as presented by a young quintet (2 m., 3 f.), with results that are in-and-out good but always agreeable. Among the unsungs is a beautiful number, "If Ever Married I'm," excised from "Kiss Me, Kate," and it is very well done here by Maureen Moore. The other singers, all of them promising and attractive, are Gene Lindsey, Mary Louise, Anita Morris, and John Sloman. The program was conceived and directed by Norman L. Berman. Costumes by Carol Oditz. Lighting by Arden Fingerhut. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—A whirlwind of gospel-sing and (if there is such a thing) gospel-dance, taken by Vinnette Carroll from the Book of Matthew. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN . . . 13
"UNDR" . . . *Jorge Luis Borges* 18
"FROM GENESIS AND EXODUS" . . . *William Steig* 20
"BEAUTIFUL GIRL" . . . *Alice Adams* 23
"SLAVE ON THE HEADLAND" (POEM) . . . *William Stafford* 24
"A GOOD EXPLANATION" . . . *Ian Frazier* 27
A REPORTER AT LARGE (CITY EMPLOYEES) . . . *Ken Auletta* 28
"KITE" (POEM) . . . *Laura Jensen* 34
U.S. JOURNAL: THE BRONX . . . *Calvin Trillin* 49
THE RACE TRACK . . . *Audax Minor* 55
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . *Richard Rovere* 56
"ASTRONOMIES" (POEM) . . . *Robert Dana* 60
MUSICAL EVENTS (CONCERT RECORDS) . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 61
BOOKS . . . *Howard Moss* 63
BRIEFLY NOTED . . . 68

COVER: *Robert Weber*

DRAWINGS: *James Mulligan, Warren Miller, Donald Reilly, James Stevenson, Robert Weber, Everett Opie, Edward Koren, Jack Ziegler, Bill Woodman, Edward Frascino, Lee Lorenz, Charles Barsotti, Al Ross, Dana Fradon*

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Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—bubbling brown sugar: Down Memory Lane in Harlem, which means the twenties, the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Ellington, Waller . . . A lane? A boulevard. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30). . . **chicago:** A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the club:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **equus:** Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Leonard Nimoy, Ralph Seymour, and Beverly May. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,185 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **for colored girls who have considered suicide:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.). . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **same time, next year:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Hope Lange and Don Murray, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **shenandoah:** Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is William Chapman, filling in for John Cullum for several weeks. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **vanities:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **the wiz:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music production about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Big Apple Circus—A tent circus sponsored by the New York School for Circus Arts. Comedy jugglers, acrobatic clowns, trapeze artists, and aerialists. (Battery Park Landfill City. Thursdays at 1; Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 1 and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 4. For information about tickets, call 586-3581. Closes Sunday, Aug. 14.)

DANCE

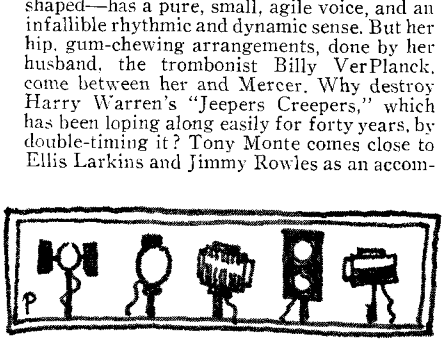
Dance Theatre of Harlem—A series of twelve performances, opening with a benefit on Wednesday, July 27, and running through Sunday, Aug. 7. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-2417. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

●

Johnny Mercer Tribute (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen.)—Gil Wiest's newest attempt to celebrate American songs and singers is in the form of a tribute to the late Johnny Mercer, and it is being done by the singers **bob carroll** and **marlene verplanck,** and by **tony monte** on piano, **richard davis** on bass, and **joe corsello** on drums. Mercer has been matched as a lyricist only by Lorenz Hart and Ira Gershwin, neither of whom approached the extraordinary variety and size of his output. At his best, he was a fine versifier who wrote with such humor and lyricism and precision about non-urban America, which obsessed him, that Alistair Cooke once rightly compared him to Mark Twain. How many lyricists would dare begin a song "Skylark, have you anything to say to me"? But the distance between Wiest's excellent idea and its execution is considerable. Carroll started as a big-band singer in the early forties with Tony Pastor and Ted Fio Rito and Charlie Barnet, and he has a grapy voice and a Las Vegas manner. (His introduction of Marlene VerPlanck: "She is some kinda talent, folks.") He delivers Mercer's words in a booming, bathtub way, and he even fails to make Hoagy Carmichael's sly, already rocking "Lazy Bones" swing. Marlene VerPlanck—redheaded, aquiline, mermaid-shaped—has a pure, small, agile voice, and an infallible rhythmic and dynamic sense. But her hip, gum-chewing arrangements, done by her husband, the trombonist Billy VerPlanck, come between her and Mercer. Why destroy Harry Warren's "Jeepers Creepers," which has been loping along easily for forty years, by double-timing it? Tony Monte comes close to Ellis Larkins and Jimmy Rowles as an accompanist, and it is a delight to hear his feathery, sparkling high register. Richard Davis's timpani tone and sliding, Far Eastern notes dim the singers, and Joe Corsello's habit of flipping one wire brush three hundred and sixty degrees on every afterbeat may get him in trouble if the mechanism ever jams. Some of the Mercer songs aimed at the audience opening night: "Satin Doll," "Skylark," "Any Place I Hang My Hat Is Home," "Midnight Song," "Day In, Day Out," "Accentuate the Positive," "Too Marvellous for Words," "Days of Wine and Roses," "Tangerine," "Goody, Goody," and "Moon River."



●

Axis in SoHo, in the M. Elson Gallery, 463 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (228-0882)—Contemporary jazz and organic apple juice. Guitarist Ryo Kawasaki leads a trio on Friday, July 29; on Saturday, July 30, saxophonist **julius hemphill** will perform with cellist **abdul wadud;** on Thursday, Aug. 4, saxophonist Alex Foster and pianist Mike Wolff will co-pilot a quartet; and on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, pianist **hal galper** leads a quintet that features Mike and Randy Brecker. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—Singer Liz Corrigan, a former folkie and a current studio performer—she sings commercials for cigarette lighters, diapers, cornstarch, and Coke—is here with an able, understated backup trio. She calls herself an eclectic, and her repertoire—a bit of Rodgers and Hart, a bit of bluegrass, a bit of seventies pop—underlines her eclecticism; her voice, however, is strong, colorful, and wide-ranging. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **dardanelle** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in fine musicians and a healthy number of customers—many of them students. The performers in the picture-window music corner are pianist **hal galper** and saxophonist **lee konitz,** through Saturday, July 30. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 3-6, saxophonist **sonny stitt** will work with his combo. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: Saxophonist David Sanborn, guitarist Pat Metheny, and their respective bands trade sets on Wednesday, July 27; on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1-2, NRBQ, a New England R. & B. band that played an unavoidable acoustic set the last time it was here (on Wednesday, July 13, when the lights went out), will take over. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist Michael Renzi performs through Saturday, July 30; on Monday, Aug. 1, pianist Tom Garvin will take on the musical chores. The Sunday chores are handled by **barry harris** and his helpers. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**george shearing** has charge of the piano Mondays through Fridays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dinner and supper.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cleo, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—Hague and Hague—composer Albert Hague and his wife, singer Renée Orin—are presenting a program of Hague tunes (from the shows "Redhead" and "Plain and Fancy") and self-conscious one-liners;

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturday, July 30. They appear at nine-thirty and eleven. Dinner.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES,** forthright, cute, and cuddly, sings delicate ballads and authoritative blues songs Mondays through Saturdays. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** performs Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Tom Artin, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins after nine-thirty. On Sundays, **SCOTT HAMILTON,** a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, leads a quartet from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Good things do come in small packages: five nights a week—Wednesday through Sunday, from ten to three—genuine swing music prevails inside this tiny bar. Drummer **SONNY GREER,** an eighty-one-year-old former Ellington associate (they started hanging out together in 1919); clarinettist and saxophonist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** sixty-eight and an ex-Ellington section man; and pianist **HOD O'BRIEN,** who has temporarily replaced Brooks Kerr, are the players. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a pleasure. Mondays and Tuesdays, pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** and bassist Jamil Nasser get together at ten. On Sundays, from five to ten, Hod O'Brien warms up with bassist Frank Luther and singer Alicia Sherman. Weeknights, from five to ten, are given over to trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards .

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**CHICO HAMILTON,** a wily drummer and a lyrical composer, winds up his visit with a quintet that features alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** who seems equally at home playing avant-garde or mainstream jazz or rhythm-and-blues; Saturday, July 30, is Hamilton's last night. On Monday, Aug. 1, **ARTHUR PRYSOCK,** a baritone who used to cause women to swoon at the Apollo and the other theatres and ballrooms he used to play more than twenty years ago, will arrive for a six-night stint. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF,** the visiting soloist while Roy Eldridge is away, is supported five nights a week by the resident blowers—drummer Eddie Locke, bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Sam Margolis, and pianist Johnny Morris. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Bob Carroll, Marlene VerPlanck, and a trio in a tribute to Johnny Mercer (see above). Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, and disco-funk bands. Singer and songwriter Phillip Namanworth works with a nine-piece backing crew on Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The Ha Havishnu Orchestra, a twelve-piece satirical rock band, is here Wednesday, July 27. Then, Thursday through Saturday, July 28-30, comedian **HENNY YOUNGMAN** will perform at this folk-and-rock club, a far cry from the Borscht Belt; on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1-2, Sky King, a jazz-and-rock band that features Chris (son of Dave) Brubeck on trombone and bass, will be present; and on Wednesday, Aug. 3, rural bluesmen **SONNY TERRY** and **BROWNIE MC GEE** will begin singing, playing, hooting, and chuckling in much the same way they've played, sung, hooted, and chuckled for the past thirty-odd years. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—The unofficial sixty-fifth-floor annex of the Museum of Modern Art's Design and Architecture collection. Beginning Tuesday, Aug. 2, drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S** orchestra will take care of the music. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

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Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret in town. Singers Stephan Burns and Craig Carnelia share the stage through Saturday, July 30; on Tuesday, Aug. 2, Judith Cohen, a short, wiry-haired, frenetic, and generally outrageous singer, will begin performing for her devoted following. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and sometimes Sundays at ten; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are usually showcase nights, beginning about eight. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A very big, square, but nonetheless warm downstairs room. The **ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO—LESTER BOWIE, JOSEPH JARMAN, ROSCOE MITCHELL, MALACHI FAVORS,** and **DON MOYE**—and its enormous array of musical instruments are onstage through Saturday, July 30. Drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES,** who is noted for his work with Miles Davis in the fifties and who is *still* wonderful, will bring in a quintet on Tuesday, Aug. 2. Music from ten to two-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Pianist Larry Willis leads a sextet on Wednesday and Thursday, July 27-28; on Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** will head up *his* sextet; alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** will be back with his nonet on Tuesday, Aug. 2; singer Janet Lawson's trio will drop by on Wednesday, Aug. 3. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Saturdays through Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist and composer **JIMMY GIUFFRE,** serene and guru-like—but he still manages to swing—leads a trio through Saturday, July 30; on Sunday and Monday, July 31-Aug. 1, guitarist **JOE PUMA** will lead a trio; and on Tuesday, Aug. 2, bassist **CECIL MC BEE** will arrive with his fiery sextet. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

Third Phase, 2864 Broadway, at 111th St. (749-0200)—Weekend swing-music repertory combos that are headed by a few authentic players from the swing era: Trumpeter Franc Williams, who played in territorial bands and in bands led by Ella Fitzgerald, Earl Bostic, and Duke Ellington, leads a quintet—electric-guitar pioneers Eddie Durham and Jimmy Shirley, pianist Harold Mabern, and drummer Shelton Gary comprise it—on Friday and Saturday, July 29-30; on Friday, Aug. 5, saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will take the stage; and on Saturday, Aug. 6, tenor saxophonist **EARLE WARREN** (who is a real charmer near a microphone) and trombonist **DICKEY WELLS,** both Basie exes, will work with a quintet that includes **DILL JONES** on piano and a sturdy, reliable **JO JONES, JR.,** on drums. Music at nine-thirty and midnight. Light menu, no liquor.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Daphne **HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG,** play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-fifteen to midnight. Downstairs, soul-disco-jazz-whatever's-in-the-air saxophonist Stanley Turrentine and his quintet perform opposite pianist Nina Sheldon's trio Tuesdays through Sundays at nine-thirty. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Alto saxophonist **ART PEPPER,** who resurfaced at this club and at the Newport festival a few weeks ago and received much admiration for doing so, winds up another week on Sunday, July 31. (Dig his drummer; it's **ELVIN JONES.**) On Tuesday, Aug. 2, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** and his eight-piece concert ensemble will arrive. Mondays belong to tenor saxophonist and composer **FRANK FOSTER** and his rousing big band, the **LOUD MINORITY.** Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Swing music has moved to the Third Phase, a couple of blocks south. Meanwhile, four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** has taken the Tuesday and Wednesday slot, and the rest of the week is given over to fledgling rhythm-and-blues, bebop, and hard-bop groups. Music from nine-thirty to one-thirty every night but Monday.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Peter Yellin Sextet—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Saturday, July 30, from 2 to 5.

Bad Company and **Climax Blues Band**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, July 31, at 8.

Yes and **Donovan**—Madison Square Garden. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 5-7, at 8.

Johnny Winter, 38 Special, and **U.F.O.**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Aug. 6, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Twenty-six drawings and watercolors executed during the last decade of his life, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, July 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

George Rickey—Eight stainless-steel kinetic sculptures, the largest thirty-five feet high. Through Sept. 24. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Vincent Smith—Oils, drawings, and prints by an artist who specializes in African subjects, using tribal emblems, not to mention sand and gravel. Through Friday, July 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Nicholas Vasilieff (1887-1970)—A retrospective of the works of this émigré painter who fled the Russian revolution and eventually settled in America, where he spent the rest of his life painting, in a peasant-like primitive style, his memories of Mother Russia. Through Friday, July 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Etchings, engravings, and woodcuts dating from the sixteenth century through the eighteenth by such artists as Ruysdael, Hollar, and Bosse. Through Friday, Aug. 5. . . . **AARON BERMAN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Sherman Drexler, Anne Tabachnick, and others. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art. Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Demuth, O'Keeffe, and Matta. Through Saturday, July 30. . . . ¶ Three-dimensional sculptures by Douglas Abdell, Arman, Sari Dienes, and Hubert Long. Through Aug. 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **DROLL-KOLBERT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Susan Crile, Charles Fahlen, and Pat Steir are three of the artists participating in a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through Sept. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GREY ART GALLERY OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY,** Washington Place, just east of Washington Square: Works on paper by such artists as Baskin, Dove, Martin, and Miró. Through Friday, July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: The current selection includes works by Yrjö Edelmann, a Finnish artist; Robert Natkin; and Henry Moore. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **KORNBLEE,** 20 W. 57th St.: Nature studies (both paintings and sculptures) by six artists,

Ciara
The thoroughly female fragrance by Charles Revson
Ciara

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

including Janet Alling and Alexander Hollweg. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **MEISEL**, 141 Prince St.: Frank Roth, Tino Zago, Ed Meneeley, Theodoros Stamos, and Oded Halahmy. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The contemporary art scene is the common subject of this group of cartoons and magazine covers by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE**, 40 Centre St., on Foley Square: Forty-three members of the Organization of Independent Artists are showing their works in the lobby of the Federal Courthouse and in the lunchroom on the fifth floor. Nearly all the works are wholly abstract. Through Sept. 16. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5:30.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Graphics, drawings, and watercolors by John Sloan, Rockwell Kent, Howard Cook, and others. Through Friday, July 29.

Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 50 W. 57th St. . . . **GENESIS**, 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St. . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.

New Talent Shows—At **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St., where unknown artists can show their works to professional curators three times a week, a selection from the works inspected last winter is on view. Through Aug. 27. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **TRUMAN**, 38 E. 57th St.: Included are works by Tom Williams, Sonya Rapoport, Stephen Larese, and Marc Boone. Through Aug. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays.)

Sculpture—A show of plans for outdoor sculptures by Anne Healy, Athena Tacha, Mary Miss, and Lloyd Hamrol. Through Friday, July 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

U.S. Custom House, Bowling Green at the foot of Broadway—An ongoing free exhibition of performing and visual arts, the latter mostly sculpture at the moment—ten upright prisms, nine feet tall, by Charles Ross, which cast rainbows of light into odd corners of the fine old structure; a series of plaster figures by Carol Parker; and a paper environment by Vera Manzi Schacht that is like a sunset one can walk into. . . . ¶ Musical and/or dancing groups perform Wednesdays through Fridays at 12:30, and Sundays at 3. Through Sept. 11. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George N. Barnard (1819-1902)—Albumin prints of Sherman's campaign. Through Sept. 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Chauncey Hare—Interiors of homes and other spaces by a photographer whose work is currently on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Edward Weston (1886-1958) / **Leland Rice**—Seventy-five photographs, some of them vintage prints, the others printed by Weston's sons Cole and Brett, and by George A. Tice. / Color photographs of paint-splattered artists' studios, and other works. Through Aug. 19. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clarence H. White (1871-1925)—Close to a hundred works by a founding member of the Photo-Secession. Through Sept. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays; closed Mondays.)

Impressions of Cuba—In March, seven photographers from the United States spent three weeks photographing the island from end to end, and this exhibit consists of a hundred and fifty of their works. Through Aug. 31. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Wednesday through Friday, July 27-29, from 10 to 8; Saturday, July 30, from 10 to 5; thereafter, Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Landscapes (rural and urban) by ten contemporary photographers, among them Geoff Winningham and Roger Welch. Through Friday, Aug. 5. . . . **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works by more than a dozen photographers. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Twenty-three photographers participating in a mostly new-talent exhibition. Through Friday, July 29. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Landscapes ranging from contemporary color works to a rural scene by Bourke-White and an aerial view of First World War devastation by Steichen. Through Friday, Aug. 5. (Closed Mondays.)

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MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Thracian Treasures from Bulgaria" is an exhibition of exactly that, often wrought out of silver and gold. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings and graphics by Childe Hassam. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Theo Westenberger, Lydia Hammond, and Coreen Simpson. Through Sunday, July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Prints and books published by the Paris art merchant Ambroise Vollard (1867-1939), who printed editions of, among others, Braque, Toulouse-Lautrec, Cézanne, and Picasso. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Morris Louis, Roy Lichtenstein, John Clem Clarke, Susan Rothenberg, and others have works in a show of new acquisitions. Through Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by women artists, among them Mary Petty, Alexandra Exter, and Lee Krasner. Through Sept. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Chauncey Hare. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Informal concerts of classical music Fridays and Saturdays at 8.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of sixty-seven Paul Klee works executed between 1895 and 1940. Through Sept. 5. A complementary exhibit (ending Saturday) is at the Serge Sabarsky Gallery, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . ¶ The paintings and sculptures of forty modern European artists in a show that observes the museum's fortieth year. Through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings dating from the fifties to the present by Americans Cameron Booth, Jo Baer, Raymond Parker, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—An exhibit of works of twentieth-century artists—Burchfield, Calder, Christo, Johns among them—from collections owned by Friends of the Whitney. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ The years 1890 to 1910 are covered in an exhibit of nearly three hundred paintings, graphics, and photographs, by Thomas Eakins, Mary Cassatt, Charles Dana Gibson, Gertrude Käsebier, and others. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9, with no admission charge Tuesdays after 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday evenings, from 6:20 to 9, the Mostly Mozart Trio performs classical, jazz, and popular music in the sculpture garden.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of works by leading Pop artists—Dine, Oldenburg, Warhol, and others—together with works from the fifties that prefigured Pop Art. Through Aug. 15. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Two Centuries of Black American Art" includes paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, crafts, and decorative objects, dating from 1750 to 1950, by such artists as Joshua Johnston, Horace Pippin, Palmer Hayden, Alma Thomas, and Romare Bearden. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhaustive array of maps, ranging from a 1507 world map to maps made by computers. Through Aug. 7. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of sixteen large wooden models, built to scale, of villas, palaces, and churches designed in the sixteenth century by Andrea Palladio. In addition, photographs of the buildings as they appear today. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the prominent American sculptor Chaim Gross includes as well drawings, watercolors, prints, and tapestries. Through Oct. 24. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . ¶ A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . ¶ Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur") printed by William Caxton. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) Through Saturday, July 30.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive exhibit of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk-art objects (frakturs, rugs, furniture, paintings, weathervanes, pottery) assembled from the collections of the museum's members. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the latest show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

Mostly Mozart Festival—A six-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with preconcert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 27: Alexander Schneider conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with members of Tashi. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 28: Mr. Schneider, violin; Stephanie Brown, piano; Michael Tree, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; and Julius Levine, double bass. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 29-30: Dennis Russell Davies conducting the orchestra, with Radu Lupu, piano; Paula Robison, flute: and Heidi Lehwalder, harp. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 1, and Wednesday, Aug. 3: Sergiu Commissiona conducting the orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Vladimir Spivakov, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 2: Mr. Dichter; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 4: Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, including Miss Robison; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler and Scott Nickrenz, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and Charles Wadsworth, piano, with guest artist Clamma Dale, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra, with Benita Valente, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; and the Westminster Choir.

(Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 27.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 29, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and Peter Serkin, piano, in a Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Klaus Tennstedt conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Beethoven programs: Friday, July 29, at 9, with Mr. Serkin. Saturday, July 30, at 8:30, with Joseph Silverstein, violin; Jules Eskin, cello; and Mr. Serkin. Sunday, July 31, at 2:30, with Mr. Silverstein. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 7: Judy Collins and Jesse Colin Young. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 7: A piano recital by Misha Dichter. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 9: André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Armando Ghitalla, trumpet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducting a varied program, with Mr. Dichter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 2:30: André Previn conducting a Haydn-Prokofieff program; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 28. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Friday, July 29, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting a second performance of Benjamin Britten's opera "The Rape of Lucretia," with Catherine Rowe, soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 8:30: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Janos Starker, cello, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 5:30: A piano recital by Mark Westcott. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 7, at 5:30: A harpsichord recital by Igor Kipnis. (Katonah, N. Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 21. On Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, buses will leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Tentative schedule of final performances by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday evening, July 27: "Who Cares?" and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . Thursday matinée, July 28: "Square Dance," "Other Dances," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . Thursday evening, July 28: "Divertimento No. 15" and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . Friday evening, July 29: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto" and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . Saturday matinée, July 30: "Square Dance," "Chaconne," and "Who Cares?". . . Saturday evening, July 30: "Divertimento No. 15" and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, July 31: Olivia Newton-John. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Aug. 1: Gordon MacRae. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 2: Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 3: Neil Sedaka. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 4: The Spinners. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 5: Jean-Luc Ponty and Herbie Hancock. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 6: Oscar Peterson and McCoy Tyner. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Aug. 7: Charlie Byrd's trio and Joe Pass. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 30: May O'Donnell Concert Dance Company, Anne Marie DeAngelo and Lawrence Rhodes, and Bhaskar. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 2-6: Twyla Tharp Dancers and Dances. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances in New London—Wednesday, July 27, at 8: Walter Nicks Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 29-30, at 8: Twyla Tharp Dancers and Dances. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 31, at 5:30: Douglas Dunn and Dancers. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 8: American Dance Machine. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Wednesday, July 27, at 8, and Thursday, July 28, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Friday, July 29, at 8:05; Saturday, July 30, at 4:05; and Sunday, July 31, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 1-2, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 2:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 5-6, at 8:05.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Friday, Aug. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Giants vs. New England Patriots, Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8.

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 27, and the Lexington Handicap, Saturday, July 30. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday between 11 and 1:10, and Saturday between 11 and 1:15.). . . **SARATOGA**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 1, through Saturday, Aug. 27. The Schuylerville, Monday, Aug. 1; the Test, Wednesday, Aug. 3; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 6. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Sorority, Saturday, July 30, and the Monmouth Invitational, Saturday, Aug. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 12:05.). . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:45; through Monday, Sept. 5. The Matchmaker, Saturday, Aug. 6.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Cosmos vs. Washington, Wednesday, July 27, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. Connecticut, Sunday, July 31, at 7:05. (For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

TENNIS—World Team Tennis at the **NASSAU COLISEUM** (New York Apples vs. Phoenix, Friday, July 29. . . . New York Apples vs. Los Angeles, Saturday, July 30), and at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (New York Apples vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 2). Matches begin at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 725-0070. . . . ¶ Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Sunday, July 31, at 1; Monday through Friday, Aug. 1-5, at noon and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 6-7, at 1; and Monday, Aug. 8, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 201 762-6220.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 13. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Aug. 1.

YACHTING—Australia, France, and Sweden in the first of three elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Thursday through Wednesday, Aug. 4-10.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—A revived production of Andrei Serban's odd but often effective interpretation of **AGAMEMNON**, the terrifying play by Aeschylus. The second of two Beaumont Theatre productions being presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. Free performances start on Tuesday, Aug. 2, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 28. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Andre Kostelanetz will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 8:30. . . . **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island, Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens, Saturday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts. (Wednesday, July 27; Friday, July 29; and Sunday, July 31, all at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Jacques Singer conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Sunday, July 31, at 5.). . . ¶ Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "The Barber of Seville," in English, with Jerold Siena, tenor, and Frank Guarrera, baritone. (Thursday, Aug. 4, at 8.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—The first of two performances of a modernized version of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," presented by the New York University Theatre Company. (Sunday, July 31, at 2.). . . ¶ Fritz Rikko conducting the Festival Orchestra. The third in a series of five concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 2, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Dr Pepper Central Park Music Festival. Wednesday, July 27, at 6:30: Harry Chapin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 29, at 6:30: Robert Klein and Helen Schneider. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 30, at 6:30: Daryl Hall & John Oates and Valerie Carter. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 1, at 6:30: Jimmy Buffett, Kiki Dee, and Blue. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 3, at 6:30: Jesse Colin Young and Tom Rush. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 5, at 6: John Prine and Jesse Winchester. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug 6, at 6:30: Burton Cummings. (Through Saturday, Aug. 27. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**, with Beth Fowler. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 221-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Aug. 7 (day). St. Louis, Aug. 8-9 (night) and Aug. 10 (d). Cincinnati, Aug. 19 (twi-night doubleheader) and Aug. 20-21 (d). Houston, Aug. 22 (n) and Aug. 23 (d). Atlanta, Sept. 2 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 3-4 (d). Montreal, Sept. 5 (n) and Sept. 6 (d). Philadelphia, Sept. 7 (n) and Sept. 8 (d). . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Aug. 10-11 (night). California, Aug. 12 (twi-night doubleheader) and Aug. 13-14 (day). Chicago, Aug. 15-16 (n). Minnesota, Aug. 24-25 (n). Texas, Aug. 26 (n) and Aug. 27-28 (d). Seattle, Aug. 30-31 (n). Toronto, Sept. 9 (n) and Sept. 10 (d).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J.: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Buffalo Bills, Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Sept. 4.

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 18-21.). . . ¶ Walker Cup Matches. (Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton. Aug. 26-27.)

RACING—At **BELMONT**: Aug. 29-Oct. 15. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Sept. 6-Dec. 31.

TENNIS—United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 31-Sept. 11.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 15-Nov. 5.

YACHTING—Australia, France, and Sweden in the second and third elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Semifinals start Aug. 11 and finals start Aug. 25.). . . ¶ America's Cup final trials, American yachts. (Newport. Starting Aug. 16.). . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. Manhasset. Aug. 24-28. . . . ¶ America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 13.)

MUSIC—**IN THE COUNTRY**: Philadelphia Orchestra at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 10-27. . . . **NEW YORK CITY OPERA**, New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727): The fall season will open on Aug. 31, with Boito's "Mefistofele," and will run through Nov. 13. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's "Celebration of Black Composers Week," Aug. 30-Sept. 2, and "Avery Fisher Week," Sept. 7-10.

OTHER DATES—"Holiday on Ice," at Madison Square Garden, Aug. 10-21. . . . ¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 2-18. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 5. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Thursday, Sept. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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DRIVE-IN
THEATER
EXIT
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31	1	2	3	4		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Jabberwocky."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Aug. 2: "Black Sunday" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 2: "Nasty Habits."
From Aug. 3: "Cousin, Cousine."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Star Wars."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Deep."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Last Remake of Beau Geste."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"New York, New York."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Annie Hall."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"In the Realm of the Senses."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pardon Mon Affaire."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Other Side of Midnight."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"I Never Promised You a Rose Garden."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Orca."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The First Nudie Musical."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Deep."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 2: "Nasty Habits."
From Aug. 3: "Annie Hall."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Annie Hall."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Bridge Too Far."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Star Wars."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Spy Who Loved Me."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Orca."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through Aug. 2: "In Search of the Castaways" and "Robin Hood."
From Aug. 3: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through Aug. 2: "The Island of Dr. Moreau."
From Aug. 3: "Tentacles."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Renoir Cinema, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 3: "Strongman Ferdinand."
From Aug. 4: "The Great Madcap."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"We All Loved Each Other So Much."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 28: "Annie Hall."
From July 29: "Orca."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "3 Women."
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 2: "In Search of the Castaways" and "Robin Hood." From Aug. 3: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 2: "The Island of Dr. Moreau." From Aug. 3: "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."
Theatre 4: "Welcome to L. A." and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"For the Love of Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"MacArthur."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"New York, New York."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 2: "Rocky" and another feature, to be announced.
From Aug. 3: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Cría!"

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"La Grande Bourgeoise."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Stroszek."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 2: "Jabberwocky."
From Aug. 3: "Man on the Roof."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 2: "In Search of the Castaways" and "Robin Hood." From Aug. 3: "Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo."
Theatre 2: "Orca."
Theatre 3: "The Deep."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Cousin, Cousine."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 2: "Rollercoaster" and "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
From Aug. 3: "Race for Your Life, Charlie Brown" and "The Three Stooges Follies."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through July 28: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye and Carmen Miranda.
July 29-30: "The Way We Were" (1973), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford; and "For Pete's Sake." (†)
July 31-Aug. 1: "City Lights" (1931) and "Modern Times" (1936), both films directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin.
Aug. 2: "Ludwig." (†)
Aug. 3-4: "Siddhartha" (†); and "Steppenwolf" (1974), directed by Fred Haines, with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 27: "The Bad Sleep Well" (1960), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Scandal" (1950), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
July 28: "The General" (1926), directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Mr. Keaton; and "The Strong Man" (1926), directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon.
July 29: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), the second of the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.
July 30: "Performance" (1970), directed by Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg, with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Gimme Shelter" (1970), directed by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont.
July 31: "An Evening with the Royal Ballet" (†) and "The World's Young Ballet." (†)
Aug. 1: "The Music Room" (†) and "Distant Thunder." (†)
Aug. 2: "Stalag 17" (†) and "Sabrina." (†)
Aug. 3: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "La Guerre Est Finie." (†)
Aug. 4: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "The Navigator" (1924), directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp, with Mr. Keaton and Kathryn McGuire.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 28: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Millhouse: A White Comedy" (1971), directed by Emile de Antonio, a documentary.
July 29-30: "Let It Be" (†); and "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles.
July 31-Aug. 1: "Mildred Pierce" (1945), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Humoresque." (†)
Aug. 2: "A Woman Under the Influence" (†) and "Minnie and Moskowitz." (†)
Aug. 3-4: "Myra Breckinridge" (†); and "Saturday Night at the Baths" (1975), directed by David Buckley, with Robert Aberdeen.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 27: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946), directed by Tay Garnett, with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "Point Blank" (1967), directed by John Boorman, with Lee Marvin, Angie Dickinson, Carroll O'Connor, and Keenan Wynn.
July 28-30: "An American in Paris" (1951), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Gene Kelly, Leslie Caron, Nina Foch, and Oscar Levant; and "Invitation to the Dance" (1956), directed by Gene Kelly, with Mr. Kelly, Igor Youskevitch, and Carol Haney.
July 31-Aug. 2: "Ziegfeld Follies" (†) and "Cabin in the Sky." (†)
From Aug. 3: "Grand Hotel" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery; and "Waterloo Bridge." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Aug. 2: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.
Aug. 3-4: "The Naked and the Dead" (†); and "The Manchurian Candidate" (1962), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 28: "The Four Feathers"

(1929), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Richard Arlen, Fay Wray, Clive Brook, William Powell, and Theodore von Eltz; and "Beau Geste" (1939), directed by William Wellman, with Gary Cooper, Brian Donlevy, Robert Preston, and Ray Milland.

July 29-30: "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Barrymore, John Howard, and Louise Campbell; and "Kennel Murder Case." (†)

July 31-Aug. 1: "The Glenn Miller Story" (†) and "The Benny Goodman Story." (†)

Aug. 2: "Cobra Woman" (†) and "Tangier" (1946), directed by George Waggner, with Maria Montez and Preston Foster.

Aug. 3-4: "The Boys from Syracuse" (†) and "Artists and Models." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 28 at 2:30: "The Cat and the Canary" (1927), directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ July 28 at 6: "A Hero for a Night" (1927), directed by William James Craft, with Glenn Tryon. . . . ¶ July 28 at 8:30: "Jazz Mad" (1928), directed by F. Harmon Weight, with Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2:30. "Jazz Mad" and "A Hero for a Night.". . . ¶ July 29 at 6: "Liliom" (1934), in French, directed by Fritz Lang, with Charles Boyer; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 30 at noon: "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1963), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Gregory Peck, Robert Duvall, and Brock Peters. . . . ¶ July 30 at 2:30: "Silk Stockings" (1927), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Laura La Plante. . . . ¶ July 30 at 5: "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (1927), directed by Harry Pollard, with George Seigmann and James B. Lowe. . . . ¶ July 31 at noon: "The Great Impostor" (1961), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Tony Curtis and Edmond O'Brien. . . . ¶ July 31 at 2:30: "Alias the Deacon" (1928), directed by Edward Sloman, with Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ July 31 at 5: "Morocco" (1930), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at noon: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Silk Stockings." . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "The Cohens and Kellys in Paris" (1928), directed by William Beaudine, with George Sidney and Charlie Murray. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at noon: A program of three short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2:30: "Ambush" (1939), directed by Kurt Neumann, with Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 6: "California Straight Ahead" (1926), directed by Harry Pollard, with Reginald Denny. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 2:30: "Uncle Tom's Cabin.". . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6: "The Man Who Laughs" (1928), directed by Paul Leni, with Conrad Veidt and Mary Philbin; a sound print. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 8:30: "The Last Warning" (1929), directed by Paul Leni, with Laura La Plante; French inter-titles, simultaneous translation. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Fine Arts, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through July 28. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting Aug. 3.)

Artists and Models (1937)—A lavish, bewildering mess of loosely strung together vaudeville acts and a story centering on the selection of a queen for a charity ball. The performers include Jack Benny, Louis Armstrong, Martha Raye, Ben Blue, Ida Lupino, Richard Arlen, Gail Patrick, Judy Canova, Connie Boswell, Peter Arno, and Rube Goldberg, but the unifying idea behind this movie is like a fatal infection, and the cast is dispirited. Raoul Walsh directed. (There was actually a sequel the following year.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3-4.)

The Benny Goodman Story (1956)—A flop that passed into instant and peaceful oblivion, from which it has been cruelly ripped. Steve Allen impersonates Goodman; Valentine Davies directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31-Aug. 1.)

Black and White in Color—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud; at first anecdotal, then ironic and sharp and charming. The scene is West Africa in 1915, when the local French and German garrisons learn that they are at war. The hero is a good-looking, decisive French geographer called Hubert (Jacques Spiesser), who turns a tribe into a pukka regiment. In French. (5/23/77) (Paris.)

Black Sunday—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 2.)

The Boys from Syracuse (1940)—Hollywood, or at least Universal, should be hanged for what it did to the celebrated Broadway show by George Abbott and Rodgers and Hart (based on "A Comedy of Errors"). The rewriting was so disastrous that the studio cut the picture down to seventy-four minutes, which doesn't leave much time for Martha Raye and Charles Butterworth or for the wonderful songs—"Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," and "This Can't Be Love." The cast includes Allan Jones, Joe Penner, Rosemary Lane, and Irene Hervey. Eddie Sutherland directed; Dave Gould was the dance director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 3-4.)

A Bridge Too Far—A film too long. Inaccurate, to boot. About Arnhem in the Second World War, with a list of stars of whom only Laurence Olivier is worth your ticket money. (6/20/77) (Eastside Cinema, Columbia II, and U.A. East.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—The first film Vincente Minnelli directed—a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux-naïf* Negro folklore. "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," sings Ethel Waters, in one of the best roles of her career. The terrific Lena Horne is here, and so are Eddie Anderson and Louis Armstrong and John Bubbles and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Regency; July 31-Aug. 2.)

Cobra Woman (1944)—Camp classic, with Maria Montez as twins; Jon Hall, as thick as ever; and the cherished line "Gif me the cobra jools!" Robert Siodmak and George Waggner directed this heavenly absurdity. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (D.W. Griffith, Waverly, and New Yorker. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Aug. 3.)

Cría!—A moving Spanish film, set in Madrid, with Ana Torrent as a nine-year-old called Ana. Her mother and her adult self are both played with great beauty by Geraldine Chaplin. Carlos Saura directed, and wrote the screenplay himself. Surrounded by deaths—of her mother, her father (discovered by her in bed with her mother's best friend), her guinea pig—the child has a delicate sense of play; there is a marvellous scene in which she and her sisters dress up and make up and talk as they imagine grownups do when alone together. In Spanish. (6/6/77) (Cinema 3.)

The Deep—Don't plunge. From the Peter Benchley novel, with Robert Shaw, Jacqueline Bisset, and Nick Nolte; directed by Peter Yates. (7/4/77) (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Distant Thunder (1973)—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films: it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (11/10/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

An Evening with the Royal Ballet (1965)—Precarious filming, at Covent Garden, of "La Valse," "Les Sylphides," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty," along with a totally triumphant "Le Corsaire," preserving the Fonteyn-Nureyev partnership at its peak. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

The First Nudie Musical—A spoof of low-budget porno films and the musical comedies of the thirties and forties, with Stephen Nathan, Cindy Williams, and Bruce Kimmel; directed by Mr. Kimmel and Mark Haggard. R-rated. (68th St. Playhouse.)

For Pete's Sake (1974)—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine has borrowed for an investment in pork bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 29-30.)

For the Love of Benji—Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild.)

The Glenn Miller Story (1954)—Blandly dull big bio, with James Stewart as a pedantic Glenn Miller; it's like a Hollywood version of the life of an inventor, with Miller trying to discover "his own sound." June Allyson plays the all-American square he marries; right after the ceremony, she is taken up to Harlem, where Gene Krupa and Louis Armstrong get into a jam session (they do "Basin Street Blues"), and it's typical of the family-films format that we're expected to identify with her getting tired and sleepy. And, in truth, the music in this film has a soporific quality. Miller's famous numbers, such as "Tuxedo Junction" and "Little Brown Jug," have been re-created (Joe Yukl dubs Stewart on the trombone), and they don't quite swing. The director, Anthony Mann, seems out of his element. With Henry Morgan, Sig Rumann, George Tobias, Charles Drake, Carleton Young, Frances Langford (as a blonde), and the Modernaires, the Archie Savage Dancers, and the Mello-Men. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 31-Aug. 1.)

La Grande Bourgeoise—With Catherine Deneuve and Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Mauro Bolognini. In French and Italian. (Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Great Madcap (1949)—Directed by Luis Buñuel, in Mexico. In Spanish. (Renoir Cinema; starting Aug. 4.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Herbie Goes to Monte Carlo—From the Disney studios: the further adventures of Herbie, the self-willed VW beetle. With Dean Jones, Don Knotts, and Julie Sommars; directed by Vincent McEveety. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting Aug. 3.)

Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love—A documentary, directed by Harry Rasky, with narration by James Mason. Joseph Wiseman is the voice of Marc Chagall. (Little Car-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

negie. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 3.)

Humoresque (1946)—In this second version of Fannie Hurst's hokey weeper, the heroine (Joan Crawford) is myopic, dipsomaniacal, dissatisfied with her husband (Paul Cavanaugh), older than her ghetto-born violinist lover (John Garfield), and given to brooding heavily about the futility of a life devoid of everything but sables, limousines, Napoleon brandy, town houses, seashore estates, and enough liquid assets to make a Morgan partner's eyes widen. She bears her burdens gallantly, and when she realizes that her career as a social butterfly has not prepared her adequately to be the helpmate of her violinist she bravely wades out into the ocean and gurgles to her doom, wreathed in seaweed and clamshells. Clifford Odets worked on the update, and some of the dialogue is sharp-witted, but with frequent interruptions for big yeasty passages on the meaning of life and art. If Carol Burnett were to step in and take over, she'd hardly have to change a thing. Garfield saws away impressively while Isaac Stern is heard playing several violin concertos, and there are lines to treasure, such as Cavanaugh's remark about the music: "It has fire—rather like what you'd feel in a van Gogh painting." Jean Negulesco directed. (Possibly Odets was called in because he'd used a violinist hero in his 1937 play "Golden Boy.") As the hero's old neighborhood pal, Oscar Levant plays the piano and makes jokes; with J. Carrol Naish, Craig Stevens, Ruth Nelson, John Abbott, Fritz Leiber, and Robert (then Bobby) Blake. (Cinema Village; July 31-Aug. 1.)

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden—With Bibi Andersson and Kathleen Quinlan, directed by Anthony Page. (Cinema I.)

In Search of the Castaways (1962)—From the Disney studios, with Maurice Chevalier, Hayley Mills, and George Sanders; directed by Robert Stevenson. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 2.)

In the Realm of the Senses—With Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji, directed by Nagisa Oshima. In Japanese. (Plaza.)

The Island of Dr. Moreau—With Burt Lancaster and Michael York, directed by Don Taylor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Quad Cinema; through Aug. 2.)

Jabberwocky—An agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Art. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 2.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure, the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, Paul Cavanaugh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 29-30.)

The Last Remake of Beau Geste—Sir Hector Geste, of Geste Manor, gnashes his teeth when his nice wife bears him a beautiful daughter instead of the son he has pined for. At the Wormwood & Gall Boys Orphanage, he picks out the very lad: strong-jawed, blond, destined to grow up into Michael York, a twin wildly held to be identical to the slithery-eyed boy destined to grow up into Marty Feldman (who wrote and directed this recklessly funny film). Side benefits include a Chinese Legionnaire who sings soppy Irish ballads, some bookish-looking camels, and Peter Ustinov as a leader cheerfully called the Kraut, who has a peg leg, a peg-legged horse, and a peg-legged Teddy bear. (7/25/77) (Sutton.)

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Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for very likely the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Cinema Village; July 29-30.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 2.)

MacArthur—A blockbuster film that is an act of homage to egocentricity and battle hunger. Gregory Peck plays the General perfectly; his skill at reproducing the characteristics of a noisy, obtuse, brave, Red-baiting man makes the actor and subject seem uncannily matched. At West Point, stripped of his command, the General has some moving moments: you feel that without war this authoritarian man is made inert and void. (7/11/77) (Music Hall.)

Man on the Roof—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 3.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Cinema Village; Aug. 2.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Myra Breckinridge (1970)—With Mae West, looking uneasy for the first time in her screen life. The shape of the film is a mess, and the calculation is muddled, unlike the novel's. Hellbent on going too far, the movie applies great violence to no visible object for violence. The film is obsessed with gender, which the filmmakers seem to think is the same thing as sex. (Cinema Village; Aug. 3-4.)

The Naked and the Dead (1958)—Norman Mailer's Second World War novel, turned into a third-rate action movie. Actually, under Raoul Walsh's direction, the action—the assault-craft landings on tropical beaches, the thick, steamy jungle where American patrols reconnoitre behind Japanese lines—is first-rate; it's the characterizations (plus the lacklustre casting) that prevent this movie from being in any way memorable. The Denis and Terry Sanders script spells out the men's motivations; there's the maniacal sergeant (Aldo Ray), who steals gold from the teeth of dead Japanese; the starched, too-noble lieutenant (Cliff Robertson); the dedicatedly militaristic brigadier general (Raymond Massey); and assorted types played by Richard Jaeckel, Joey Bishop, Jerry Paris, L. Q. Jones, and, in flashbacks, Lili St-Cyr and Barbara Nichol. (Thalia; Aug. 3-4.)

Nasty Habits—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Dennis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through Aug. 2.)

New York, New York—It begins on V-J Day; Liza Minnelli is a struggling singer, Robert De Niro is a struggling saxophonist, both parts written so as to represent the Hollywood chestnut that ruthlessness is necessary for success. The best thing about this movie is De Niro's firm, swift performance. Directed by Martin Scorsese. (7/4/77) (Trans-Lux East, and Ziegfeld.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Orca—More underwater killers snooping about. An incensed whale this time. With Richard Harris and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Michael Anderson. (Cinema II, 86th St. East, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Greenwich; starting July 29.)

The Other Side of Midnight—A fatuous, money-spinning film from a fatuous, money-spinning book about a girl called Noelle Page (Marie-France Pisier), who rises from lowish life in Marseilles to becoming the most famous and best-dressed film star in France. A huffy girl, her huffs amuse—temporarily—a Greek millionaire (Raf Vallone), who paints terrible paintings on his private island and gives her a plane as a birthday present; this allows her to get her own back on an old flame called Larry (John Beck), a pilot who stood her up in the old days in Paris and married—the dastardly man—another woman, who is rather nice and has fewer costumes. The dialogue and the plot are so dull that the film chiefly embeds itself in the memory as a conversation between women's clothes. (7/11/77) (Coronet.)

Pardon Mon Affaire—With Jean Rochefort, Victor Lanoux, and Claude Brasseur; directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. He plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs, in a style of suitably loose-limbed laconicism. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 2.)

Race for Your Life, Charlie Brown—An animated film. (Olympia; starting Aug. 3.)

Robin Hood (1973)—An animated version from the Disney studios. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through Aug. 2.)

Rocky—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naïve, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/29/76) (Playboy; through Aug. 2.)

Rollercoaster—Directed by James Goldstone, a film that rolls along suavely on the innate terror that people have about rides in amusement parks. George Segal is a safety inspector called on to investigate catastrophes caused by bombs laid on roller-coaster tracks. There's a certain amount of Hitchcockian suspense in broad-daylight chases among holiday-making crowds. In Sensurround. (6/20/77) (Olympia; through Aug. 2.)

Sabrina (1954)—Audrey Hepburn is forced to overdo her gamine charm in this horrible concoction about a Cinderella among the Long Island rich. She's the chauffeur's daughter who's in love with the playboy son (William Holden) of her father's employer (Walter Hampden). There's also an older son—an earnest magnate—and Humphrey Bogart got trapped in the role. Billy Wilder directed, and he had a hand in adapting the Samuel Taylor play ("Sabrina Fair"), though Bogart is said to have accused Wilder's three-year-old offspring of being responsible for the script. With John Williams, Martha Hyer, Marcel Dalio, Nella Walker, and Francis X. Bushman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/1/76) (Olympia; through Aug. 2.)

Siddhartha (1973)—Conrad Rooks and an amazing amount of cheek have gone to work on mysticism, the villainy of riches, the techniques of love, the immense merit of feeling (as compared to thinking) when it comes to inner wisdom, and a few other large questions. Mr. Rooks, on location in India, produced, directed, and wrote this pretentious trash, which comes from a dreadful book by Hermann Hesse. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 3-4.)

The Spy Who Loved Me—The tenth in the James Bond series, with Roger Moore portraying Bond. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Columbia I, and Loews Ciné.)

Stalag 17 (1953)—In this rowdy comedy about Americans in a German prisoner-of-war camp during the Second World War, William Holden's high-voltage performance as the crafty, cynical heel who turns into a hero won him a new popularity, as well as the Academy Award for Best Actor. He had been a sensitive but milder actor before, and even the despairing range he had showed in "Sunset Boulevard" hadn't prepared audiences for the edge and distinctively American masculine energy he showed in this role, which is rather like the roles that catapulted Bogart to a new level of stardom in the early forties. The melodramatics of the plot are low-grade, and the material, taken from a play by Donald Bevan and Edmund Trzcinski—two ex-G.I.s who were interned in the actual Stalag 17—is still structured and performed like a play, but the gallows humor is entertaining, despite some rather broad roughhouse effects. Billy Wilder directed and had a hand in the adaptation, and it's a safe bet that he'd taken a long look at "Grand Illusion;" Otto Preminger does an Erich von Stroheim-*Kommandant* number. With Don Taylor, Robert Strauss, and Sig Rumann. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

Star Wars—A film, written and directed by George Lucas (of "American Graffiti"), about an interstellar war in a galaxy inhabited by tiny, chattering, evil beings, by Tenniel creatures of high individuality (a henna-dyed wolf-man, snakes with the look of mathematicians), by a gold-plated robot, and by a computer that looks like a mixture of hair-dryer and mailbox. Witty and fun, with spectacular optical effects. (6/13/77) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum.)

Strongman Ferdinand—Alexander Kluge, who made the light-winged "Yesterday Girl," has directed a film about the perils resulting from the sort of walled-up logic that could produce good Germans who went along with the Nazis. The hero is a security officer in a manufacturing plant. He is a fanatic and, like most fanatics, he goes too far, even to the point of taking up an assassin's gun. He aims to miss but doesn't; his rational explanation of his actions aims to hit home but doesn't. Kluge is a lawyer, and not for nothing: the film is brilliantly reasoned and rather sad about a man on the wrong track. In German. (7/25/77) (Renoir Cinema; through Aug. 3.)

Stroszek—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. Released from jail, he plays his piano with all the focus that was missing in his dealings with the prison authorities—a lack of focus that will make some sophisticates think him simple-minded when he is simply bereft. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz), who has a nephew in Wisconsin. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. A masterwork. In German and English. (7/25/77) (Cinema Studio.)

Tentacles—With John Huston, Shelley Winters, and Bo Hopkins; directed by Oliver Hellman. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Aug. 3.)

The Three Stooges Follies (1974)—Excerpts from their films of the thirties and forties. (Olympia; starting Aug. 3.)

3 Women—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged. Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Quad Cinema.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes the saddest-eyed fallen woman ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Regency; starting Aug. 3.)

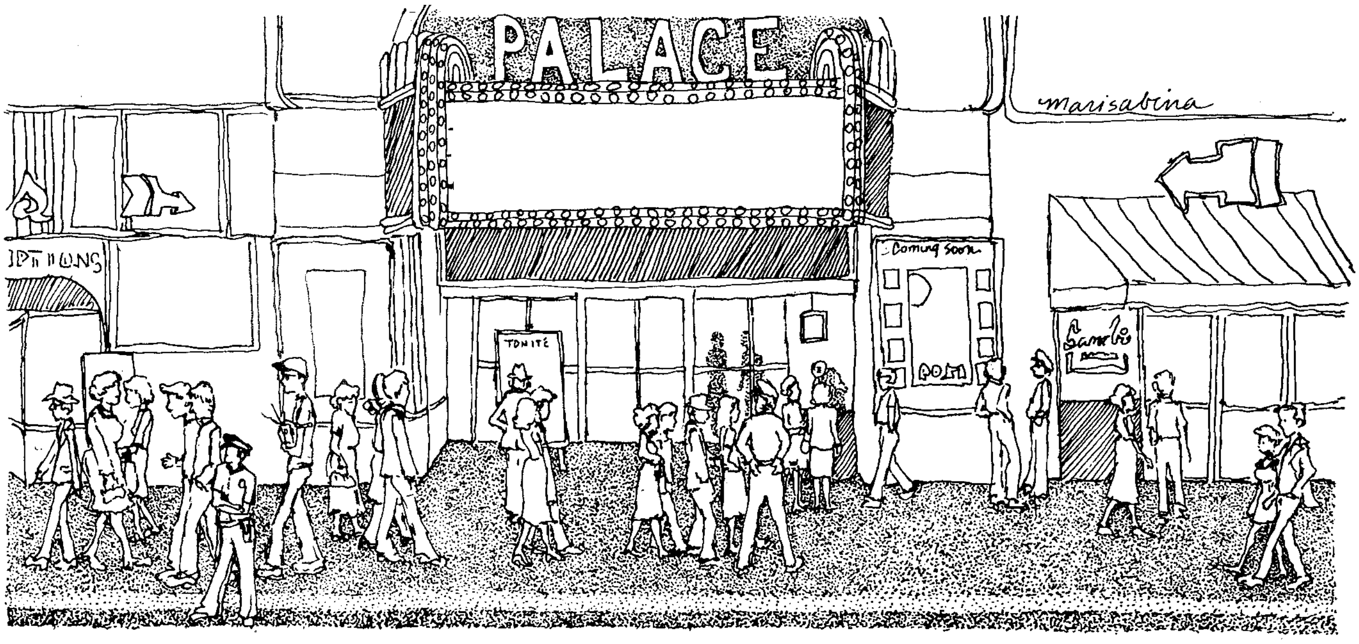
We All Loved Each Other So Much—An Italian film by Ettore Scola that is a comic commemoration of some of the reasons we find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift for abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestedness, dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, a genius with babies, intense solemnity about professionalism. Vittorio Gassman plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Manfredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satta Flores plays a film buff blanched and bespectacled from all the films he has watched. In Italian. (6/6/77) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Welcome to L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Quad Cinema.)

A Woman Under the Influence (1974)—The writer-director, John Cassavetes, presents his romantic view of mental disorder, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. The scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution; she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force—it's exhausting. (Cinema Village; Aug. 2.)

The World's Young Ballet (1975)—A film of the 1969 international ballet competition held in Moscow, with Baryshnikov glimpsed in his prize-winning solo "Vestris." Helgi Tomasson, Peter Schaufuss, the Japanese star Hideo Fukagawa, and Ludmila Semenyaka (in a Soviet-style "jazz" ballet) are among the other competitors, and some additional color footage shows the young prodigy Nadezhda Pavlova making her début, in "Giselle," in 1974. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Ziegfeld Follies (1946)—Vincente Minnelli directs an extraordinary cast in this (plotless) M-G-M musical revue that features a peculiar Hollywood-forties style of décor (chorus boys with jewelled antler-shaped branches, chorus girls clad in vermillion, and so on). Fred Astaire dances "Limehouse Blues" in a set left over from "The Picture of Dorian Gray;" he and Gene Kelly do a routine together ("The Babbitt and the Bromide," by George and Ira Gershwin); and Judy Garland appears at her most lighthearted in the dance-and-patter number—"A Great Lady Has an Interview." The other performers include Lena Horne, Fanny Brice, Victor Moore, Red Skelton, Esther Williams, and Keenan Wynn. The fastidious are advised to head for the lobby while Kathryn Grayson sings "There's Beauty Everywhere" against magenta foam skies. (Regency; July 31-Aug. 2.)



The return of the dress this fall means you'll be in marvelously easy jerseys like this more often. At lunch. Dinner. And well into the evening. This one, by Abe Schrader, is gathered—very slightly—at the shoulder, and again at the hip, then sashed with soft, rich Ultra Suede.® In a cool, grayed green polyester and wool. Sizes 8 to 18. $140. Fifth Avenue Shop.

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THE NEW YORKER

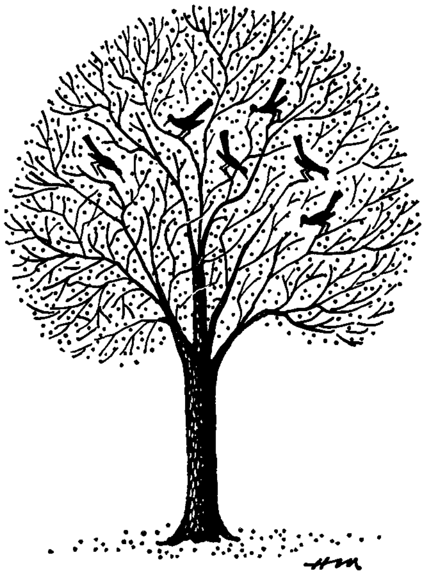
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a friend:

In Manhattan, in the summer, I do not experience summer directly as much as I listen to it on the radio, in the broadcasts of Met games on WNEW and Yankee games on WMCA. I used to watch summer on television, but the commercials became tiring after a while—especially the STP commercial in which a car comes racing into the picture and Robert Blake, the star of TV's "Baretta," jackknifes out the driver's-side window and says, "I don't drive like that out on the street, and, please, don't you, either." The commercials on the radio broadcasts I like better. They're for chocolate soft drinks, candy bars, summer-vacation loans, and Rheingold Extra Light Beer—a more seasonal blossoming than TV commercials, and, to me, much less of a pain. I already knew the radio announcers, because they are the same announcers as on TV—Bob Murphy, Ralph Kiner, and Lindsey Nelson for the Mets, and Phil Rizzuto, Bill White, and Frank Messer for the Yankees—but since I have been listening to them on the radio I've felt I know them better than I did when I watched them. I have a better idea of which players the different announcers like and dislike, and how the announcers stand with each other and with the ball-club management. In my apartment, the voices seem palpable—seem to float in the air, paced to the rhythm of the game itself and to a rhythm that goes beyond the game, through a hundred and sixty-two games a season in each league, and through games that were played far back in the past, and through games that will be played far in the future. If they sit quietly, this rhythm can have a soothing effect even upon women who leave the room during telecasts of Super Bowls and boxing matches.

In the summer in Manhattan, I am more homesick for the Midwest, where I grew up, than at other times of the year. The sound of a baseball game on the radio—an unmistakable sound, which I can pick out of the babble of a fast-moving radio dial even when the announcer is not talking—is one that makes me think of different places, anywhere from four hundred to seven hundred miles west: the Booth Tarkington Service Area on the Indiana Toll Road; a cornfield with high-tension wires running above it; miles of straight highway; a concrete bridge with planes of light on top and rectangles of shadow below; a mobile-home sales lot with a sign that has a metal ball with red and yellow neon tubes stuck in it to make it look like a satellite; the hot black parking lot of a drive-in bank with white-curbed islands containing patio bark and scorched marigolds. Places like that. Unimportant, pleasant places. I sit in my apartment and reflect and listen to a twi-night doubleheader, and when it's over I look out my window at the Afros of haze that the traffic has left around the street lights, and I go to bed with the epithets ("Knuckleballer Phil Niekro, Brooklyn-born Joe Sambito, Knuckleballer Phil Niekro, Brooklyn-born Joe Sambito . . .") and the pauses and the rises in inflection and the rises in crowd noise and the inning recaps and the scores of other games still washing around my ears like the feel of waves washing around my legs on the night after a day when I have been swimming in a lake.



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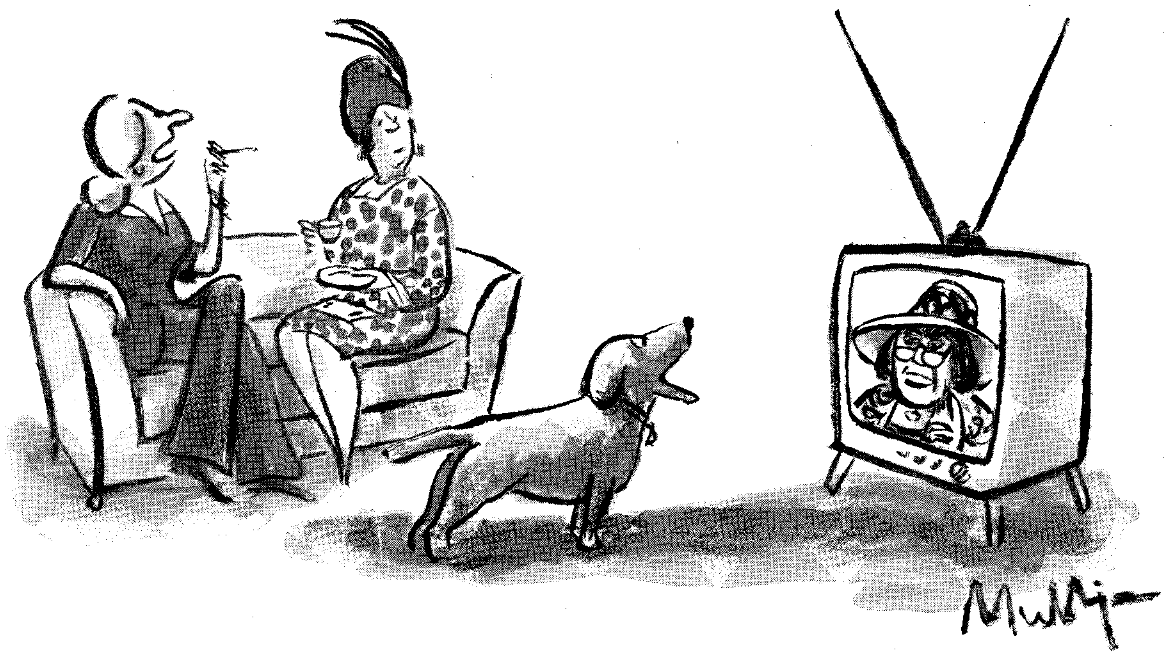
750,000 Books

FIFTH AVENUE'S new book supermarket—it's a Barnes & Noble branch between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth—opened for business officially last week, and a day or so before the opening, as carpenters hammered home strips of panelling on a wall on which a plasterer had scrawled "Good luck!" in grease pencil, and as salesclerks arranged bargain counters of architecture books, science fiction, textbooks, business reference books, cookbooks, art books, how-to books, and best-sellers, and stacked giant displays of discounted readables (eighty-four copies of "The Enlightenment," an eight-hundred-and-twenty-nine-page anthology of Voltaire and other Enlightenment writers edited by Peter Gay and marked down from $14.95 to $1.95, were neatly presented as six fourteen-book stacks), we spent an hour prowling around the store, an old Rogers Peet store, with Tibor Kalman, twenty-eight, Barnes & Noble's director of planning and development. Barnes & Noble's main store, at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth, is now the world's largest bookstore, according to the next edition of the "Guinness Book of World Records," and has—as of its latest inventory, on May 1st—two million five hundred and forty-five thousand books in stock. The new store has three-quarters of a million books for sale and offers overnight access to every book in the downtown store. (Any order received at the new store by 4 P.M. will be shipped uptown by 11 A.M. the next day.) The main store is really two stores: the original Barnes & Noble,



"This house is solid for Bella Abzug, except for Tippie."

which has occupied the same premises, on the east side of Fifth, since the nineteen-thirties, and an enormous sale annex across the street, which is the first book supermarket—a store that specializes in bright lighting, wide aisles, shopping carts, park benches, and easy-to-reach displays of good-condition discounted best-sellers and publishers' overstocks, remainders, and (for $1.95 or $2.95) last year's textbooks.

The new store continues the same approach to sale-book merchandising (including the shopping carts and park benches): best-sellers on the *Times Book Review's* weekly chart selling almost at cost, as a loss leader; two hundred and fifty current hardcover fiction titles selling at well below list; discounted paperback best-sellers (five hundred titles, including five thousand copies of John Dean's "Blind Ambition"); hundreds of thousands of remainders and overstocks; a large classical-record department, emphasizing the budget labels, in which a listening station for sampling records and tapes will soon be installed; an art department that has both current books and overstocks at below-list prices; Books for a Buck, over five hundred titles at a dollar a throw, most of them on shelves to the right of the entrance; and a couple of new wrinkles that Kalman is pioneering for B. & N., among them a games department, with over four hundred different board games and puzzles, and a New York, N.Y., Boutique, to the left of the entrance, stocked with a careful selection of New York's best tchotchkes. These include thirteen-inch-long matchbooks (from a company that recently went under) depicting the Empire State Building, "the world's tallest building;" bronze Empire State Buildings with thermometers in them; new postcards resembling the old postcards available at the monthly sales of the Metropolitan Post Card Collectors' Club, in the District 65 building, on Astor Place; tote bags stamped with the blue-and-white I.R.T. and green-red-and-white B.-M.T. emblems; plastic domes with the skyline and swirling snow in them; red-foil-wrapped Droste chocolate apples; Yankee caps; Met caps; bronze Empire State Building and Statue of Liberty banks; candles that look like cheeseburgers; candles that look like bottles of Pepsi; and, naturally, candles that look like apples.

"The supermarket approach to bargain bookselling evolved quite naturally," Kalman told us as we rested an elbow on a tall stack of Shogun, the hot new board game of the year, in the games department, "and it's had some surprising and useful results." Kalman got into the book business in 1968, when he was an N.Y.U. student and landed a job at the Student Book Exchange on Waverly Place—a store that had been started three years earlier by Len Riggio, another N.Y.U. student. In 1971, Riggio bought Barnes & Noble, and Kalman went with him. "Partly, the new approach was a matter of being pressed for space and moving the stock out of the stockroom and up into the front of the store," Kalman said. "But we also discovered, four or five years ago, that there's what you could call a secondary marketplace in remainders and overstocks—that hardcover books for which there is no market at list price are very salable at a lower price. Then we found that because we were displaying the functional books—the how-to books, the books of practical information, like the medical books and the English for foreign-language speakers—up front with the literature, a lot of people who don't ordinarily come into bookstores, including a lot of non-whites, had become customers. Somehow, it seems useful to people—and good for our business—to go into a store where a book is just another thing to buy, and not something that gets the kind of gingerly treatment that money used to be given in the old banks that looked like Roman temples. Hey, Ken, is Shogun moving?"

Ken was Ken Strauss, the buyer for the games department. A twenty-six-year-old man with an M.B.A. from N.Y.U., who takes games seriously, he said, with great seriousness, "Shogun has been out for a month or two and will probably be bigger than Othello, last year's most popular game, which was a simplified version of Go. Shogun's already the number-one-selling game in Japan, which is where the think games come from now."

Ken explained Shogun. It's a backgammonized form of chess; that is to say, it's chess with luck added, because each piece has dice built into it. It's played with magnetized pieces on a plastic-and-metal board, and each player has eight pieces—a king and seven others. Each piece has a number on it saying how many squares it can advance on its next move: either one or two in the case of the king, and one, two, three, or four for all the other pieces. The catch is this: the numbers are activated by magnets. Every time you put a piece down after making a move, its magnet makes the number change. Ken said that successful Shogun strategy involves playing percentages. The game takes a couple minutes to learn; a typical game lasts half an hour.

"I think Shogun will be bigger than

Monopoly," said Ken, with even greater seriousness.

"Good," said Kalman. "We've bought a ton of them."

La Statue Colossale

THE other evening, a friend of ours joined a cruise around the Statue of Liberty with the Council of Friends of the Institute of Fine Arts. His invitation said, "While on board, Professor Marvin Trachtenberg, author of 'The Statue of Liberty' (Viking Press, 1976) will give a talk on the artistic heritage and significance of Miss Liberty." Our friend writes:

We sailed from Pier 42 on the motor yacht Cabaret. The Certificate of Sanitary Construction on the door to the galley identified her as "Le Bateau, Alexandria, 5472," and I asked Mr. Neil Heap, who is president of World Yacht Enterprises, the boat's charterers, about the discrepancy. Mr. Heap (he was along to see that the excursion went off properly) said she was originally christened Le Bateau and sailed out of Alexandria, Virginia, for a short time and then out of Florida. But in New York she is the Cabaret. I think she is patterned after the *bateaux mouches* in Paris, and so fits right in with the French origin of our subject.

The main deck was decorated with bunting, and the crew served wine with a generous hand. While the Friends greeted one another, Captain David Sandquist huddled with Professor Trachtenberg. They discussed speeds and the hope that the Cabaret and the climax of the lecture would reach the statue at the same time. The Captain said that the tides affected his timing. Professor Trachtenberg said that nothing affected his.

As the Cabaret headed for the harbor, Jonathan Brown, the director of the Institute of Fine Arts, introduced the Professor: "Our speaker is best known for his studies of Renaissance architecture, of which the Statue of Liberty is certainly not an example. However, he has written a remarkable book about this remarkable monument, and tonight we will have a rare opportunity to look at the sculpture in the round as we hear about it."

Professor Trachtenberg took his place at the microphone, which was near a table where Institute students had been offering his book for sale to benefit the Institute's Graduate Student Club. "This occasion brings to my mind the occasion of Liberty's unveiling, in 1886—an extremely festive day, with parades and speeches and the presentation of certificates," he said. "Except that then alcoholic beverages weren't provided by the federal government for the party, and (except for two) women were not allowed on Bedloe's Island. Now *we're* not going to alight on the Island, either, which means we won't be able to touch the statue, so I've brought along a piece of it, which I'll pass around." He circulated a copper strip on which was engraved "FRAGMENT DE CUIVRE DE LA STATUE COLOSSALE DE LA LIBERTÉ EXÉCUTÉE PAR A. BARTHOLDI 1875-1883. SOUVENIR D'UNE VISITE AUX TRAVAUX."

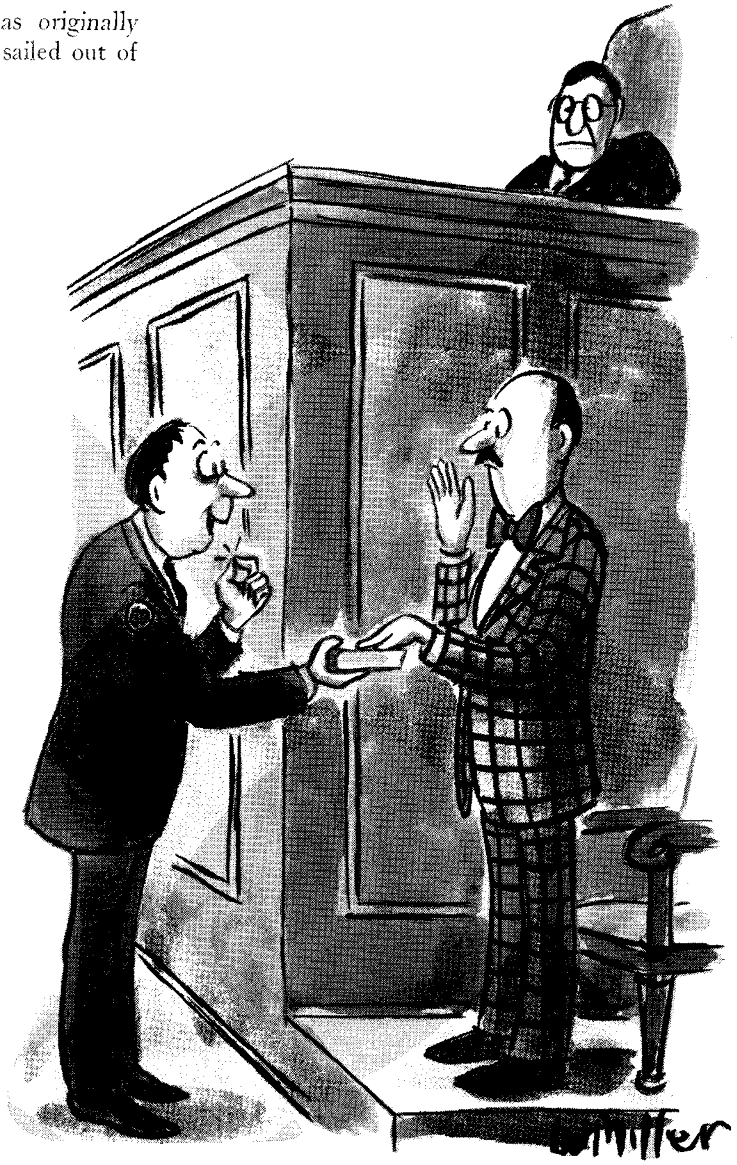
"This was sent to me by a man I've never met who lives in Washington," Professor Trachtenberg continued. "He grew up in Paris, and said that on his way to school every day he walked by the shop where the statue was made. His father was a friend of Bartholdi's. It's hard to evaluate why the statue remains a success. It's a symbol, an icon. It's hard to see the *statue*. You don't see it—you see *Liberty*. Yet as a visual experience the statue is extremely successful."

Günter Kopcke, professor of ancient art and archeology at the Institute, whispered to a Friend, "*I'm* always impressed by it. I think that a colossal work like this one is a success if it doesn't make you laugh."

Professor Trachtenberg expressed profound admiration for the pedestal: "So masterly a composition, not only itself fully realized but perfectly joining and reconciling the fortress and the colossus. The architecture is far more distinguished than the sculpture."

Colin Eisler, professor of northern Renaissance art, objected. "That's like admiring a woman for her floor!" he said. "I think the sculpture is very fine."

We were well into Upper New York Bay by this time, and Professor Trachtenberg was preparing for the climax of his talk. The Cabaret turned around to enter the bay as a ship would enter it coming in from the Atlantic. "It's not from the Island, or from any fixed point, that one is intended to admire Liberty, but moving to port across her gaze, as we are. This way, Liberty appears to be striding forward, the lines and contours of her form—especially the drapery folds—sweeping upward together in a forceful movement to the torch. From this perspective, her forward impetus is reinforced by a strong tendency for the eye to read



"Do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the truth, the truthity truth truth?"

from left to right in a pictorial structure. But as the ship passes in front of the statue a curious dualism unfolds: the dynamic image retreats and a second figure emerges, standing still and rigidly erect. As we move back toward Manhattan, the initial impression vanishes altogether."

A Friend asked whether Liberty was under the protection of a museum.

Professor Trachtenberg smiled. "The statue comes under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior," he said. "Before that, it was in the hands of the War Department, and before *that* it was in the hands of the Lighthouse Board. Liberty used to *be* a lighthouse, of sorts, through her diadem. In fact, though the official translation of her French title was 'Liberty Enlightening the World,' today that would probably be translated 'Liberty Illuminating the World.' "

At the conclusion of the talk, the crew joined the Friends in applause.

Mr. Brown came back to the microphone. "I want to thank Marvin Trachtenberg for a very *illuminating* talk. . . . And, as we turn back to Manhattan, I think we're going to get a renewed sense of appreciation of what a magnificent city this is." The view, though familiar, was indeed lovely.

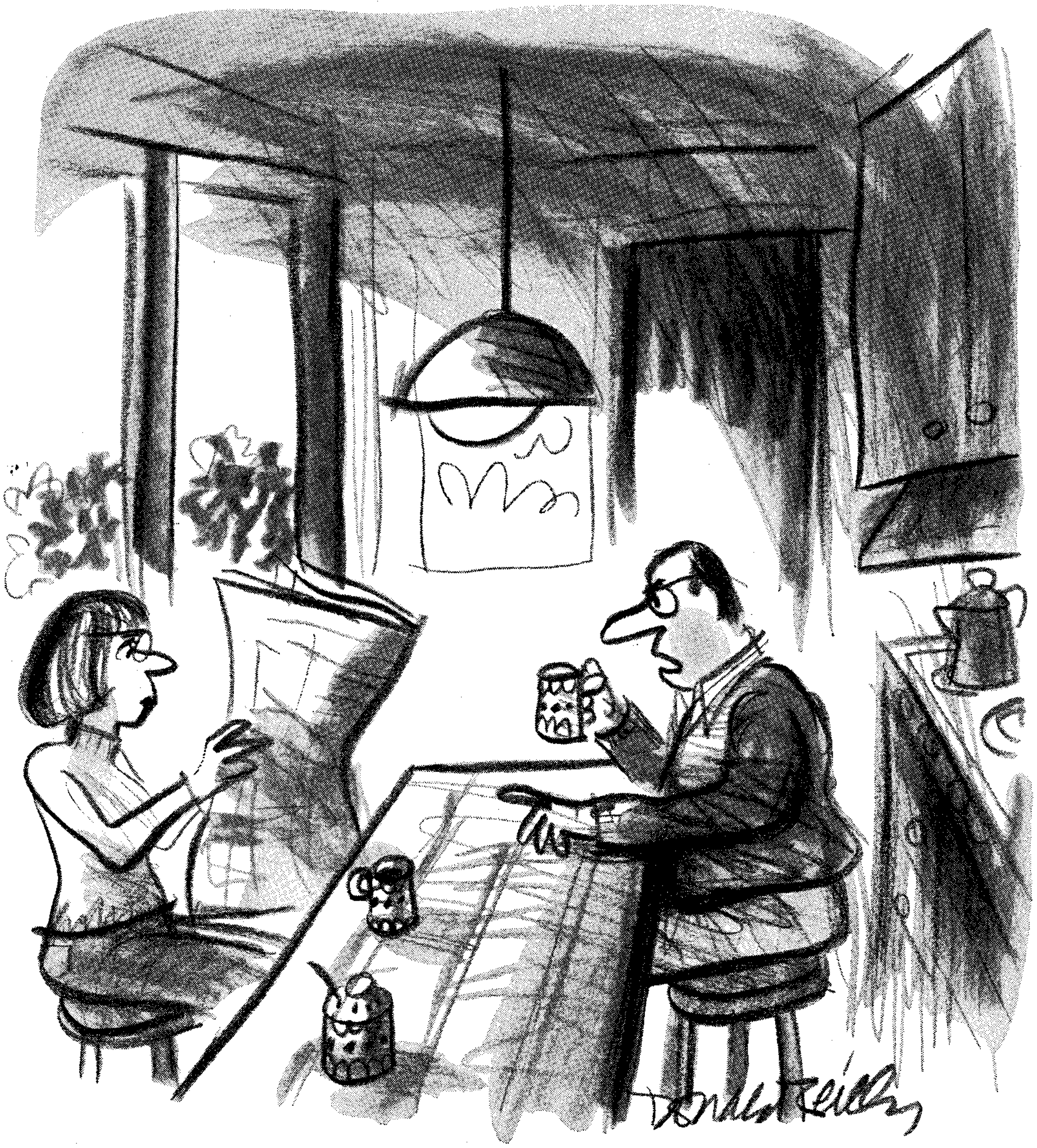
When the boat had nearly reached Pier 42, the sculptor Louise Bourgeois, who a few weeks before had received an honorary doctorate from Yale University for her sculpture (doctorates were also awarded to Gerald R. Ford and B. B. King), asked Professor Trachtenberg to inscribe her copy of his book. Without a second's hesitation, he wrote, "To a *real* sculptor," and then signed his name.

Sprouts

WHEN we arrived at the Sun-Mee Company, on Mulberry Street near Grand, shortly after seven o'clock one recent morning, the sun was bright in the sky. Down in the basement of Sun-Mee, however, it had just finished raining. Chin P. Liu, the owner, carries bilingual business cards. In English, the Sun-Mee Company is identified as "Producer of Bean Sprouts." The Chinese characters on the card say something less modest; the name Sun-Mee itself means "new, fresh, and beautiful," and one line on the card translates as "The Best in Bean Sprouts." To cultivate what he regards as the best in bean sprouts, Mr. Liu (who introduces himself to strangers as "Chin P. Liu. That's L-I-U. Long Island University") relies upon an automatic overhead sprinkling system that generates a soaking shower every four or five hours. Dried mung beans that have been shipped from Texas and Oklahoma, where they are grown on large farms, first spend five hours in warm baths, followed by five or six days in regularly doused plastic growing bins. Then they are collected, washed, bagged, and refrigerated. The temperature in the basement always remains a shady, steamy seventy-five degrees or so, and, with the possible exception of the crocodile pool at the Bronx Zoo, no other spot in town more closely resembles a Brazilian rain forest. The vegetation growing in the basement is white and tame, however, rather than green and wild. Bean sprouts that have gone green, Mr. Liu explained, are undesirable bean sprouts.

"You can always tell my sprouts," he said, waving a hand toward some thirty-pound plastic packages of fresh sprouts that lay on the sidewalk outside the garage entrance, ready to be picked up by wholesale customers. "My sprouts are whiter and cleaner than anyone else's. The most important thing with this vegetable is that it has to be very clean. You don't want any sunlight. That gives the bean a green leaf, and you never want a leaf—just a sprout."

As a rule, the Sun-Mee Company sells about four thousand pounds of bean sprouts a day, although occasionally the highly perishable inventory simply doesn't move fast enough and a whole batch spoils. This situation creates a bonanza for a number of Delaware Valley hog farms,



"If the New York 'Times' knows everything, it follows that the New York 'Times' should be President."

WELCOME TO
NEW JERSEY
"ALWAYS PLENTY OF POWER"
STEVENSON

which send trucks to Chinatown every day for edible garbage. After the blackout, for instance, the hogs were treated to a couple of tons of Sun-Mee's surplus sprouts. "It doesn't happen that way often," Mr. Liu said. "Bean sprouts make a pretty steady business. I've been doing this for twenty-five years. The first twenty years, I had my factory on Division Street, in Chinatown, but we had to leave in 1972, when they took over the building to make way for the Confucius Plaza housing project. Then we moved here, and lost about half our customers, because the truck drivers didn't want to come this way—down this street. Before we moved, we watered the sprouts by hand, but my wife and I figured, Look, if we do this, let's do it right. So we ordered our automatic sprinkling system from Hong Kong. It works fine. I can expand, but I don't want to. My son is now in law school, and maybe when he graduates I'll give this up and stop having to wake up at four-thirty every morning to get everything ready for the early-morning deliveries. One of my nephews, an electrical engineer, has offered to take over the business when I give it up. He says, 'All you have to do is sell more and you'll make more money.' Now, that is a fine theory of business, but when you break it down it's just not the way things work."

Mr. Liu spends much of his working day in his office—at street level, above the growing bean sprouts. Most of his customers are owners of small grocery stores or restaurants, who arrive in station wagons or panel trucks. When he takes orders over the telephone, the conversations tend to be in Chinese, and to be laconic and brief. A man with light-brown curly hair came in to pay for an order and asked, "Do you know where I can get dry mushrooms and water chestnuts?"

"Dry mushrooms you don't want," said Mr. Liu. "You make no money from them. But I can tell you where to find water chestnuts." Before the man left, Mr. Liu turned to us and said, "This guy has a master's degree. Like me. I have two of them—business administration and political science."

"Yeah," the customer said. "You need to have a master's for this business."

Next, two young Filipino men came in, one of whom had just sold his grocery business to the other. The former owner introduced Mr. Liu to the new one.

"Oh, so you're the sucker," Mr. Liu said. "Congratulations, sucker." The men all laughed.

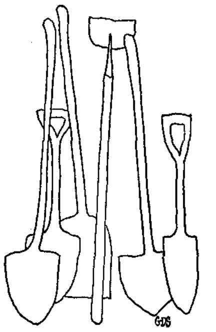
Another customer stopped by, and chided Mr. Liu for sitting in a chair when he should have been watering his sprouts—a subtle joke in the bean-sprout business. Automation and prosperity have given Mr. Liu an edge over some of his competitors, and to illustrate this point he invited us on a brief tour of the neighborhood to see some mom-and-pop bean-sprout factories where the watering is still done by hand. For some reason, most bean-sprout entrepreneurs like to avoid not only the sunlight but also the limelight. At Ying Lee Sprouts, on Elizabeth Street, and Evergreen Sprouts, on Mott Street, the entrances were marked by hand-lettered signs that could be less conspicuous only if they did not exist at all. Inside Ying Lee, workers were sweeping up chaff and hosing down the floor. "They're pretty much through for the day," Mr. Liu said. It was 8:30 A.M.

We walked together back to the Sun-Mee factory, and went downstairs. A conveyor belt was running, ushering just harvested sprouts to large washing vats, where rows of long aluminum fingers continually swept the sprouts through the water and out to an unloading point to be bagged. After speaking in Chinese to one of his workers, Mr. Liu went to the switch that controls the automatic sprinkling system. He raised his hand to pull the switch, but the worker shook his head vigorously. Turning to us, Mr. Liu said, "I'm very sorry. I would like to show you one of our monsoons, but it is not time yet. Really, we must not upset the sprouts."

UNDR

THE reader should be forewarned that the following pages will not be found in the "Libellus" (1615) of Adam of Bremen, who, as everyone knows, was born and died in the eleventh century. They were unearthed by Lappenberg in a manuscript in the Bodleian, at Oxford, and, given the wealth of circumstantial details, he judged them a late interpolation, but he published them as a curiosity in his "Analecta Germanica" (Leipzig, 1894). The opinion of a mere Argentine amateur is of little account; let the reader judge these pages for himself. My translation is faithful, but it is not literal. Adam of Bremen wrote:

Of the peoples who live on the edge of the wilderness that stretches away on the other shore of the Barbarian Gulf, beyond the lands where the wild horse breeds, the worthiest of mention are the Urns. The uncertain or invented information of traders, the dangers of the route, and the plundering of nomads prevented me from reaching their territory. It is clear, however, that their rudimentary, unfrequented villages are located in the lowlands of the Vistula. Unlike the Swedes, the Urns profess the true faith of Christ, untainted by Arianism or by the bloodthirsty worship of devils, from which the royal houses of England and other northern nations trace their lineages. The Urns are herdsmen, ferrymen, shamans, forgers of swords, and harness-makers. Owing to the rigors of war, they barely till the soil. One invariably comes to resemble one's enemies, and the steppe and the tribes that roam it have made the Urns very skilled in the handling of horse and bow. Their spears, since they are used by horsemen and not foot soldiers, are longer than ours.



As may be imagined, the Urns are unfamiliar with pen, inkhorn, and parchment. They carve their characters as our ancestors carved the runes which Odin revealed to them after having hung from the ash tree—Odin given to Odin—through nine days and nights.

To this general information I add an account of what I was told by a traveller from Iceland, Ulf Sigurdsson, a man of grave and measured words. We met in Uppsala, near the temple. The wood fire had died, and the cold and the dawn entered through the uneven chinks in the wall. Outside, the gray wolves, which eat the flesh of the heathens sacrificed to the three gods, left their wary tracks in the snow. Our conversation began in Latin, as is usual with churchmen, but we were not long in slipping into the tongue of the north, which extends from Thule all the way to the marketplaces of Asia. The man said:

As I am of the race of the skalds, to learn that the poetry of the Urns consists of a single word was enough for me to set out in search of them and the way that would lead to their land. Not without exhaustion and hardship did I arrive there after a yearlong journey. It was night, and all those I came upon shot me odd looks, and one or two stones were hurled at me.

Seeing the light of a blacksmith's forge, I approached it. The smith, whose name was Orm, offered me lodging for the night. His language was more or less ours. We exchanged a few words. From his lips I heard for the first time the name of the reigning king—Gunnlaug. I learned that after his last war he looked with suspicion upon strangers and that it was his custom to crucify them. To avoid that fate, which is less fitting to a man than a god, I undertook the composition of a *drápa*, or ode, that celebrated the victories, the fame, and the mercy of the king. I had barely committed it to memory when two men came searching for me. I did not want to surrender my sword to them, but I let myself be led away.

There were still stars in the sky. We crossed the first of several stretches of open ground with huts on every side. I had been led to expect pyramids, but what I saw in the middle of this square was a yellow wooden post. At the top of it I made out the black figure of a fish. Orm, who had accompanied us, said that the fish was the Word. In the next opening, I saw a red post marked with a disk. Orm said that this was the Word. I asked him to tell me it. He was a simple artisan, he said, and he did not know. In the third opening, which was the last, I saw a post painted black, with a design on it that I have forgotten. On the far side of the square was a long, straight wall whose ends I could not catch sight of. Later I found out that it was circular, that it supported a mud roof, that it enclosed a single chamber, and that it stretched around the whole city.

The horses tied to the hitching post outside were of small stature and had long manes. The blacksmith was not allowed entrance. Inside there were armed men, all standing. Gunnlaug, the king, who was ailing, lay with his eyes half shut on some camel hides on a kind of dais. He was a wasted, yellowish man, a sacred and almost forgotten thing; old scars spanned the width of his chest. One of the soldiers opened a way for me. Someone had brought a harp. Kneeling, I intoned the *drápa* in a low voice. There was no lack of the rhetorical figures, the alliterations, and the stresses that the form demands. I do not know whether the king understood it, but he gave me a silver ring, which I still preserve. Under his pillow, I glimpsed the edge of a dagger. To his right was a chessboard with a hundred squares and a handful of scattered pieces.

The guard shoved me to the rear. A man took my place and stood before the king but did not kneel. He plucked the harp as if tuning it, and in a low voice he uttered the word that I had come in search of and had not yet fathomed.

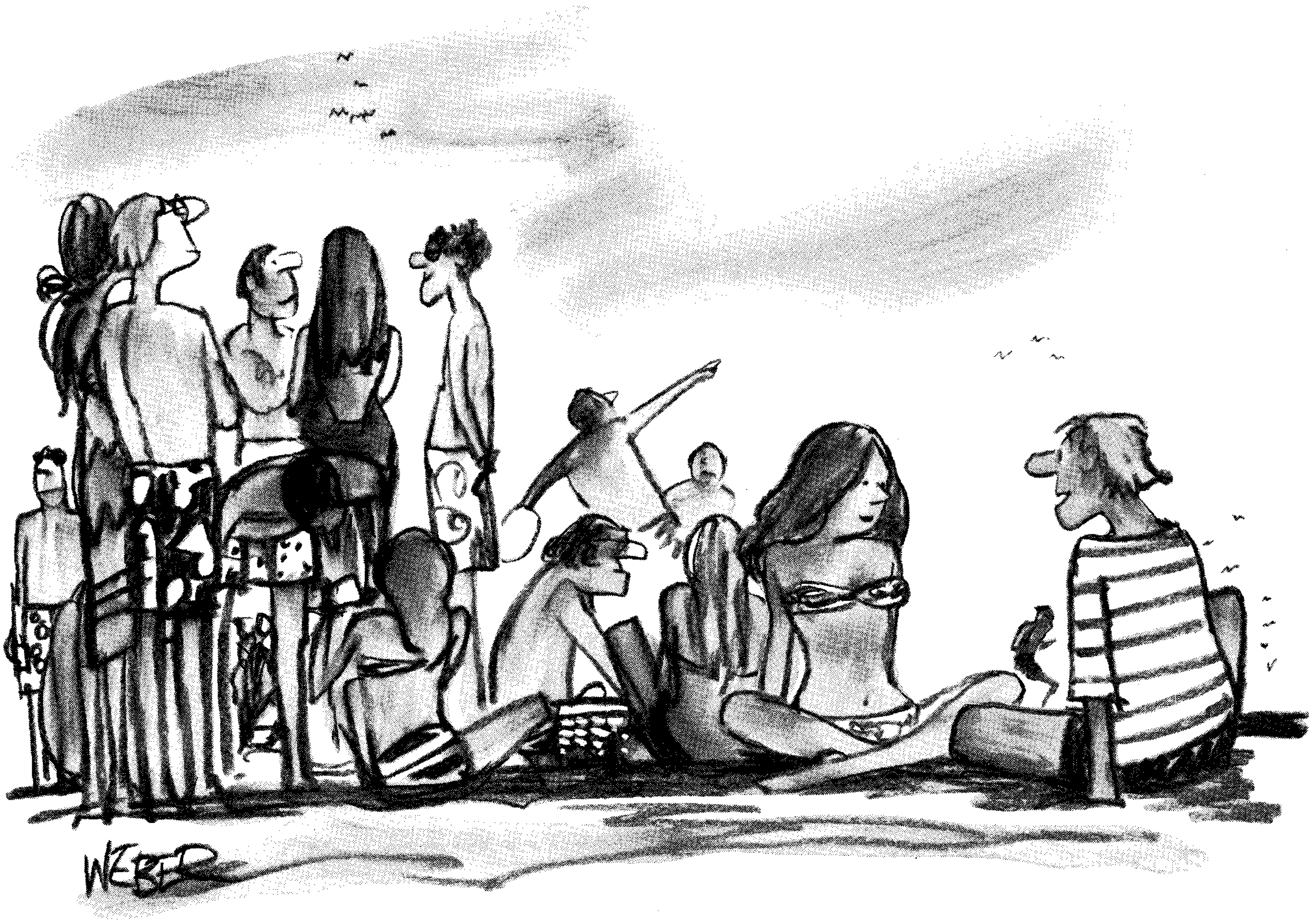
"It no longer means anything now," someone said reverently.

I saw tears. The man raised or modulated his voice, and his scarcely varying chords were monotonous or, still better, infinite. I would have liked his song to go on forever and to be my life. Abruptly, it stopped. I heard the noise the harp made when the singer, no doubt in utter exhaustion, threw it down. We all went out in disorder. I was one of the last. In astonishment I saw that the light was waning on another day. I walked a few steps, when a hand on my shoulder made me pause.

"The king's ring was your talisman," I was told, "but you will not be long in meeting your death, because you have heard the Word. I, Bjarni Thorkelsson, will save you. I am of the race of the skalds. In your ode you called blood the sword's water and a battle the web of men. I remember having heard those figures from my father's father. You and I are poets, and I will save you. Nowadays, we do not define each thing that our song quickens; we express it in a single word, which is the Word."

"I was unable to hear it," I said. "I beg you to tell me what it is."

He paused for a moment or two and replied, "I have sworn not to divulge it. Besides, nobody can teach anything. You must find it out for yourself. But let's hurry; your life is in danger. I'll hide you in my house, where no one will dare look for you. If the wind is favorable, tomorrow



"You're nice. I mean, I really connect with your pain."

• •

you will sail southward on the river."

So began the adventure that was to last so many winters. I shall not go into all that befell me, nor shall I try to give an orderly account of my shifting fortunes. I was an oarsman, slave dealer, slave, woodcutter, highwayman, singer, and taster of deep waters and metals. I suffered captivity, and spent a year in the quicksilver mines, which loosen one's teeth. I fought side by side with men of Sweden in the Varangian guard at Mikligarðr [Constantinople]. On the shores of the Sea of Azov I was loved by a woman whom I shall never forget; I left her or she left me—it amounts to the same thing. I betrayed and I was betrayed. More than once fate made me kill. A Greek soldier challenged me and gave me the choice between two swords. One was a hand's breadth longer than the other. Knowing he was out to intimidate me, I chose the shorter. He asked me why. I replied that with either the distance from my hand to his heart was the same. At the edge of the Black Sea stands the runic epitaph I carved for my comrade in arms, Leif Arnarson. I have fought the Blue Men of Serkland, the Saracens. In the course of time I have been many men; it was a whirlwind, a long dream, but all the while the main thing was the Word. From time to time I disbelieved in it. I kept telling myself that to renounce the beautiful game of combining beautiful words was senseless, and that there was no reason to search for a single, and perhaps imaginary, word. Such reasoning was vain. A missionary suggested the word "God," which I rejected. One early dawn, along the banks of a river that widened into a sea, I believed I had come upon the revelation.

Returning to the land of the Urns, I had some trouble finding the singer's house. When I did, I entered and spoke my name. By that time, night had fallen. From the floor, Thorkelsson told me to light a candle in the bronze candlestick. His face had aged so much that I could not help thinking that I, too, was old. As is the custom, I asked about his king.

"The king is no longer called Gunnlaug," he said. "His name is now another. Tell me all about your travels."

I did so in exact order and with a great many details that I shall omit here. Before I had finished, he asked me, "Did you often sing in those lands?"

The question took me by surprise. "At first, I sang to earn my living," I said. "Later, overcome by a fear I do not understand, I was estranged from my harp and my song."

"All right," he said. "You may go on with your story now."

I obeyed. After I had finished, a long silence followed.

"The first woman you had—what did she give you?" he asked.

"Everything," I said.

"Life gave me everything as well. Life gives everything to everyone, but most men are unaware of it. My voice is tired and my fingers weak, but listen to me."

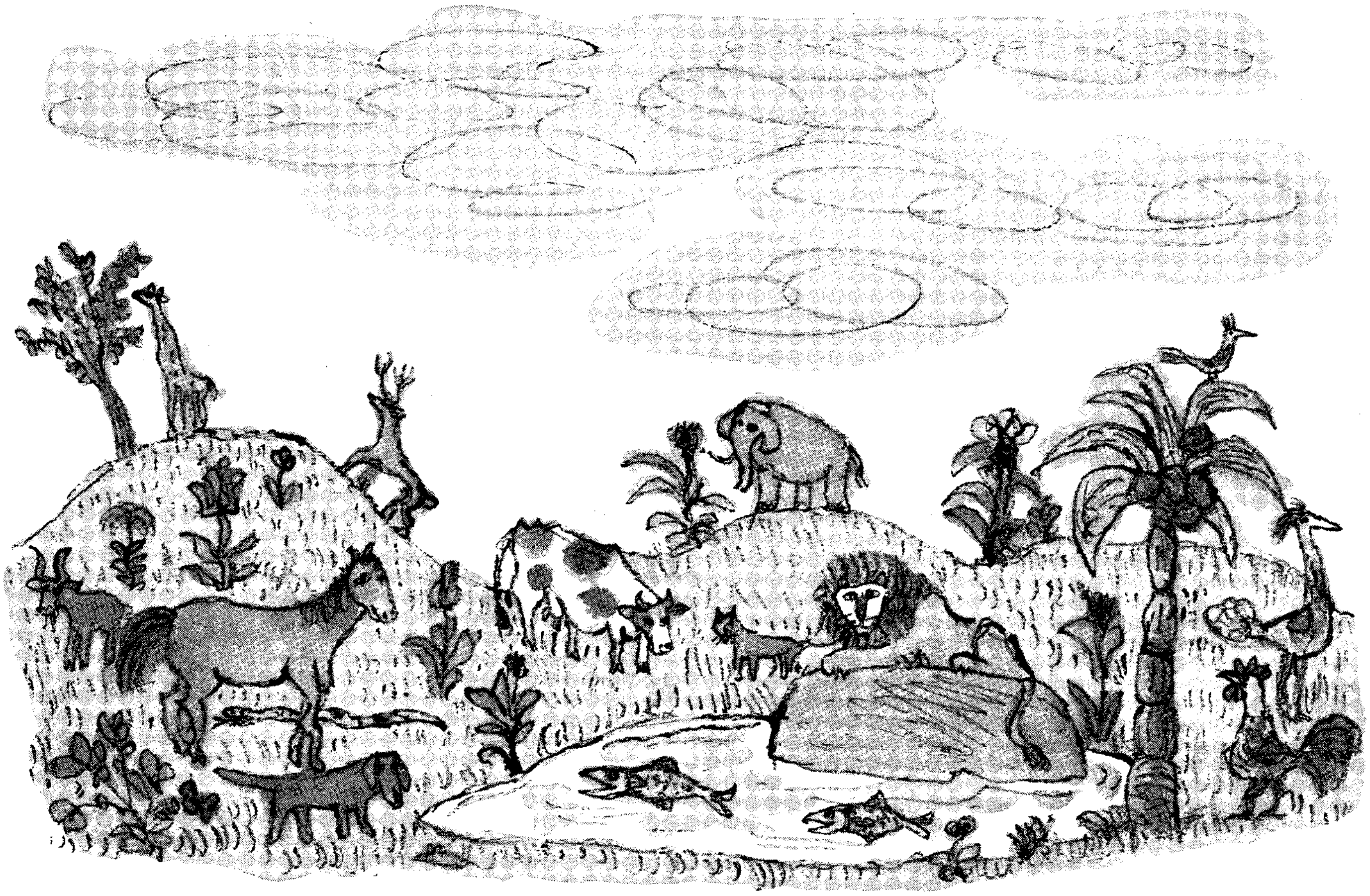
He took up his harp and uttered the word "*undr*," which means "wonder." The dying man's song held me rapt, but in it and in his chords I recognized my own verses, the slave woman who gave me my first love, the men I had killed, the chill of dawn, daybreak over the water, the oars. I took up the harp and sang to a different word.

"All right," the other man said, and I had to draw close to hear him. "You have understood."

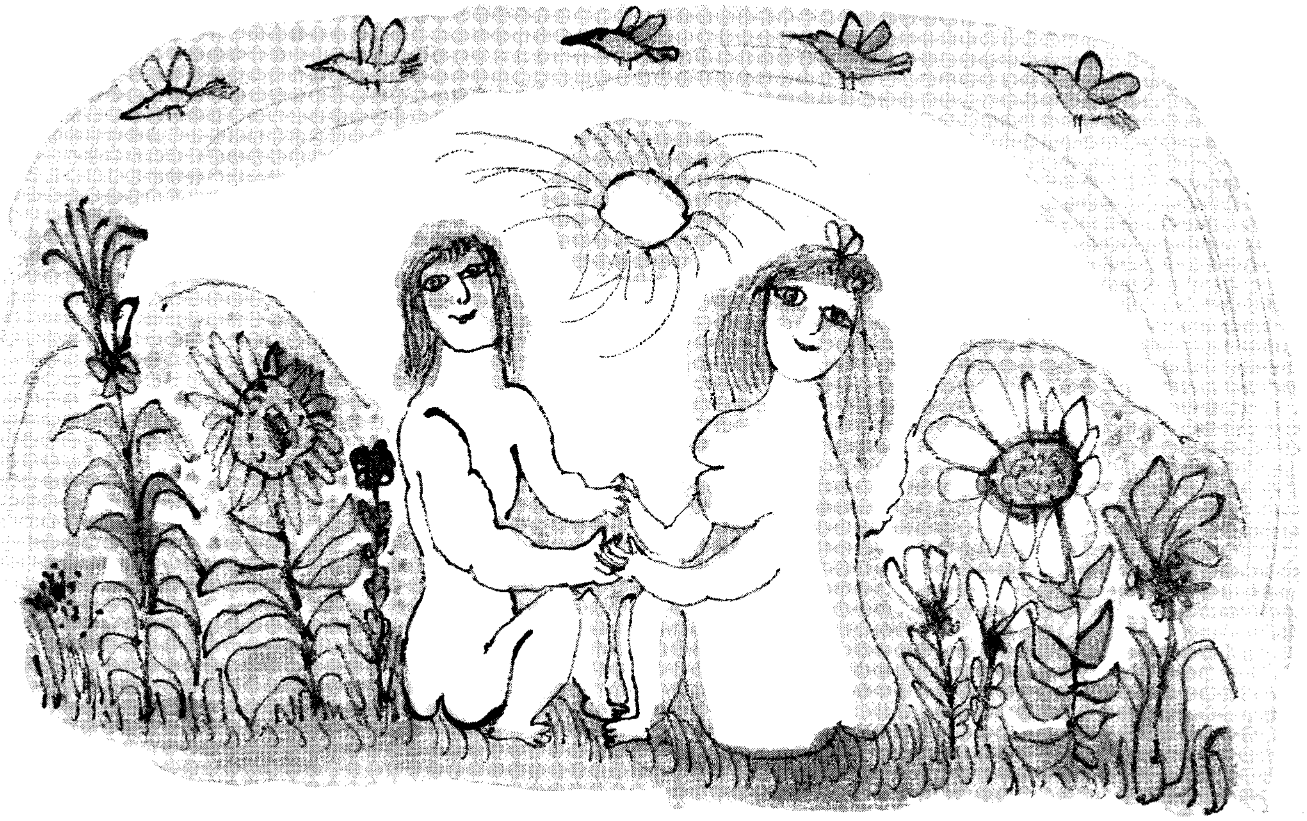
—JORGE LUIS BORGES

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Norman Thomas di Giovanni.*)

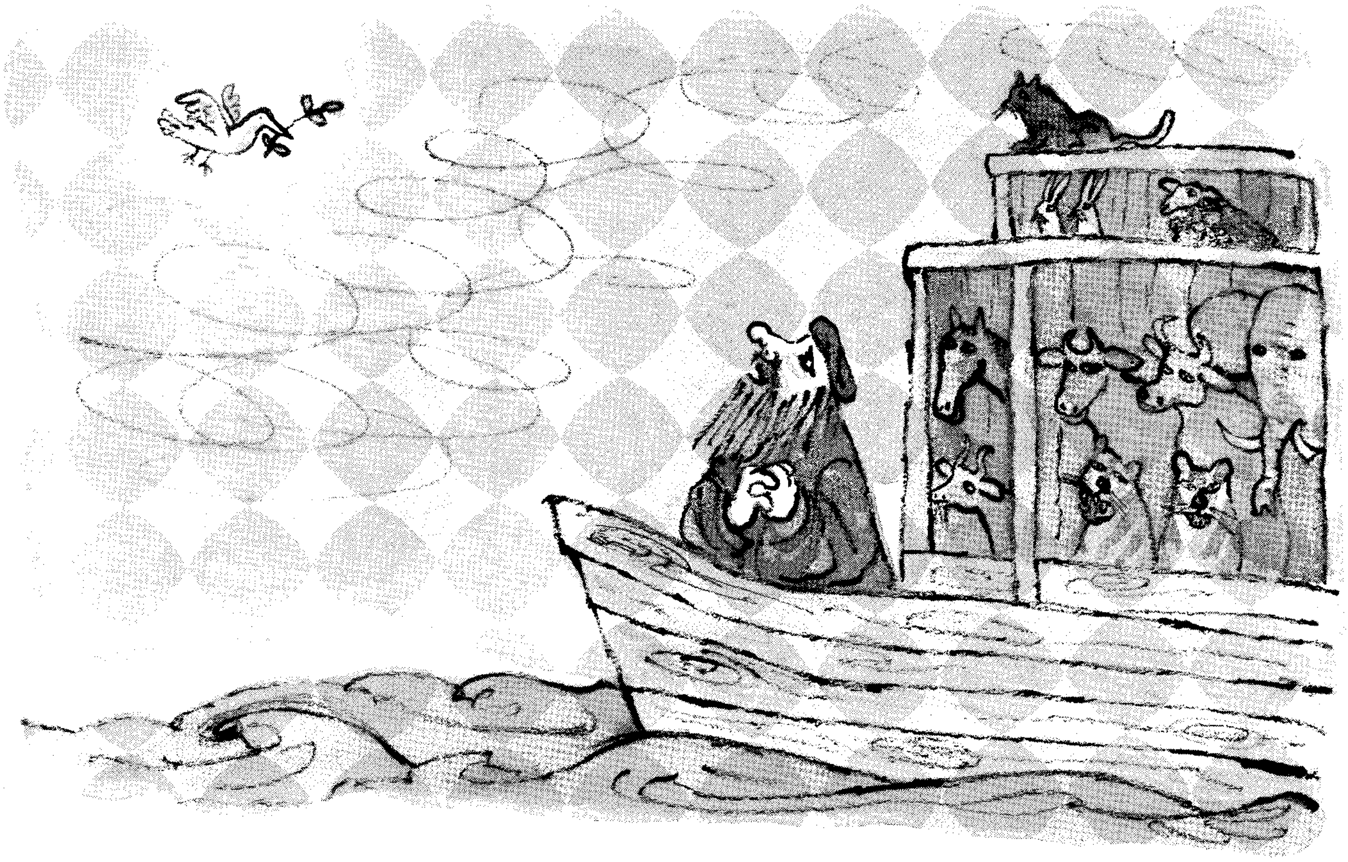
FROM GENESIS AND EXODUS



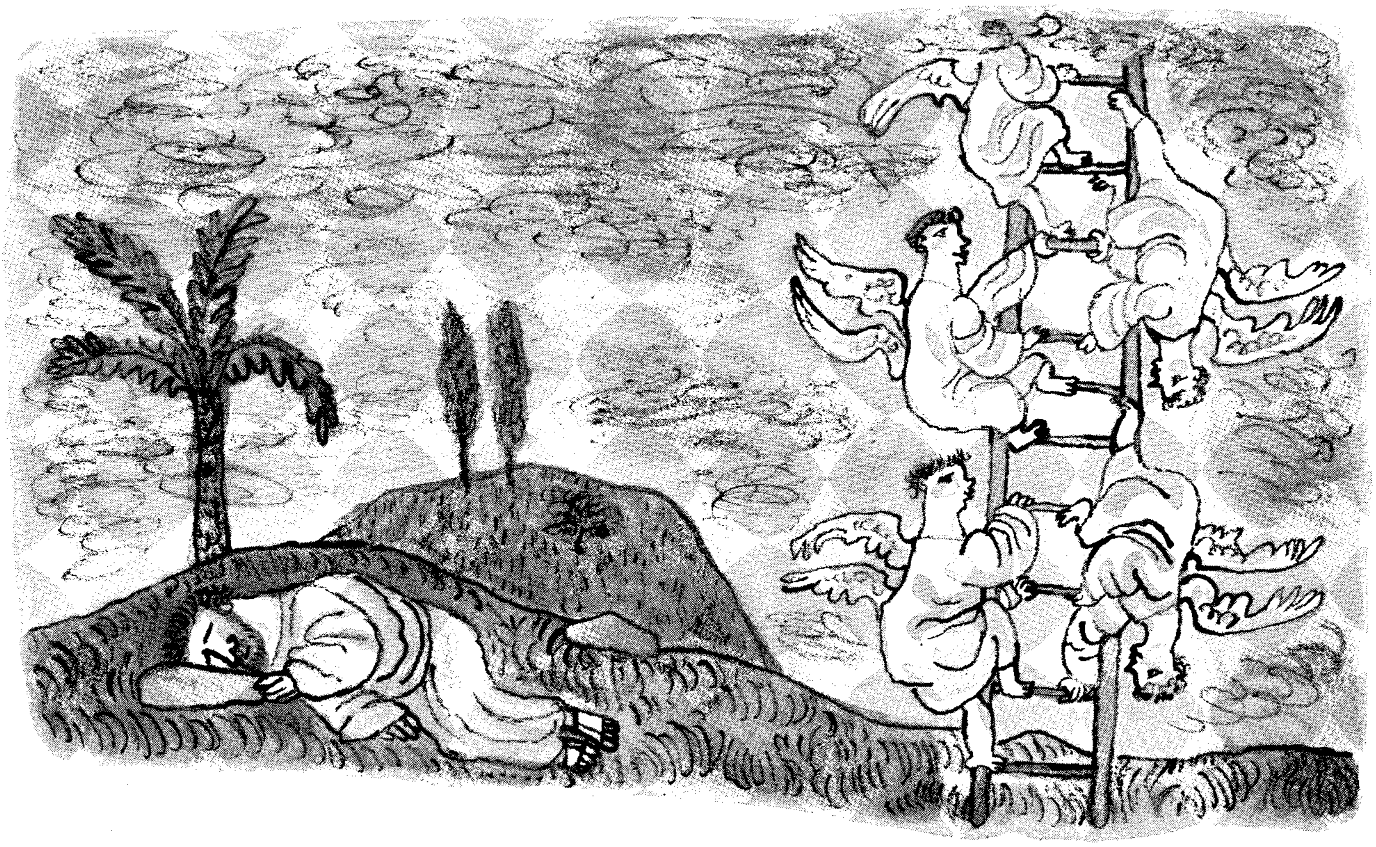
And God saw that it was good.



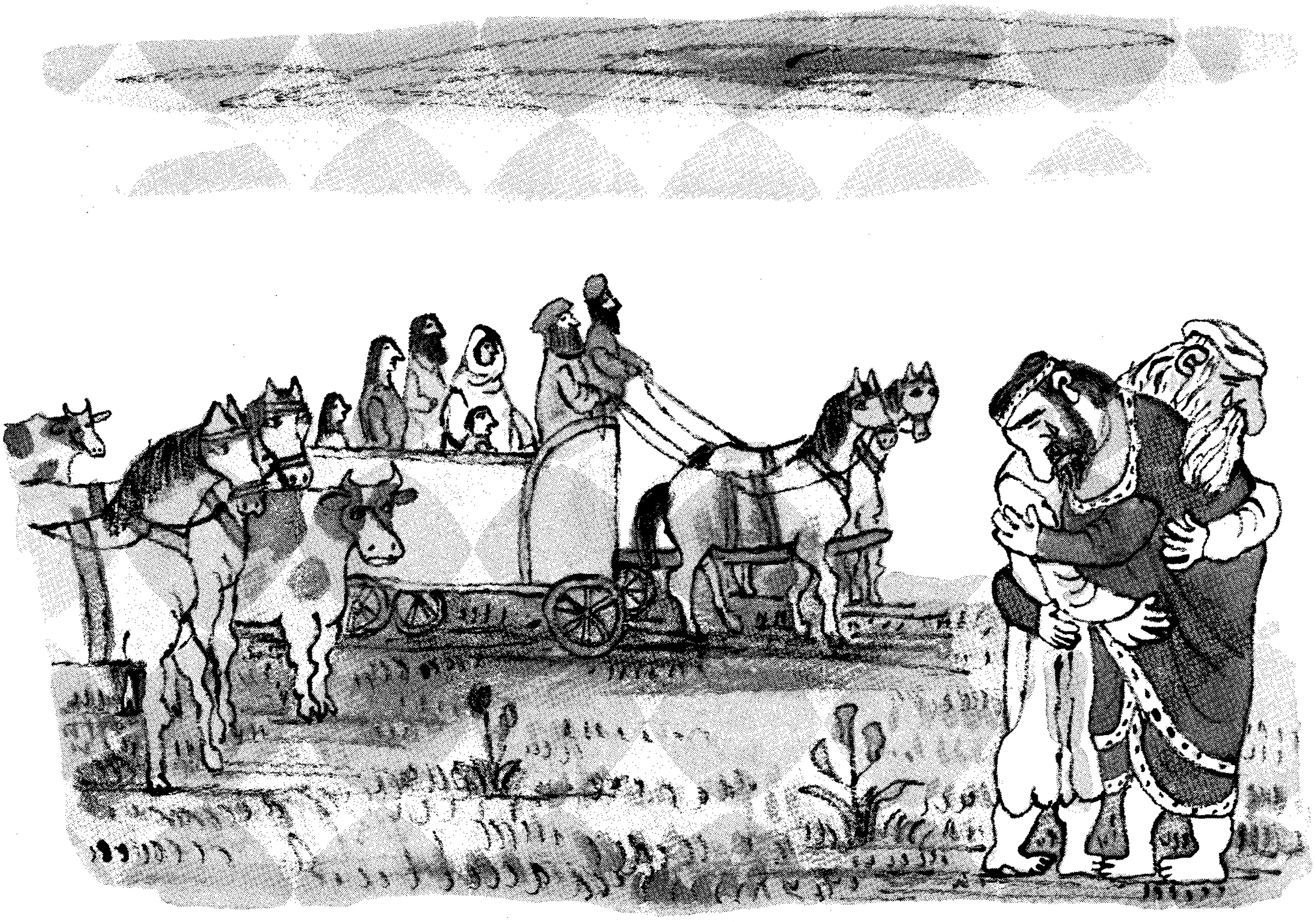
And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed.



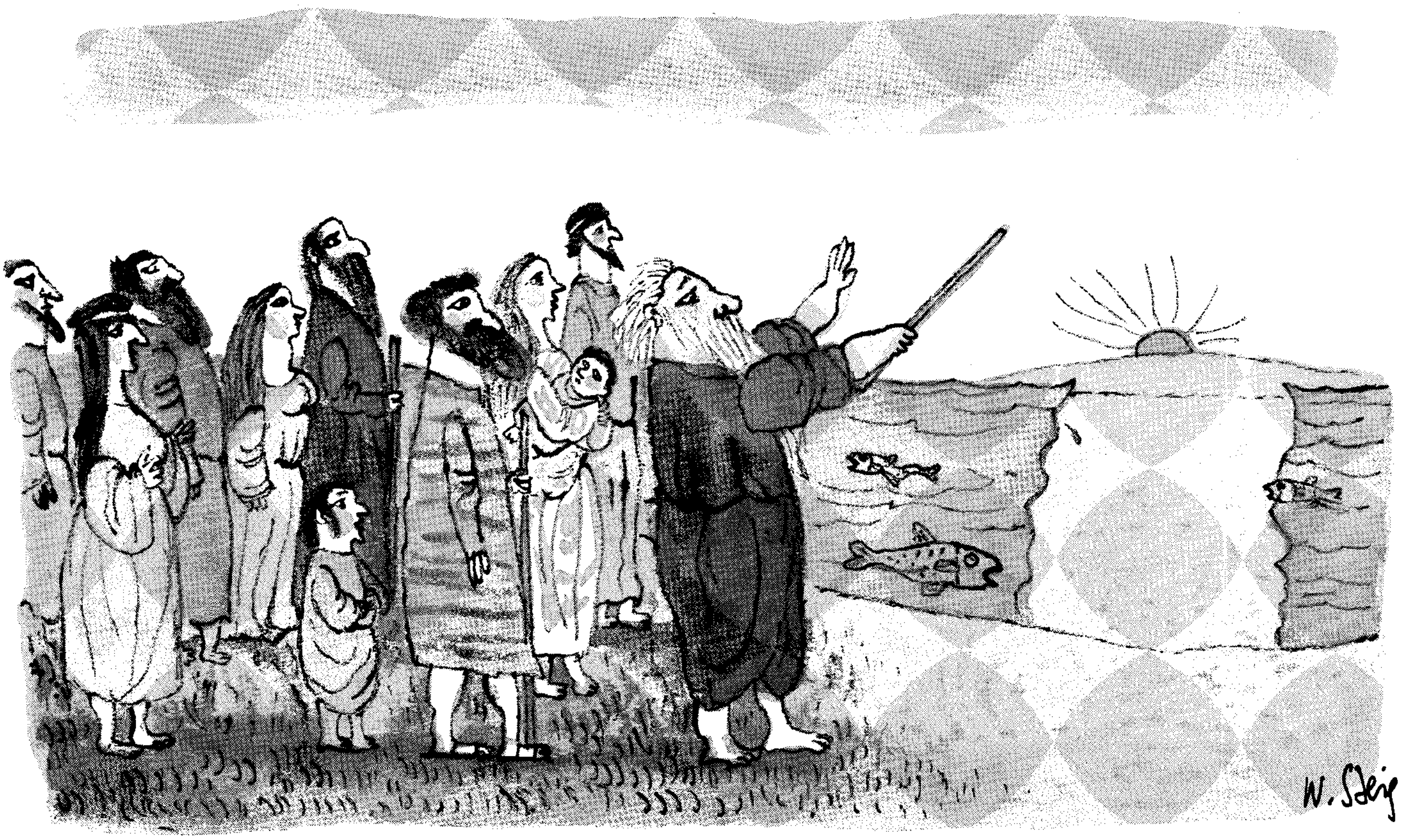
And the dove came in to him in the evening, and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off.



And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.



And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father.



And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea . . . and the waters were divided.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL

ARDIS BASCOMBE, the tobacco heiress, who twenty years ago was a North Carolina beauty queen, is now sitting in the kitchen of her San Francisco house, getting drunk. Four-thirty, an October afternoon, and Ardis, with a glass full of vodka and melted ice, a long cigarette going and another smoldering in an almost full ashtray, is actually doing several things at once: drinking and smoking, of course, killing herself, her older daughter, Linda, has said (Ardis is no longer speaking to Linda, who owns and runs a health-food store), and watching the news on her small color Sony TV. She is waiting for her younger daughter, Carrie, who goes to Stanford but lives at home and usually shows up about now. And she is waiting also for a guest, a man she knew way back when, who called this morning, whose name she is having trouble with. Black? White? Green? It is a color name; she is sure of that.

Twenty years ago Ardis was a small and slender black-haired girl, with amazing wide, thickly lashed dark-azure eyes and smooth, pale, almost translucent skin—a classic Southern beauty, except for the sexily curled, contemptuous mouth. And brilliant, too: straight A's at Chapel Hill. An infinitely promising, rarely lovely girl: everyone thought so. A large portrait of her then hangs framed on the kitchen wall: bare-shouldered, in something gauzy, light—she is dressed for a formal dance, the Winter Germans or the May Frolics. The portrait is flyspecked and streaked with grime from the kitchen fumes. Ardis despises cleaning up, and hates having maids around; periodically she calls a janitorial service, and sometimes she has various rooms repainted, covering the grime. Nevertheless, the picture shows the face of a beautiful young girl. Also hanging there, gilt-framed and similarly grimed, are several family portraits: elegant and upright ancestors, attesting to family substance—although in Ardis's messy kitchen they have a slightly comic look of inappropriateness.

Ardis's daughter Carrie, who in a couple of years will inherit several of those tobacco millions, is now driving up from the peninsula, toward home, in her jaunty brown felt hat and patched faded jeans, in her dirty battered Ford pickup truck. She is trying to concentrate on Thomas Jefferson (History I) or the view: blond subdivided hills and groves of rattling dusty eucalyptus trees that smell like cat pee. She is listening to the conversations on her CB radio, but a vision of her mother, at that table, with her emptying glass and heavy blue aura of smoke, fills Carrie's mind; she is pervaded by the prospect of her mother and filled with guilt, apprehension, sympathy. Her mother, who used to be so much fun, now looks as swollen and dead-eyed, as thick-skinned, as a frog.

Hoping for change, Carrie has continued to live at home, seldom admitting why. Her older sister, Linda, of the health-food store, is more severe, or simply fatalistic. "If she wants to drink herself to death she will," says Linda. "Your being there won't help, or change a thing." Of course she's right, but Carrie sticks around.

Neither Linda nor Carrie is as lovely as their mother was. They are pretty girls—especially Linda, who is snub-nosed and curly-haired. Carrie has straight dark hair and a nose like that of her father: Clayton Bascombe, former Carolina Deke, former tennis star, former husband of Ardis. His was a nice straight nose—Clayton was an exceptionally handsome boy—but it is too long now for Carrie's small tender face.

Clayton, too, had a look of innocence; perhaps it was his innocent look that originally attracted Ardis's strong instinct for destruction. In any case, after four years of marriage, two daughters, Ardis decided that Clayton was "impossible," and threw him out—out of the house that her parents had given them, in Winston-Salem. Now Clayton is in real estate in Wilmington, N.C., having ended up where he began, before college and the adventure of marriage to Ardis.

Ardis has never remarried. For many years, in Winston-Salem, as a young divorcée, she was giddily popular, off to as many parties and weekends out of town as when she was a Carolina coed. Then, after the end of an especially violent love affair, she announced that she was tired of all that and bored with all her friends. With the two girls, Ardis moved to San Francisco, bought the big house on Vallejo Street, had it fashionably decorated, and began another round of parties with new people—a hectic pace that gradually slowed to fewer parties, invitations, friends. People became "boring" or "impossible," as the neglected house decayed. Ardis spent more and more time alone. More time drunk.

The girls, who from childhood had been used to their mother's lovers (suitors, beaux) and who by now had some of their own, were at first quite puzzled by their absence: Ardis, without men around? Then Linda said to Carrie, "Well, *Lord*, who'd want her now? Look at that face. Besides, I think she'd rather drink."

In some ways Ardis has been a wonderful mother, though: Carrie sometimes says that to herself. Always there were terrific birthday parties, presents, clothes. And there was the time in Winston-Salem when the real-estate woman came to the door with a petition about Negroes—keeping them out, land values, something like that. Of course Ardis refused to sign, and then she went on: "And in answer to your next question, I sincerely hope that both my daughters marry them. I understand those guys are really great. *Not*, unfortunately, from personal experience." *Well.* What other mother, especially in Winston-Salem, would ever talk like that?

ARDIS dislikes paying bills—especially small ones; for instance, from the garbage collectors, although she loves their name: Sunset Scavenger Company. Thus the parking area is lined with full garbage cans, spilling over among all the expensively imported and dying rhododendrons and magnolia trees, the already dead azaleas in their rusted cans. Seeing none of this, Carrie parks her truck. She gets out and slams the door.

Five o'clock. Ardis will have had enough drinks to make her want to talk a lot, although she will be just beginning to not make sense.

Carrie opens the front door and goes in, and she hears her mother's familiar raucous laugh coming from the kitchen. Good, she is not alone. Carrie walks in that direction, as Ardis's deep, hoarse voice explains to someone, "That must be my daughter Carrie. You won't believe—"

Carrie goes into the kitchen and is introduced to a tall, thin, almost bald, large-nosed man. He is about her mother's age but in much better shape: rich, successful. (Having inherited some of her mother's social antennae, Carrie has taken all this in without really thinking.) In Ardis's dignified slur, his name sounds like Wopple Grin.

SLAVE ON THE HEADLAND

When they brought me here from the north island
my mother stayed alive but I didn't tell
where she lay hidden, headland of spray
waiting for canoes farther north that would come.
For years in gull voices I heard echoes
of dying that day, and my father spoke then,
wind counselling where to turn my eyes
when captors talked about returning to the island.
Gradually I learned this wasn't to be.
Now they call me "The Silent." My work
takes me where gulls wander all day,
and wind. I bend over, listening far,
but also at home here: this island is one
of the mountains connected with all the earth
my father told me about, and he still wanders
calling together the scattered pieces
over my bent head and the wide sea.

—WILLIAM STAFFORD

• •

"ACTUALLY," Ardis tells Carrie later on, "Walpole Greene is very important in Washington, on the Hill." This has been said in the heavily nasal accent with which Ardis imitates extreme snobs; like many good mimics, she is aping an unacknowledged part of herself. Ardis is more truly snobbish than anyone, caring deeply about money, family, and position. "Although he certainly wasn't much at Carolina," she goes on, in the same tone.

Tonight, Ardis looks a little better than usual, her daughter observes. She did a very good job with her makeup; somehow her eyes look O.K.—not as popped out as they sometimes do. And a gauzy scarf around her throat has made it look less swollen.

Walpole Greene, who is indeed important in Washington, although, as the head of a news bureau, not exactly in Ardis's sense "on the Hill," thinks how odd it is that Ardis should have such a funny-looking kid.

Carrie, reading some of that in his face, thinks, What a creep. She excuses herself to go upstairs. She smiles privately as she leaves, repeating, silently, "Wopple Grin."

IN Chapel Hill, all those years ago, in the days when Walpole Greene was certainly not much—he was too young, too skinny and tall; with his big nose he looked like a bird—he was always acutely and enragedly aware of Ardis. So small and bright, so admired, so universally lusted after, so often photographed in the *Daily Tar-heel* and *Carolina Magazine*, with her half-inviting, half-disdainful smile; she was everywhere. One summer, during a session of summer school, Walpole felt that he saw Ardis every time he left his dorm: Ardis saying "Hey, Walpole" (Wopple? was she teasing him?) in the same voice in which she said "Hey" to everyone.

He saw her dancing in front of the Y, between classes, in the morning—smiling, mocking the dance. He glimpsed her through the windows of Harry's, drinking beer, in the late afternoon. She was dressed always in immaculate pale clothes: flowered cottons, cashmere cardigans. And at night he would see her anywhere at all: coming out of the show, at record concerts in Kenan Stadium ("Music Under the Stars"), emerging from the Arboretum, with some guy. Usually she was laughing, which made even then a surprisingly loud noise from such a small thin girl. Her laugh and her walk were out of scale; she *strode*, like someone very tall and important.

Keeping track of her, Walpole, who had an orderly mind, began to observe a curious pattern in the escorts of Ardis: midmornings at the Y, evenings at the show, or at Harry's, she was apt to be with Gifford Gwathmey, a well-known S.A.E., a handsome blond Southern boy. But if he saw her in some more dubious place, like the Arboretum, late at night, she would be with Henry Mallory, a Delta Psi from Philadelphia.

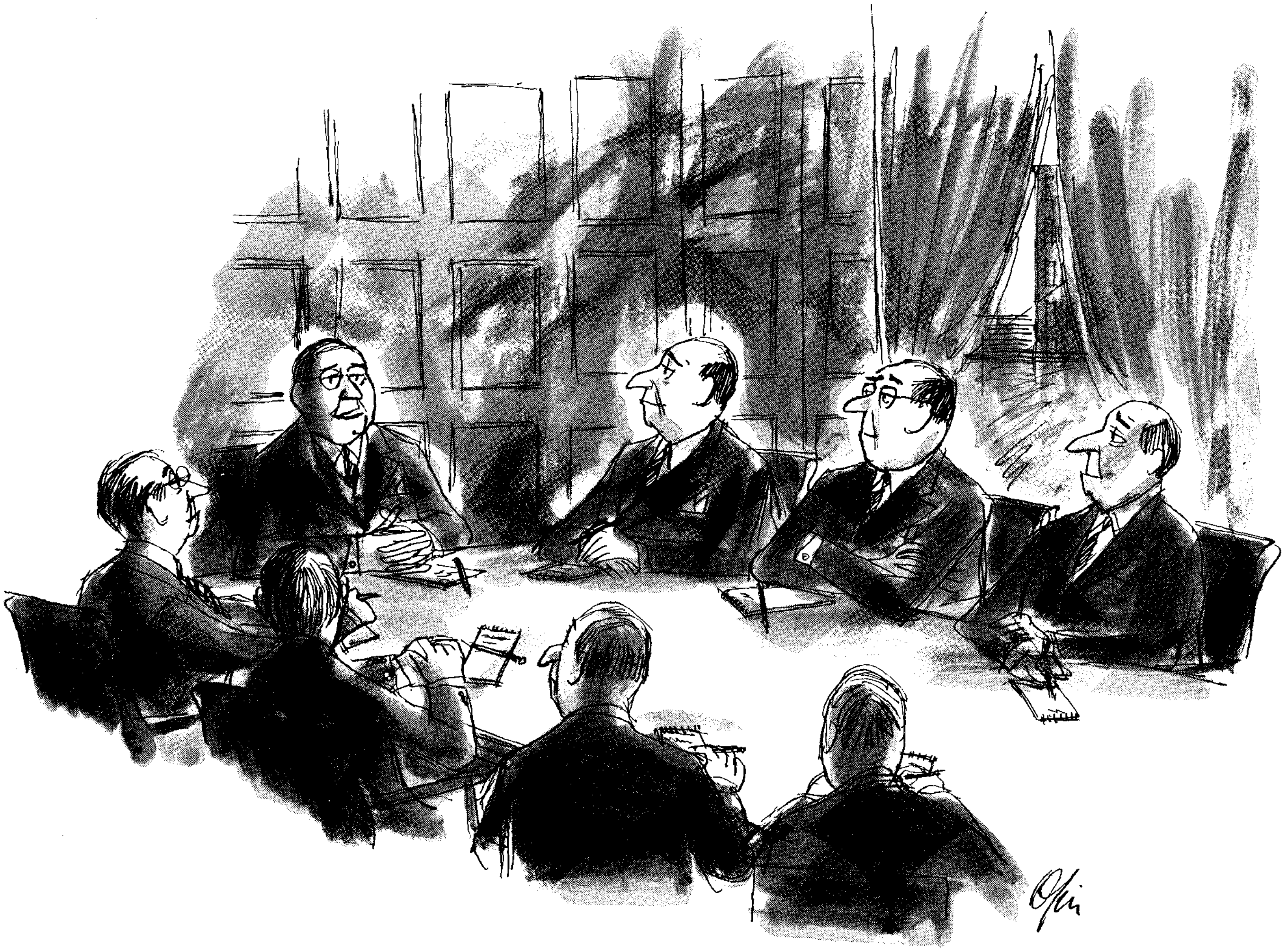
Ardis always looked as if she were at a party, having a very good time but at the same time observing carefully and feeling just slightly superior to it all. And since his sense of himself and of his presence at Carolina was precisely opposite to that, Walpole sometimes dreamed of doing violence to Ardis. He hated her almost as much as he hated the dean of men, who in a conference had suggested that Walpole should "get out more," should "try to mix in."

It was a melancholy time for Walpole, all around.

One August night, in a stronger than usual mood of self-pity, Walpole determined to do what he had all summer considered doing: he would stay up all night and then go out to Gimghoul Castle (the Gimghouls were an undergraduate secret society) and watch the dawn from the lookout bench there. He did just that, drinking coffee and reading from "The Federalist Papers," and then riding on his bike, past the Arboretum and Battle Park, to the Castle. The lookout bench was some distance from the main building, and as he approached it Walpole noted that a group of people, probably Gimghouls and their dates, were out there drinking *still*, on one of the terraces.

He settled on the hard stone circular bench, in the dewy pre-dawn air, and focussed his attention on the eastern horizon. And then suddenly, soundlessly—and drunkenly: she was plastered—Ardis appeared. Weaving toward him, she sat down on the bench beside him, though not too near.

"You came out here to look at the



“We are gathered here today, gentlemen, to make money.”

• •

sunrise?” she slurred, conversationally. “God, Wopple, that’s wonderful.” Wunnerful.

Tears of hatred sprang to Walpole’s eyes—fortunately invisible. He choked; in a minute he would hit her, very hard.

Unaware that she was in danger, Ardis got stiffly to her feet; she bent awkwardly toward him and placed a cool bourbon-tasting kiss on Walpole’s mouth. “I love you, Wopple,” Ardis said. “I truly and purely do.” The sun came up.

He didn’t hate her anymore—of course he would not hit her. How could he hit a girl who had kissed him and spoken of love? And although after that night nothing between them changed overtly, he now watched her as a lover would. With love.

“LORD, you’re lucky I didn’t rape you there and then,” says Ardis now, having heard this romantic story. She is exaggerating the slur of her speech, imitating someone even drunker than she is.

Walpole, who believes that in a way he has loved her all his life, laughs sadly, and he wonders if at any point in her life Ardis could have been—he backs off from “saved” and settles on “retrieved.” Such a waste: such beauty gone, and brains and wit. Walpole himself has just married again, for the fourth time: a young woman who, he has already begun to recognize, is not very nice, or bright. He has little luck with love. It is not necessarily true that Ardis would have been better off with him.

She is clearly in no shape to go out to dinner, and Walpole wonders if he shouldn’t cook something for the two of them to eat. Scrambled eggs? He looks around the impossibly disordered kitchen, at stacks of dishes, piled-up newspapers, a smelly cat box in one corner, although he has seen no cat.

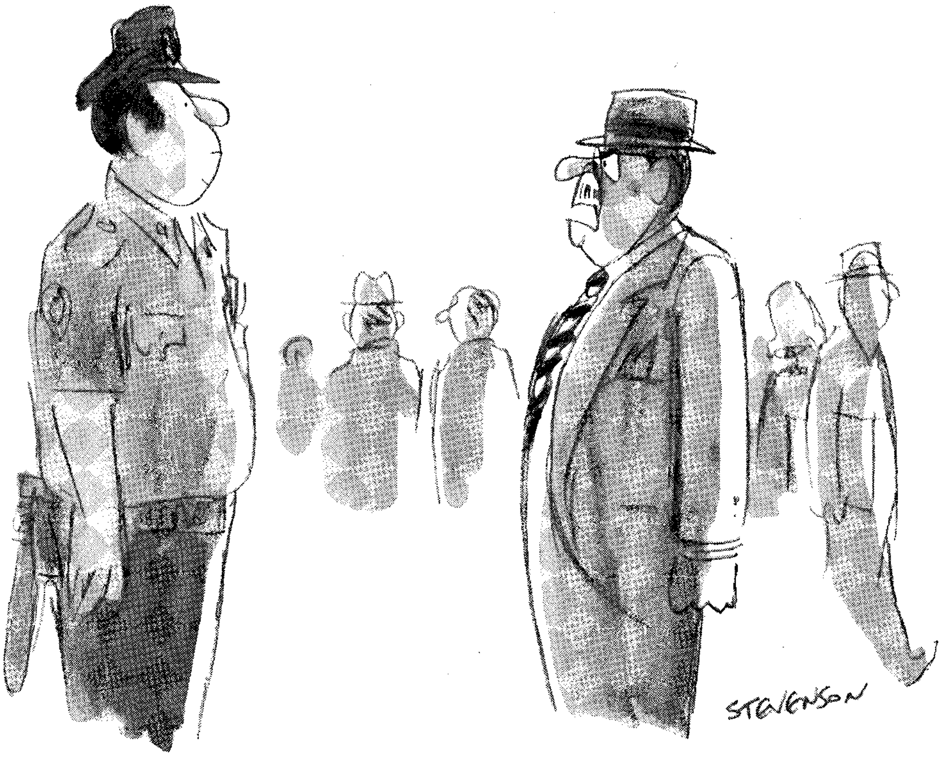
He reaches and pours some more vodka into his own glass, then glances over at Ardis, whose eyes have begun to close.

By way of testing her, he asks, “Something I always wondered. That summer, I used to see you around with Gifford Gwathmey, and then later you’d be with Henry Mallory. Weren’t you pinned to Gifford?”

Ardis abruptly comes awake, and emits her laugh. “Of course I was pinned to Giff,” she chortles. “But he and all those S.A.E.s were almost as boring as Dekes, although he did come from one of the oldest and *richest* families in Charleston.” (This last in her nasal snob-imitating voice.) “So I used to late-date on him all the time, mainly with Henry, who didn’t have a dime. But the Delta Psis were *fun*—a lot of boys from New York and Philadelphia.” She laughs again. “Between dates, I’d rush back to the House and brush my teeth—talk about your basic fastidious coed. Henry teased me about always tasting of Pepsodent.” For a moment Ardis looks extremely happy, and almost young; then she falls slowly forward until her head rests on the table in front of her, and she begins to snore.

CARRIE, who has recently discovered jazz, is upstairs listening to old Louis Armstrong records, smoking a joint. “Pale moon shining on the fields below . . .”

She is thinking, as she often does, of how much she would like to get out of



"I'm being followed by a mime."

• •

this house for a while. She would like to drop out of school for a term or two, maybe next spring, and just get into her truck with a few clothes and some money, and maybe a dog, and drive around the country. There is a huge circular route that she has often imagined: up to Seattle, maybe Canada, Vancouver, down into Wyoming, across the northern plains to Chicago—she knows someone there—New England, New York, and down the coast to her father, in Wilmington, N.C.; Charleston, New Orleans, Texas, Mexico, the Southwest, L.A.; then home, by way of Big Sur. Months of driving, with the dog and the CB radio for company.

In the meantime, halfway through her second joint, she sighs deeply and realizes that she is extremely hungry, ravenous. She carefully stubs out the joint and goes downstairs.

Walpole Greene, whose presence she had forgotten, is standing in the pantry, looking lost. Ardis has passed out. Having also forgotten that she thought he was a creep, Carrie experiences a rush of sympathy for the poor guy. "Don't worry," she tells him. "She'll be O.K."

"She sure as hell doesn't look O.K.," says Walpole Greene. "She's not O.K. No one who drinks that much—"

"Oh, well, in the long run you're right," says Carrie, as airily as though she had never worried about her mother's health. "But I mean for now she's O.K."

"Well. I'd meant to take her out to dinner."

"Why bother? She doesn't eat. But aren't you hungry? I'm starved."

"Well, sort of." Walpole looks dubiously around the kitchen. He watches Carrie as she goes over to the mammoth refrigerator and extracts a small covered saucepan from its incredibly crowded, murky interior.

"She likes to make soup," says Carrie. "Lately she's been on some Southern kick. Nostalgia, I guess. This is white beans and pork. Just made yesterday, so it ought to be all right."

The soup, which Carrie has heated and ladled into bowls, is good but too spicy for Walpole's ulcer; the next day he will feel really terrible. Now he and Carrie whisper to each other, like conspirators, above the sound of Ardis's heavy breathing.

"Does she do this often?" asks Walpole.

"Pretty often. Well—like, every day."

"That's not good."

"No."

Having drunk quite a bit more than he usually does, Walpole feels that his perceptions are enlarged. Looking at Carrie, he has a sudden and certain vision of her future: in ten or so years, in her late twenties, early thirties, she will be more beautiful than even Ardis ever was. She will be an exceptional beauty, a beautiful woman, whereas Ardis was just a beautiful girl. Should he tell Carrie that? He decides not to; she wouldn't believe him, although he is absolutely sure of his perception. Besides, even a little drunk he is too shy.

Instead, in an inspired burst, he says, "Listen, she's got to go somewhere. You know, dry out. There's a place in Connecticut. Senators' wives—"

Carrie's bright young eyes shine, beautifully. "That would be neat," she says.

"You'd be O.K. by yourself for a while?"

"I really would. I'm thinking about getting a dog—our cat just disappeared. And there's this trip. But how would you get her there?"

"Leave that to me," says Walpole, with somewhat dizzy confidence.

Carrie clears the table—without, Walpole notices, washing any dishes.

CARRIE goes back upstairs, her heart high and light.

She considers calling her sister, Linda, saying that Walpole Greene is taking their mother to Connecticut. But Linda would say something negative, unpleasant.

Instead, she puts on another record, and hears the rich pure liquid sound of Louis's horn, and then his voice. Beale Street Blues, Muskrat Ramble. A son of the South. She listens, blows more joints.

DOWNSTAIRS, seated at the table, Walpole is talking softly and persuasively, he hopes, to Ardis's ear (her small pink ears are still pretty, he has noticed), although she is "asleep."

"This lovely place in Connecticut," he is saying. "A wonderful place. You'll like it. You'll rest, and eat good food, and you'll feel better than you've felt for years. You'll see. I want you to be my beautiful girl again—"

Suddenly aroused, Ardis raises her head and stares at Walpole. "I am a beautiful girl," she rasps out, furiously.

—ALICE ADAMS

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Q: What is guttate pattern?

A: Guttate is a pattern of glass made in pink, green, blue or milk glass. How do we go about it?

It was made by the Consolidated Lamp and Glass Co. of Fostoria, Ohio about 1894. How do we go about it?

The word guttate refers to a dripped decorative technique on the glass. How do we go about it?

The pattern appears to have large "drips" molded on it.—*Detroit Sunday News.*

There! *That's* how we go about it.

A GOOD EXPLANATION

(A Con Ed Customer's Account of Why the Lights Went Out)

8:37 P.M. All is quiet at Indian Point No. 3 power station, when suddenly a huge dog jumps out of the bushes and eats several of the parts vital to the operation of the plant's main generator. As quickly as he has come, the dog disappears.

8:56 P.M. Ten miles away, at the Millwood power station, another huge dog, not the same as the first dog but a different one, jumps out of the nearby woods and eats some insulation off an important transformer. This triggers circuit breakers.

8:57 P.M. Every person in Queens between the ages of fourteen and thirty-six gets out of the shower and turns on a blow-dryer. This places an enormous strain on the power reserves of the system.

9:06 P.M. A guy, I don't even remember his name, nobody had ever seen him before or recognized him at all, happens to fly his helicopter over Con Edison's computerized control center on the West Side and throws a cigarette butt out the window of his helicopter, and in a one-in-a-million chance an ash lands on some computer tape and burns some holes that spell out "Shut down all systems" in computer language.

9:10 P.M. While technicians work frantically to fix the computer, yet a third huge dog attacks the power lines between Westchester and Manhattan, eating the insulators off the towers and triggering circuit breakers.

9:14 P.M. Further strain is placed on an already stretched-to-the-limits situation when every Cuisinart in Westchester turns itself on simultaneously, as if following some eerie brand-specific command.

9:17 P.M. Con Ed repairmen have just about fixed one power station when suddenly, out of the sewers—hundreds of giant white alligators! (There really is such a thing, and if you don't believe me you can call the Department of Sanitation and ask them whether there is such a thing or not.) The repairmen have to go back into their trucks and wait for the alligators to go away, and this costs precious minutes as station after station loses power.

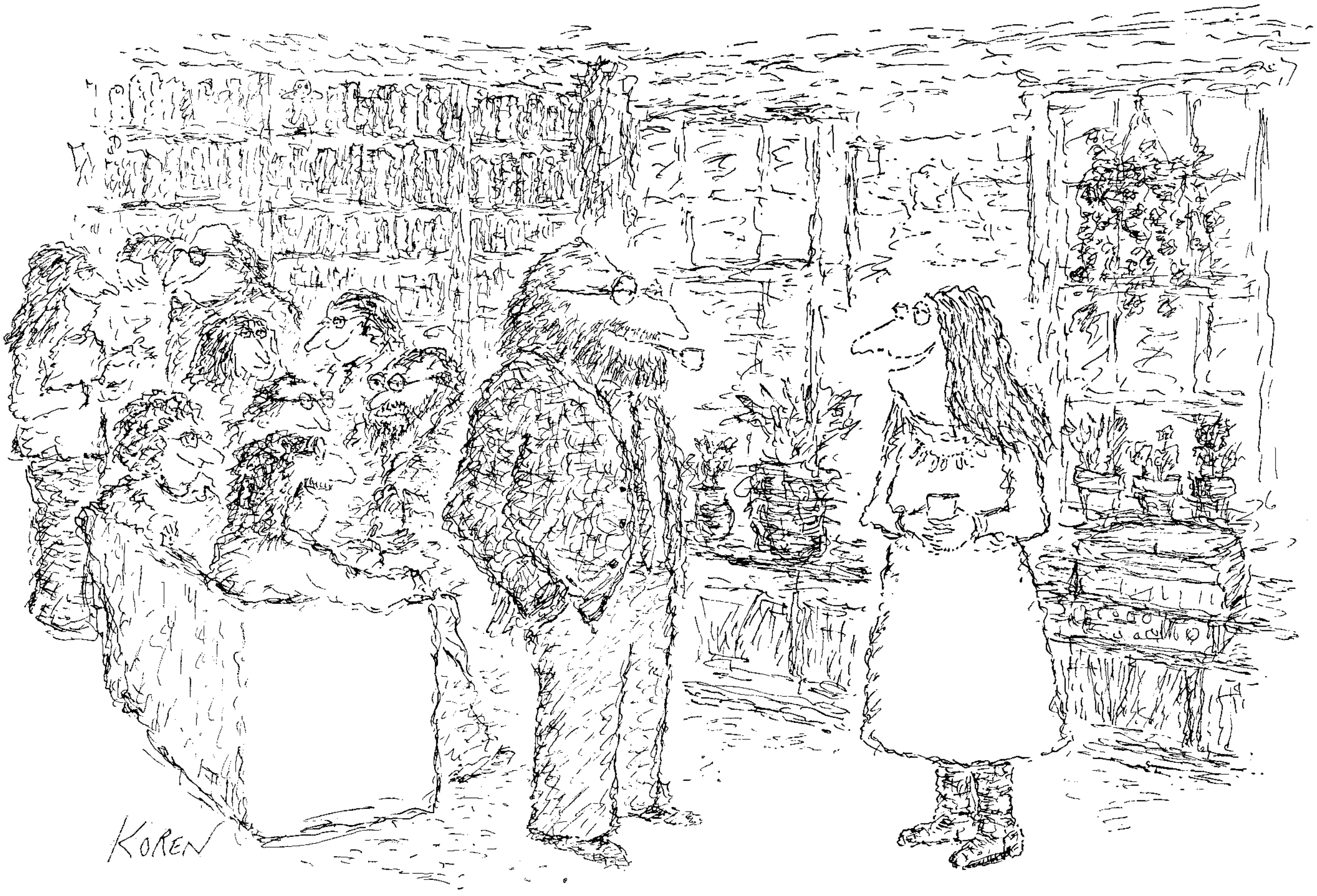
9:19 P.M. One of Con Ed's chief engineers, working desperately against the clock, devises a plan to forestall blackout by "load shedding"—i.e., allowing power loss in some areas until the system regains its balance—and he gives the plan to Con Ed chairman Charles Luce. Before Luce can put the plan into effect, however, while he is giving the first instructions by phone, he accidentally leaves the plan where his baby sister can reach it, and she gets into it and scatters the papers around and crumples up some pages and gets her teething cracker all over it. By the time he can get the papers away from her and copy them over, the domino-like sequence of power-plant shutdown is well on its way.

9:20 P.M. Throughout the five boroughs, packs of huge dogs begin eating the actual power lines.

9:30 P.M. Herds of buffalo, nobody has any idea where they came from, probably from Canada, begin stampeding across New York State and start rubbing up against the exposed power lines where the dogs have eaten off the insulation. Also, walking catfish and poisonous Mexican spitting mice do this. They impede last-minute efforts to restore power.

9:34 P.M. Total blackout.

—Ian Frazier



"I can never get it straight. Was William Carlos Williams the doctor or the insurance man?"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MORE FOR LESS

New York City's government, which has an expense budget for this fiscal year (fourteen billion dollars) matched by none of the fifty states and by relatively few foreign nations, and a work force (two hundred and thirty-four thousand) larger than the combined populations of the state capitals of New York and New Jersey, is not noted for its productivity, as the following facts suggest:

According to the Temporary Commission on City Finances, which was appointed in 1975 by Mayor Abraham Beame to study the city's long-term financial problems, city taxpayers spend three times as much as they did ten years ago to receive the same level of police, fire, sanitation, and education services.

The cost of educating a child in city public schools is comparable to the cost of sending a child to private schools. In 1960, the annual cost per student in public schools was just over five hundred dollars. Today, the public-school system has only ten per cent more students but twice as many employees, and the annual cost per student is about twenty-five hundred dollars—a four-hundred per cent increase. During the same period, the consumer price index increased by a hundred and eleven per cent.

Over the decade 1965 to 1975, the city's transit system, according to the Temporary Commission, lost twenty per cent of its riders but gained almost thirteen per cent more employees. In fiscal year 1976, about eighty-four per cent of the system's operating expenditures was earmarked for labor costs.

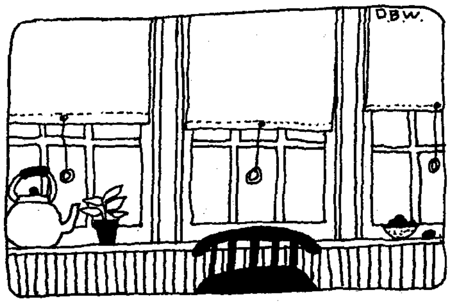
Though the city has two thousand more policemen than it had in 1961, their tours of duty add up to one million fewer hours worked per year. A survey by Mary McCormick, the research director of the Temporary Commission, concludes that in 1961 23,515 policemen worked an average of 1,880 hours each; last year, 25,355 policemen worked an average of 1,693 hours each.

Over the decade 1961 to 1971, the municipal-hospital system's patient services declined by almost twenty per cent, according to a study by Charles Brecher, a political scientist on the staff of Columbia University's Conservation of Human Resources Project, but the number of hospital employees grew by more than four thousand. In the last decade, the city's health expenditures have tripled, according to Stephen Berger, executive director of the state Emergency Financial Control Board, which oversees city finances, and New York's per-capita health expenditures are now seventy per cent greater than the rest of the nation's.

Between 1961 and 1975, the city's labor costs—for wages, pensions, and fringe benefits—increased by three hundred and twelve per cent, according to the final report, issued in June, of the Temporary Commission on City Finances. The report said that the hiring of additional employees to improve services was not the primary cause of the increase, because, even allowing for inflation, the percentage increase in labor costs in that period was almost three times the percentage increase in the number of employees. In the 1975 fiscal year, the report said, the cost of labor was, as usual, the largest item in the city's expense budget, accounting for more than forty-two per cent of the total.

These facts, when they are coupled with the city's economic decline and fiscal crisis, seem to add up to a disaster. But they also add up to an opportunity. Since no one can deny that New York is engaged in a struggle for survival, there is an opportunity to dramatically alter the way the city government delivers—or doesn't deliver—services. Bankruptcy and economic development are subjects that receive more attention than services do, but if New York is to retain its middle-income tax base, if it is to avoid a clash between the public and its employees, if it hopes to convince the federal government that it is worthy of needed assistance, it has to make sure that the nation's most heavily taxed citizens receive better services. And, because New York is broke, it must figure out how to do more for less.

"THERE are no resources left except better utilization of the remaining work-force," says the introduction to a report issued in 1975 by the New York City Productivity Council, which was established in 1974 by the city and four labor unions to study ways of improving municipal services. "The option of returning to 'business as usual' is no longer an option if New York is to survive." Such thinking is common now among labor and management people alike; but, as Jack Bigel, who is municipal labor's representative to the Emergency Financial Control Board and one of the leading labor figures in the city, often says, "it's easy to agree on generalities." Where labor and management part, of course, is on particulars—such as the city's work rules. The city has a long list of work rules that from a labor standpoint are reasonable, hard-won rights but in the eyes of a man like Anthony Russo, the director of the Office of Municipal Labor Relations, are merely "ripoffs." However these rules are characterized, there is no denying that they significantly affect the amount of time that city employees spend actually working. The fiscal crisis has wrought many changes, but the city's basic personnel system, like some huge, immovable rock, remains. For instance:



New York City, a pioneer in so many ways, in effect has a four-day work week for most of its employees. Apart from teachers and the uniformed services, city employees, according to the Temporary Commission, work two hundred and ten days out of a possible two hundred and sixty-one workdays, since they get twenty-five days of vacation, twelve sick days, eleven holidays, half a day for death in the family, and two and two-tenths days for "terminal leave." The average policeman or fireman is off about fifty-five days per year (including sick days and terminal leave), in addition to weekends or their equivalents; policemen work an average of about two hundred eight-and-a-quarter-hour tours of duty per year, and firemen work an average of about a hundred and eighty-two nine-hour tours of duty. Teachers receive about seventy-five days off, including summer, Christmas, and Easter vacations and eight other holidays. City University faculty members receive about eighty days off. (A full professor, reports the Temporary Commission, is paid $33,475 a year and spends less than eleven hours a week in the classroom.) Sanitation men, beginning with their first year, receive five weeks of paid vacation. A year ago, the city's largest municipal union, District Council 37 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, agreed to reduce the vacation schedule

SUNUP? ALREADY?
BUNS
BUNS
Charcoal
BUNS
BUNS
HAMBURGER MADNESS
ZIEGLER

of general city employees from four weeks to three, but this applies only to new employees, and there will be few of them. After three years, a patrolman receives twenty-seven days of vacation. In return for staying on tour an extra quarter hour a day—ten minutes at the beginning of the tour for checking equipment, attending roll call, and receiving assignments, and five minutes of checkout time at the end of the tour—patrolmen are given eight "chart" days, or days off. The extra work time used to be half an hour and the number of chart days eighteen, but in October of 1976 the Police Department reduced the chart days by ten and the extra time by fifteen minutes. The department has calculated that this reduction in chart days was the equivalent of adding nine hundred policemen to the force. Police sergeants receive from eighteen to twenty-eight chart days, and have so far refused to relinquish any of them. According to Sidney Schwartz, special deputy state comptroller for New York City, who reports to the Emergency Financial Control Board, if sergeants reduced the number of their chart days to eight, it would be the equivalent of adding two hundred and fifty-six sergeants. (There are about twenty-four hundred sergeants now.)

Firemen and policemen are granted days off for donating blood. Firemen receive a day off for each donation. (They used to receive two days, but earlier this year they relinquished the second day as part of a package worked out by Mayor Beame and the firemen's union to forestall the layoff of a hundred and eighty firemen.) In the Police Department, patrolmen receive two days off for each donation (though in the near future this will be reduced to one); officers of the rank of sergeant and above receive one day. In 1975, the Police Department reported twelve thousand five hundred days off for blood donations. Francis McLoughlin, the department's deputy commissioner for public information, says, "We now limit it to five thousand guys, or ten thousand days." Anthony Russo says, "No one should get those days off. They're men with good constitutions. Civilians don't get them."

Uniformed employees, including policemen, firemen, and correction officers, are granted one personal leave day each year—"for whatever reason." Under a state law, if firemen and policemen who are veterans work on Veterans Day or Memorial Day, they receive compensatory time off.

The city grants unlimited non-line-of-duty sick leave to its uniformed employees. Policemen averaged fifteen sick days last year. The number has risen to eighteen since patrolmen lost some of their chart days. For the first eight months of the 1977 fiscal year, an average of eleven hundred and twenty-four policemen were out sick each day. Commissioner Russo complains that the city's liberal sick-leave policies lead to overtime abuses. "They have a buddy system," he says. " 'Say, Joe, you take tomorrow off, and I'll get time and a half to take your place.' You see, the guy who takes Joe's place has to be paid time and a half. Then the next time they reverse, and Joe gets time and a half." Last year, police overtime cost thirteen million dollars, and three hundred and twenty-eight policemen each made five thousand dollars or more in overtime.

Non-uniformed city employees, who

receive from ten to twenty sick days, are allowed to accumulate these days from year to year. Thus, sick days, which were designed to insure that workers would not be penalized for legitimate illness, have tended to become additional vacation days. If the worker does not take the days, they are banked, and when he leaves city government he is paid for them on the basis of one day's pay for every two sick days not taken, up to a maximum of a hundred and twenty days.

The city follows "minimum manning" practices in the Sanitation and Fire Departments. Sanitation trucks carry three men, though many cities and many private carters use two (the city would like to be able to use three men when it's necessary, two when it isn't). Before the fiscal crisis struck, the city was contractually obligated to assign five men to a fire-engine company and six to a truck company. An arbitrator has since waived the obligation, and the city has reduced the manning by one for each type of company. If one man is absent, the Fire Department is required to pay overtime to a man from the previous shift. "The number of men on a truck doesn't matter," says Russo, who would like to eliminate minimum manning. "What matters is the number of men at a fire."

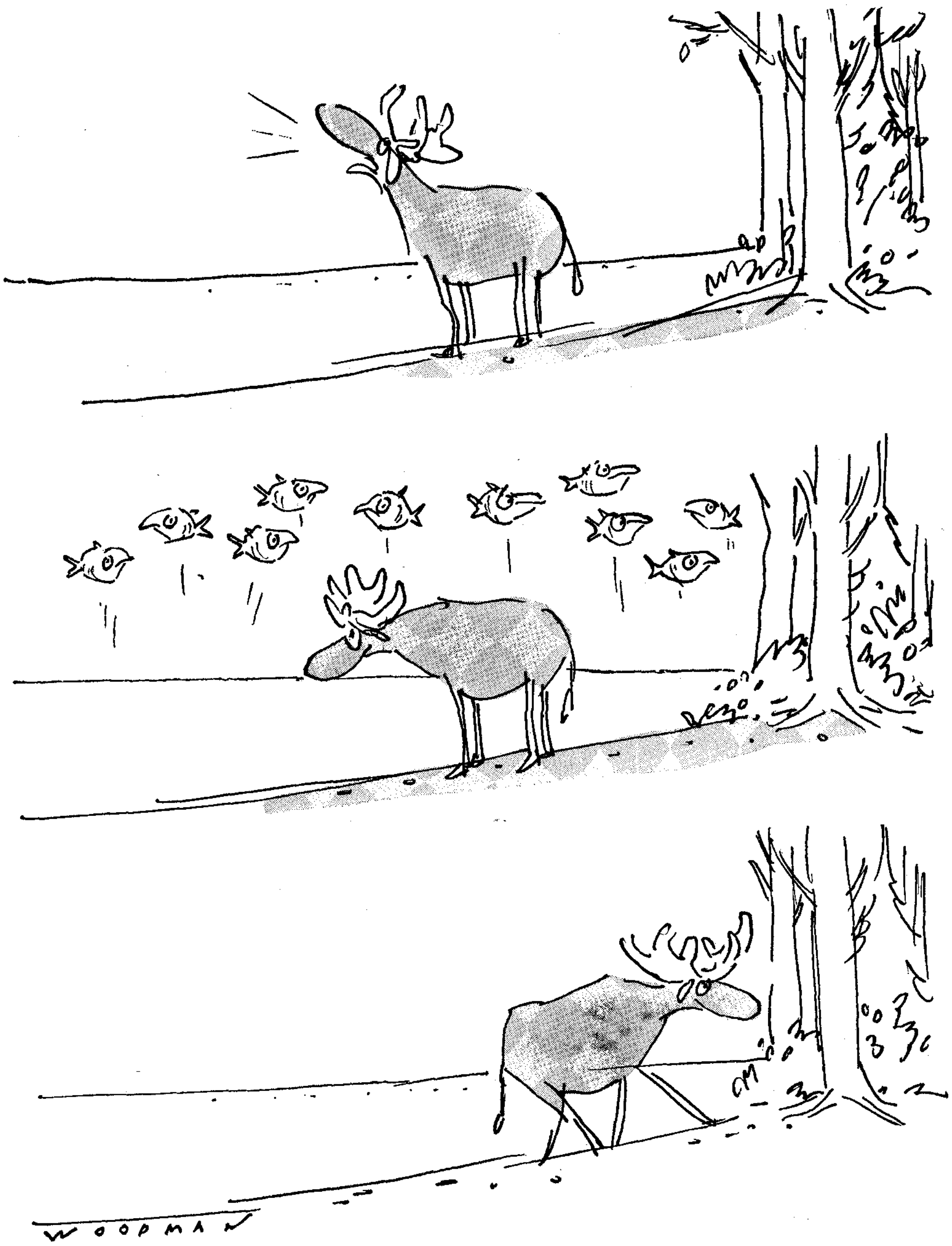
Each workday, fire officers are paid for a half hour of "administrative time," during which they wash up and write reports. Firemen receive a half hour a day for "maintenance of personal firefighting gear." Sanitation men end their workday fifteen minutes early for "wash-up time." Policemen, firemen, and correction officers receive a paid lunch hour each day. Francis McLoughlin says that policemen are on call during their lunch hour, but Philip Caruso, who was a candidate for president of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association in the union's recent election, says that most officers are out of reach during lunch. If policemen received a half hour for lunch, as sanitation men do, the city would gain two million six hundred thousand additional hours of work each year—the equivalent of hiring fifteen hundred police officers.

Social-service employees are allowed four hundred and eighty minutes of lateness before being penalized. The Office of Municipal Labor Relations estimates that a policy of "cash docking for lateness" would have saved the city ten million dollars in the 1976 fiscal year.

City bus drivers, according to a March, 1976, report by the Temporary Commission on City Finances, are paid to work eight hours and forty-eight minutes daily but drive their buses just six hours and fifty-four minutes—seventy-eight per cent of the time. Subway motormen are paid for eight hours and three minutes but are in their cabs just five hours and fifty-two minutes—a little less than seventy-three per cent of the time.

Because it is exceedingly difficult to fire city employees, workers have such a strong sense of security that they often feel independent of their "bosses." After a brief probationary period, usually six months, "the employee attains permanent status," according to the city's personnel manual. The worker may "be discharged only after a formal hearing," and the grievance procedure involves six to eight steps and can take as long as nine months. If an employee is promoted and fails in his new position, city policy requires, according to the personnel manual, that "he must be restored to a position in his former title."

IN addition to liberal work rules, the city provides its employees with a generous package of fringe benefits. According to the Temporary Commission, the annual cost of fringe and leave benefits averages $4,640 per city employee—almost three times the average cost for municipal employees in other metropolitan areas. Jack Bigel, the labor consultant, replies that municipal-employee health-insurance costs, for example, are higher in three or four other cities, and that New York City's municipal-employee pension benefits are lower in some respects than those provided by other cities and by the federal government. The nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office has concluded, after surveying the city's fiscal crisis, that the city's "wages are not particularly out of line" but that "what little reliable evidence there is seems to indicate that New York City provides its



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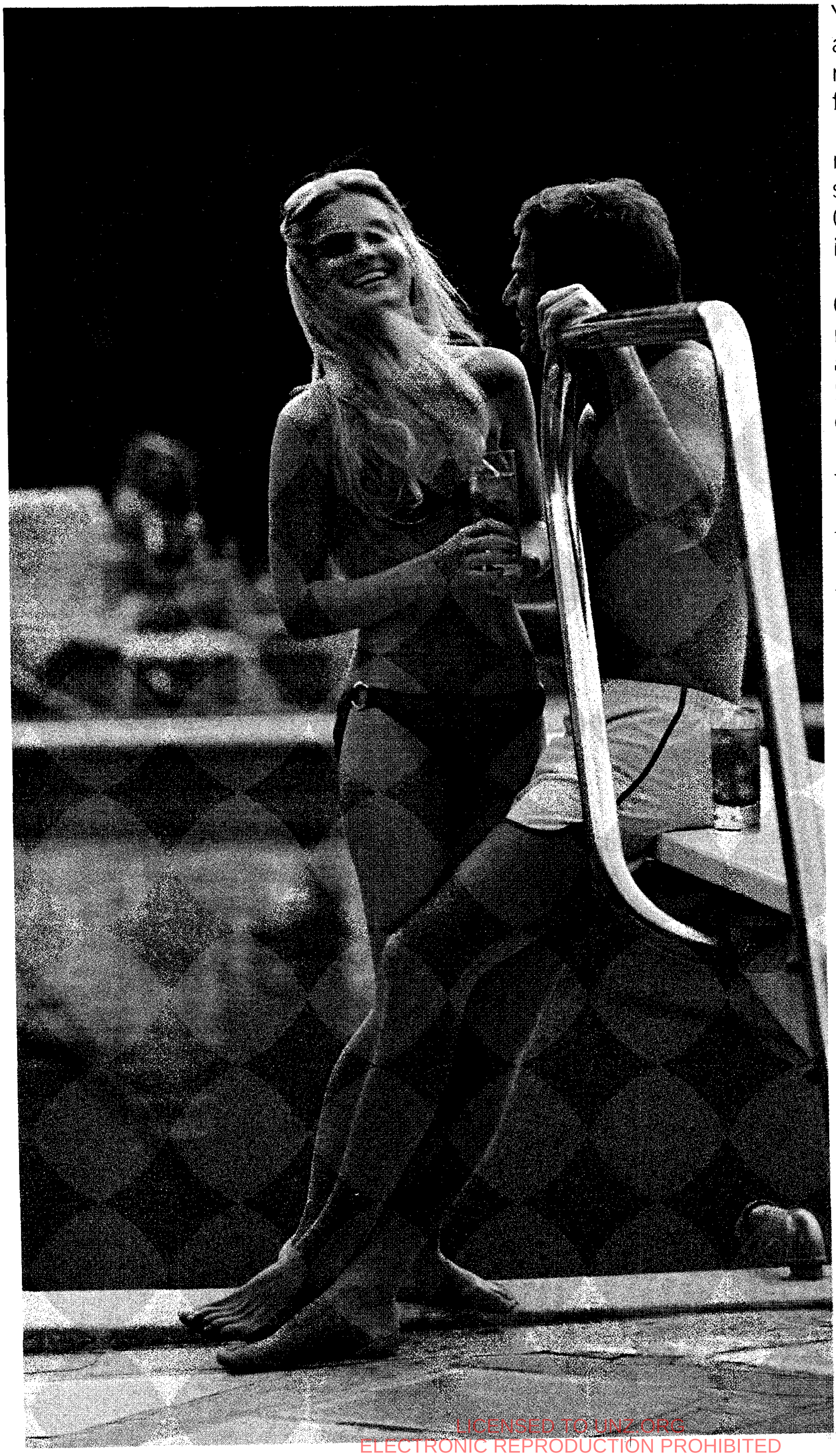

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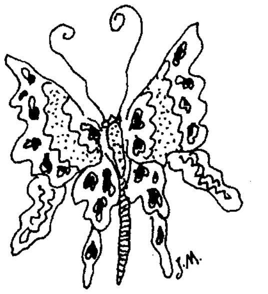
employees with considerably more in the way of fringe benefits—pensions, health insurance, etc.—than is offered the employees of other large cities."

New York City now spends two dollars on benefits for every three dollars it spends on base pay. In addition to the standard Social Security contribution, the city provides pension plans that permit some employees to retire after twenty years and others after twenty-five, receiving at least half of their last year's salary (often inflated by overtime payments). It pays the full cost of health and hospital insurance for each employee and his family, which in fiscal year 1976 came to a hundred and eighty-four million dollars. The health-insurance bills of all retired employees, even those in their early forties, are paid by the city, as are the health-insurance costs of their immediate families.

The city also pays the cost of various supplemental "welfare funds," which came to more than a hundred and seven million dollars in fiscal 1976. Though financed by the city, these funds are administered by the municipal unions. Among other benefits, they provide eyeglasses, prescription drugs, and dental care for employees and their families. (For instance, the Security Benefits Fund of Local 1180 of the Communications Workers of America, to which the city contributes three hundred and fifty dollars per year for each eligible employee, provides "reimbursement up to $30 for a pair of prescription eyeglasses per employee and dependents to a maximum of eight pairs per family each three years.") Some funds provide legal assistance and income-tax help. Workers don't have to be full-time employees to benefit from a welfare fund: part-time employees receive partial benefits after six months. The funds cost the city between three hundred and fifty and four hundred and twenty dollars a year per employee, according to the Temporary Commission. The funds are referred to as "union" welfare funds, and Commissioner Russo complains that as a result workers come to believe that the benefits are being provided by their union, not by the city.

For teachers and for uniformed employees, the city also provides an annuity fund, which is paid for solely by the taxpayers. Beginning in 1967 with the sanitation workers, the city agreed to put into a union-administered fund a dollar a day for each day that each employee is on the city's payroll, including vacation time, sick leave, and paid holidays, up to a maximum of two hundred and sixty-one dollars per employee per year. Once the sanitation workers had received this benefit, the policemen and firemen demanded and received it. When a sanitation worker retires, he can begin drawing annuity payments or can receive in a lump sum the principal and accumulated investment income in his account. An annuity-fund booklet prepared for the sanitation workers says that a worker might receive from the fund as much as $30,750, if he put in thirty years of service and received eight per cent interest on his account. In fiscal year 1976, the annuity funds cost the city about twenty-four million dollars for uniformed workers and eleven million dollars for teachers. The uniformed workers' fund is being challenged in the courts by the New York Public Interest Research Group—an organization modelled on a similar group founded by Ralph Nader. This organization argues that in establishing the fund the city violated a state law prohibiting municipalities from creating "any retirement system." No similar complaint has been brought against the teachers' fund, because in 1970 the State Legislature passed legislation permitting the fund.



In addition, policemen and firemen receive what is called "longevity" pay—a hundred-dollar bonus every five years.

There are a number of other items in the city's fringe-benefit package:

Policemen who work in an office receive special holiday pay, though most don't work holidays. Commissioner Russo complains, "An inordinate number of policemen do office work. An actual patrolman works from a chart, which defines the number of days he works and the number of days he's off. In addition to his salary, every year he is paid for eleven holidays—let's say eighty dollars a day, or eight hundred and eighty dollars a year—whether he works the holiday or not. The guys in the office rarely work holidays because they're not on a chart. Yet they still get extra holiday pay for eleven holidays. Thus they get paid twice for the holiday." The police spokesman Francis McLoughlin says that this is not true for all policemen who do office work: "It's not true of my office."

In fiscal year 1976, taxpayers provided nineteen million dollars in allowances for uniforms to workers with a hundred and ninety different job titles, many of whom don't wear uniforms. In that same fiscal year, more than ninety-three thousand city employees received from twenty-five to two hundred and sixty-five dollars apiece for uniforms. The Temporary Commission has said that the city could save more than eight million dollars annually by reducing uniform allowances. The Office of Municipal Labor Relations estimates that the elimination of the uniform allowance of those city employees who aren't required to wear uniforms would save one million dollars.

The city pays full-time maintenance workers the same high hourly wage rates that prevail in the construction industry. "If we employ a carpenter, even though he's doing maintenance, not construction," says Russo, "we have to pay prevailing construction wages." Mayor Beame's Management Advisory Board has recommended that this practice be reformed (the Mayor has ignored this recommendation, and others), and Commissioner Russo estimates that if it were, new maintenance workers could be hired for twenty-five to forty per cent less.

Though Saturday is a regular workday for sanitation men, those working receive time-and-a-half rates for two of the hours they work. If they work Sundays, they are paid double time.

City employees who work nights are paid at a special night-differential rate. This is standard in private industry, but night is defined differently for certain city employees. For most city workers, night begins at 6 P.M. For policemen and correction workers, it begins at 4 P.M. For sanitation men, it can begin as early as 3 P.M. Commissioner Russo's office, which lists the night-shift differential among the many contract items it hopes to amend at the bargaining table, estimates that if night rates for policemen began at 6 P.M. the city would save at least a hundred and twenty-five dollars per man per year.

In an average year, the taxpayers pay ninety per cent of the cost of the city's pension system, which is budgeted at a billion four hundred million dollars during the current fiscal year. In the case of transit workers, they pay a hundred per cent.

In 1970, the policemen and firemen persuaded the State Legislature to pass the so-called heart bill. This bill, renewed annually by the Legislature, provides that any heart disability is to be considered job-related and permits policemen and firemen suffering such a disability to receive disability-retirement pay at three-quarters of their last year's salary. The sanitation union is pushing to receive the same benefit. The current estimated annual cost to the taxpayers, according to the Temporary Commission, is seventeen million dollars.

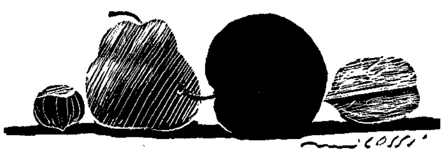
The city follows what is called a "post-coverage" policy, which leads to overtime pay for fire captains and lieutenants. The policy requires that an officer out sick can be replaced only by an officer of equal rank—frequently one from another shift, who draws overtime rates.

A sanitation man works from a chart like a policeman, but if his chart calls for him to work a holiday he is paid time and a half.

City employees in managerial positions, who are presumably supposed to check time clocks, not punch them, are in effect paid overtime. According to a personnel order issued recently by Mayor Beame, managers who work more than forty hours a week can fill out a time sheet and take compensatory time off. If instead of taking the time off they allow it to accumulate, they can be paid for a part of it when they leave city service. Managers who work two consecutive overtime hours receive a meal allowance of five dollars, even if the two hours do not coincide with any mealtime.

The city comptroller's office says that it does not break down the citywide costs of compensatory time, but figures are available in individual cases. When First Deputy Mayor James Cavanagh left city government in December of 1975, after thirty-seven years, he received a payment for compensatory time, accrued annual leave, and unused sick days equal to his last year's salary—forty-nine thousand eight hundred and forty-nine dollars. The payment would have been more except for a regulation that such a payment may not exceed the final year's salary. When Chief of Detectives Louis Cottell retired last December, after more than thirty-four years, he was able to collect vacation time and terminal leave amounting to five months of his last year's salary, which was forty-three thousand dollars. Police Commissioner Michael Codd said that he could not afford to simultaneously pay forty-three thousand dollars to a new chief of detectives, so he left the position vacant.

These fringe benefits cost a considerable amount of money. But they generate, or represent, attitudes that may cost even more: the attitude that one is in public service not to serve but to grab as much as possible; that a government job is a right, not a privilege; that one's benefits flow from the union and that "the city," not the taxpayers, foots the bill. One can make a fair argument that public employees, with their enormous political power and benefits, have become what Milovan Djilas once described as "the new class," concerned primarily with protecting its privileges. Of course, it is not only in New York that the work ethic has been weakened. Examples of its decline abound elsewhere, from no-show jobs for political hacks, to the federal bail-out loan guarantees for Lockheed and Penn Central, to bankruptcy proceedings by young people seeking to avoid the repayment of student loans. Still, the change in attitude toward work among New York City's employees over the past several decades has been pronounced. "Working for the city has totally deteriorated," Commissioner Russo says. "When I came in, in 1936, as an eight-hundred-and-forty-dollar-a-year clerk, there was a great deal of respect for authority. It was a steady job, an opportunity for advancement. People worked hard, because they felt good. We were residents of the city. This was our town. Today, to some degree city employees are mercenaries. They work for a wage. People spend the day here and go home to the suburbs. There's no identification with the city, no sense of mission."



The attitude of workers toward their jobs during the period Russo recalls was no doubt affected by the Depression and the scarcity of jobs. Times change. During the nineteen-sixties, there was a strong national economy and some expansion of the local economy, and so, naturally, workers' expectations were rising. What seemed to be missing by then, however, was the idea of serving the public. For instance, early in 1969 Mayor John Lindsay asserted that the number of policemen on patrol during high-crime evening hours could be increased by fifty per cent if the force could be deployed in four platoons, or

KITE

Dime store. The goldfish swam in the murky
back. I was a child there, where the helmeted
diver bubbled, where, in an enamelled
white basin below, the turtles struggled.
They were a moist delight.
And, as I realize,
shaped as a child draws any animal:
round body, legs and head extending.

Kites are separate from toys, for they are
Seasonal. Toys are in the inner aisles
that follow age so faithfully a child
might guess what the next step might be.
Of skeins of baby yarn, of bibs and rattles
sings the hardwood floor—of mother. Then
of pencils, parties, powder, bobby pins, barrettes.
Suddenly, at the counter, a life has passed—
a history, an age, a generation.

But the kites, like the pleated paper bells,
are Seasonal. Making conversation,
the young father tells, "We're not looking
for some expensive kite, now," as his son
and little daughters skip around grandly.

For months it was
Wouldn't your mother like a handkerchief
or perhaps a teapot for Christmas?
in the window display,
but *now it is kites and flowers.*

Not kites in trees or kites like heroines
in wires but the kite that was a speck,
the opposite of fishing: to want nothing
caught in anything but the pretty sky,
to reel the color back down again
beside you, a celebrity who tells
what it is like in the altitude.

—LAURA JENSEN

• •

“Howard, this is one of the toughest decisions I’ve ever had to make.”

• •

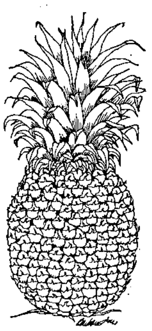
shifts, instead of three. Seeking public support for his effort to get the State Legislature to rescind a fifty-eight-year-old law requiring three platoons, Lindsay said in a five-page statement that set forth his argument for a fourth platoon, “Forty-seven per cent of all violent personal attacks occur during the eight-hour period between 6 P.M. and 2 A.M., while only fifteen and six-tenths per cent occur between 4 A.M. and noon. Yet under the three-platoon system the city has roughly the same number of police patrolling the streets at all hours in a twenty-four-hour period.” The powerful police union, the P.B.A., fought Lindsay. It commissioned full-page newspaper ads and waged an intensive lobbying campaign, charging that police “morale” would be destroyed by Lindsay’s proposal. The only fair solution, the union leaders said, would be to make the fourth platoon voluntary. They said that if this wasn’t done, policemen would call in sick rather than work the shift. Lindsay’s advisers warned him that he faced a tough primary and fall campaign for reëlection that year, and that three teachers’ strikes the previous year had convinced many voters that he was anti-labor. So Lindsay moved to prove himself a friend of labor. With the taxpayers’ money, he succeeded. On September 11, 1969, Lindsay presented a plan to pay thirty-five hundred policemen—five hundred each night—overtime pay as an inducement to work the fourth platoon. The total overtime cost was two hundred thousand dollars per week—more than ten million dollars per year. Pressed by City Hall reporters, Lindsay acknowledged that he didn’t know where the money would come from. “We’re going to be in a very tight bind at the end of this fiscal year,” he said. In the fall of 1972, Lindsay lengthened the tour of duty by a half hour. In return, patrolmen received eighteen chart days; a few months later, sergeants received eighteen or twenty-eight chart days, depending on whether their tours of duty were lengthened by a half hour or fifty minutes.

Today, the fiscal crisis has smashed many habits and many lives. Twenty-five thousand city workers have been laid off. Another thirty-five thousand have retired or resigned. New controls have been placed on overtime. Unions have agreed to a pay freeze. Certain benefits have been sacrificed. Still, the true nature of the crisis facing New York has not sunk in. (Richard J. Vizzini, who has just been elected president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, a post he has held before, pronounced himself fit for office by declaring, “I have never given anything back to the city.”) Many of the restrictive work rules and fringe benefits have not been changed. A front-page story on the morale problems of the Police Department in the *Times* last February sounded familiar: “Most officers and commanders attribute the morale woes mainly to the long dispute over a deferred salary increase and new ‘chart,’ or work schedules, that require officers to work 10 more days a year. Additionally, many policemen are upset by suddenly reduced opportunities for overtime and the fear of further reshufflings that may be caused by the city’s chronic financial difficulties.”

The city’s money well has run dry. Private industry covers higher costs by passing them on to consumers. New York, already the most heavily taxed city in the nation, cannot raise taxes without losing more of its tax base. Nor can it any longer offer new benefits by hiding deficits and borrowing money. The limits of growth are nowhere more apparent than in New York. The city has no alternative but to manage its resources better. To accomplish that, the city will have to reform its management, its productivity program, its Civil Service system, and its collective-bargaining methods.

THE city’s fiscal crisis is the result of mismanagement. It is true that the city is a victim of a federal government that does not give sufficient support to the country’s older cities. It is true that banks redline neighborhoods and that federal highway funds encourage people to escape to suburbia. But if previous mayors, beginning with Robert Wagner, had not resorted to deficit financing, the city would not be crushed under debt-service charges (at least two billion dollars this fiscal year) that consume twenty-five per cent of the tax funds raised by the city. By permitting a deficit of three billion three hundred million dollars to accumulate, the Wagner, Lindsay, and Beame administrations mismanaged the city’s finances.

The report issued in June by the Temporary Commission on City Finances says of the city’s management problems: “The City’s relations with its organized employees [after 1965] were symptomatic of the increasingly near-sighted character of local political and managerial decision-making. Organized City workers began to make major gains at the collective bargaining table, particularly—though certainly not exclusively—in the area of retirement benefits. Because pension improvements, unlike salary increases, do not have to be funded immediately, officials were able to defer payments into the future while reaping short-term political benefits such as municipal union support in electoral politics. The more than $8 billion in unfunded pension liabilities that exist today, much of it resulting from negotiated pension improvements in the post-1965 period, represents a not-frequently-mentioned form of debt that New Yorkers are carrying above and beyond the $13.4 billion that currently is owed for outstanding notes and bonds.



"The growth of debt in the decade prior to 1975, particularly after 1969, also bears witness to the increasing propensity of local political decisions to reflect short-term political needs rather than long-term economic needs. . . . The short-run orientation of local political decision-making also was evident in the City's tax policy. New taxes were introduced and existing taxes increased to the point where the City's taxes contributed to the wasting of another important long-term asset: businesses and individuals of means who were a major source of local revenues. . . . Essential services were consciously reduced in the early 1970s when the City chose to limit its expenditures by reducing the number of police, fire, and sanitation employees rather than moderating salary and other benefit increases . . . In short, the City's political management was exacerbating rather than easing the city's problems. . . .

"The financial implications of the City's management failures were enormous. During the 1961-1975 fiscal period, the annual average increase in labor costs was 10.65 percent. If through a combination of *slightly* better collective bargaining and *slightly* more efficient management, the City somehow had been able to hold the average annual increase in labor costs to just *one-half of one per cent less* than actually occurred, the City would have saved $1.9 billion cumulatively."

The city's management, while it has improved, is by its own testimony still fairly primitive. The 1975 Productivity Council report, approved by First Deputy Mayor Cavanagh, concluded, "The writers of this report consider the most crucial deterrent to effective service to be management. Adequate management—at the top as well as in the middle-level positions—is lacking in almost every City agency. . . . The staff of the Productivity Council has found that for all intents and purposes middle-level management does not exist." One reason it doesn't exist is that mayors give jobs to people whose political connections exceed their abilities. For instance, throughout 1975, the first year of the current fiscal crisis, it was the consensus of observers, including many ranking city officials, that Sanitation Commissioner Robert Groh and Transportation Administrator Michael Lazar were inadequate to their positions. Yet Groh remained on the job until September of that year and Lazar remained until January of 1976, because Mayor Beame felt an obligation to both men—to Groh because he was backed by Donald Manes, the Queens borough president and Democratic county leader, and to Lazar because he had raised money for the Mayor's 1973 campaign. There was a similar situation in the case of Addiction Services Commissioner Jerome Hornblass. He had worked for Beame when Beame was city comptroller, and, as a rabbi, he was considered an asset in the Jewish community. In March of 1976, after there had been considerable protest about Hornblass's management, Beame let it be known that the Addiction Services Agency would be disbanded. A year later, the agency was still in operation and Hornblass was still its commissioner. Even after the federal contribution to the agency's budget was reduced by two-thirds and the funds were rerouted directly to the treatment programs in question, Beame remained loyal to Hornblass, and allowed him to stay on in office until March of this year—when Hornblass's name, which Beame had submitted to the Bar Association's judiciary committee, cleared the committee and the Mayor appointed him a criminal-court judge. When I asked John Zuccotti, who resigned in June from the office of first deputy mayor, to assess Hornblass's management abilities, he said, "I did not think he was a good manager."

John Burnell, who was director of the Office of Labor Relations during Beame's first three years as mayor, was widely judged to be in over his head. But he was sponsored by a powerful friend—Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., chief of the city's Central Labor Council. Beame appointed Anthony Russo to replace Burnell earlier this year. But Beame did not fire Burnell. Instead, Burnell was rewarded with a new title—director of the Office of Labor-Management Relations—and got to keep his salary of $47,093. He is supposed to maintain liaison with unions in the private sector. To provide the money to pay Burnell's salary in this period of austerity, Russo did not hire a deputy director. When I asked Russo not long ago to describe his former boss, he said, "It's unbelievable. I lived with it for three years. I once put in my retirement papers. Cavanagh tried to bypass Burnell, but as commissioner he had to sign everything. We could take no action perceived as contrary to the unions." Burnell's is not the only current case of political favoritism. The Mayor's executive assistant, Eugene Price, was recommended by Manes. He is paid $37,400. The Mayor's counsel, Ronald Stringer, allied with the New York County Democratic leader, Frank Rossetti, is paid $37,402. The director of special programs, Joseph Erazo, who is politically well connected in the Hispanic community, is paid $43,216. "Everyone agrees that Price, Stringer, and Erazo have nothing to do," says one of Beame's aides. The city's director of operations, Lee Oberst, told the *News* in late May that "there probably are some" no-show jobs in city government.

Last March, in its second report on the city's management and personnel system, the Management Advisory Board said, "The current system by which the City's managers are appointed is inadequate in many ways." The report was highly critical of the way the city government is run, and it got the sort of reception that such reports tend to get: the Mayor released it late one Friday afternoon, with the announcement that he would appoint a committee to study its findings. The report concluded that the most crucial priority for improving the city's personnel system was the development of a strong managerial service. This observation, however valid, was not new. As far back as 1963, an exhaustive study of the city's personnel needs by the Brookings Institution said, "The Brookings staff rarely interviewed an official who indicated satisfaction with the quality of the professional, technical, or managerial personnel the City was getting." That report was largely neglected, as were similar ones that followed. By the late sixties, Mayor Lindsay was relying increasingly on outside consultants for studies and for management, and he defended the practice by proclaiming a "middle-management crisis."

Administrations change, but the

MAKING TRAVEL DELIGHTFUL

FOR THE FIFTH anniversary of Hanns Ebensten Travel, Inc—on August 1, 1977 we enter our sixth year of operating fine tours, cruises and expeditions for small groups of adventurous travelers—we planned to do something special, and decided that nothing is more suitable than to splurge on this full page in the magazine whose readers constitute our most regular and favourite clients.

WHEN WE TIMIDLY placed our first advertisement in this magazine, a gentleman visited us in our small, sunny office and checked on our credentials before accepting us for inclusion in these pages. We appreciated such care. Since then our travel programs have been advertised regularly here; and while many readers of natural history, travel, gourmet, and entertainment publications join our tours, it is subscribers of this magazine from all over North America, from Europe, and from as far afield as Africa and Australia, who in particular enjoy traveling with us.

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NO MATTER HOW meticulously we research a tour, cruise or expedition, and how carefully we make the arrangements, the ultimate success of any travel program is due to its participants. We try to avoid having on our tours men who are boors and women with haircurlers at dinner. Seneca said: "He that would make his travels delightful, must first make himself delightful." We have found, in five years, that readers of this magazine are generally delightful people—to those who have traveled with us, we say thank you for your growing support and encouragement; to the others, we suggest that you contact us and let us send you a tempting list of our programs.

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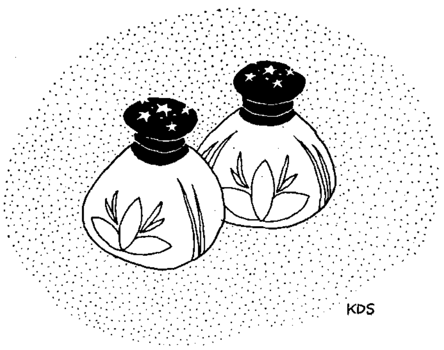
HANNS EBENSTEN and BRIAN KENNY, LUTE JERSTAD, LINDA MYERS, DALE McKENNA, FRED CLAYTON, RAYMOND MYERS, TOM KISSEL, DAVID ALEXANDER management problems linger. The Management Advisory Board report said, "The City has failed to develop a strong identity for its managers." This conclusion was also very much on the mind of Edward Hamilton, a deputy mayor under Lindsay, when he was interviewed by the State Charter Revision Commission a few years ago. Hamilton spoke of the need to develop a "management ethos," and went on to say, "The problem in most governments is that the challenge to middle management is greater than other places, because they have to deal with employees over whom they don't have the usual levers—they can't fire them, they can't lower their salaries, they can't usually do much about their promotion, they can't do any of the things that a middle manager expects to use as his stock in trade. . . . Public managers on the whole have to be superb people to really motivate people in a situation like that. Despite this, middle managers in the city have virtually nothing on the other side. . . . They had no training, they had no sense of being part of a management cadre which was somehow looking over the shoulder of people who did what they did for a long time, and so forth. There is no equivalent to the key to the executive washroom; there is no recognition, no feeling of peer-group identification, none of the things that help turn a person into a manager."

One reason the "management ethos" is missing is that many managers identify not with the city but with the union they belong to. They see the union as the source of their protection, of the push for higher salaries, of their health and welfare benefits. In the Fire Department, deputy chiefs, each of whom supervises from three to five battalions comprising from five to twelve companies and earns about forty thousand dollars a year, belong to a union. Last year, according to the Temporary Commission on City Finances, only fourteen out of more than eleven thousand Fire Department employees were outside the collective-bargaining system. In the Police Department, the deputy chiefs, who also earn about forty thousand dollars a year, belong to a union. In the Sanitation Department, everyone below the level of borough superintendent belongs to a union. In the Housing Authority, housing-project managers belong to the same union as most of the people they are supposed to manage. In the Office of Code Enforcement of the Housing and Development Administration, according to the Productivity Council report, only four out of approximately fourteen hundred employees are not members of a union. In the city comptroller's office, the auditors of District Council 37's Health and Security Plan are members of District Council 37.

Commissioner Russo sounds like a general who has lost his troops. "In the Parks Department, the only men we have who aren't union members are the borough park managers," he says. "The assistant park manager in each borough—the person responsible for discipline—belongs to Victor Gotbaum's union, District Council 37. In case of a strike, who opens the door to let in workers who want to work? Who represents us—the people? In Parks, if the borough manager tells his deputy to do something, there is a conflict. He might do it. But he also has in the back of his mind the union identification." Labor consultant Jack Bigel sees no conflict in such an official's belonging to a union. "I think managers should be organized," he says. But he favors separate bargaining units for managers and the workers they manage. "What is loyalty a product of?" he asks. "It ought to be a product of professionalism. I don't think a manager is more loyal because he's economically at the total mercy of one individual." District Council 37's director of research and negotiations, Alan Viani, would not object to removing some managers from unions. He says that he favors the development of a better management force, because it is easier for union leaders to deal with competent managers than with weak ones.

Good management requires a good, clearly defined structure. Is the manager given authority as well as responsibility? Does he know whom to report to? In 1973, when Beame ran for mayor, he attacked the Lindsay administration's superagency structure, claiming that it diminished the importance of commissioners by having them report to administrators rather than to the mayor. He promised that in his administration commissioners and agency heads would report directly to the mayor. Since the city had more than sixty commissioners and agency chiefs, this scheme proved cumbersome, weakening City Hall's ability to manage departments. After surveying the city's management structure, the Management Advisory Board recommended last January that the Mayor substitute "a clearly identified chain of command," with a team of thirteen "executive officers," including seven deputy mayors, to oversee the agencies. Such a chain of command, the board said, would reduce "the span of control of the Mayor and the First Deputy Mayor, leaving them the time to deal more effectively with the policy development, large-scale problem response, and crisis management that cannot really be delegated." The board proposed establishing the office of director of operations and urged that "line managers responsible for City agencies" report through the director of operations. In other words, we are back to the superagency principle, though it isn't called that.



Good management requires good people. Few doubt that the city has had a cadre of first-rate executives recently—John Zuccotti, Budget Director Donald Kummerfeld (who has succeeded Zuccotti as first deputy mayor), Fire Commissioner John O'Hagan, Commissioner Russo, Operations Director Lee Oberst, and several others. But a government cannot be run by a handful of people. When I asked Personnel Director Thomas Roche recently to assess the city's present management, he said that it was "not inadequate but dormant."

Good management requires clearly stated goals, and managers who can be held accountable for achieving them. Goaded by the Emergency Financial Control Board and the Management Advisory Board—not to mention the City Charter, as amended in 1975—the city has initiated a management-by-objectives program for each agency. For the past year, all agency heads have been required to specify their goals, and their progress is monitored through a monthly management report. "There were very bright guys in previous administrations," says Jacob Ukeles, the executive director of the Advisory Board. "Why were they not successful, and why do I believe we will be? Historically, the criterion for success in the public sector was not performance. It was not how much we're getting for how much. It was responsiveness. In other words, if I had a pothole in front of my house and I called the department and it was fixed the next day, I felt government was succeeding. There was no balance sheet. Now, because of the pressure of

"On the other hand, the Maitlands went by tramp steamer and loved every minute of it."

• •

the fiscal crisis, everyone realizes we have to do more for less. I think we're on the threshold of dramatic improvements in how the city is managed."

Good management also requires inspiring leadership. If New York is in a wartime type of crisis, only the mayor can inspire people to sacrifice. Only the mayor can command people's attention, define the challenges, create a sense that the sacrifices are equally shared. Only the mayor can hire and fire commissioners. Only the mayor—and not his appointees—receives a mandate from the electorate.

A BUSINESS measures its success (or failure) by the bottom line—profits. The attempt to find a comparable bottom line by which to measure a government's efficiency (or inefficiency) in delivering services is what productivity is all about, or is supposed to be about. Unlike "profits," "productivity" is a word of many nuances. People don't always agree on what it means. Abe Beame, for instance, doesn't seem to agree with Abe Beame. The city's first biannual management report, which was issued in February, carries a signed introduction from the Mayor proclaiming, "In the next fiscal year it will be possible to deliver better services at lower costs." Yet page 1 of the same report declares, "The basic management goal for the City of New York is to maintain the quality and quantity of essential municipal services." District Council 37's Alan Viani thinks that the city government is somewhat confused. "Productivity could mean savings," he says. "It could mean better-quality work. It could mean increased revenues. It could mean decreased staff over a period of time. The current productivity program gives no credit for improving service. They're looking for dollars. They're not dealing with productivity. They're dealing with savings."

The disagreement between the unions and the city government is minor compared with the differences between the city and the Emergency Financial Control Board. The city's contracts with the municipal unions provide that cost-of-living pay increases (COLA) will be granted if the increases are matched by productivity gains or "other savings." The Control Board, which is empowered to approve all increases, has unsuccessfully resisted this definition, claiming that raises are merited only if workers actually produce the same or better services at a lower cost. The city counters that any savings, including budget cuts, should be considered productivity gains. Raymond Horton, the staff director of the Temporary Commission on City Finances, sees it differently. He says that there are only three ways of truly increasing productivity: by increasing services while maintaining costs; by maintaining the level of services while reducing costs; by increasing services while decreasing costs.

The city's current effort appears to fit none of these categories. Aside from Mayor Beame, no top city official has claimed that services have improved. Last December, an exuberant John Zuccotti came close. "In my evaluation, there has been no serious impairment of the delivery of services," he told the *Times*. But in March he told me, "I am not contending there has been no reduction in city services." A close look at the city's productivity effort suggests a program of maintenance rather than improvement. A city memorandum to the Control Board on February 3, 1977, in support of the proposed teachers' contract is revealing: "It protects the interests of schoolchildren by maintaining class size and teacher supervision at existing levels despite greatly reduced resources." Since the Board of Education has, for instance, accepted an eighth-grade reading level as sufficient for graduation from high school, the approach of maintaining existing levels may be applying the wrong standard of measurement. Instead of asking "How can we do better?" the city administration is apparently asking "How can we maintain what we did last year?"

The Beame administration's approach to productivity is less ambitious than the one taken by the Lindsay administration. Lindsay promised to increase services, not just maintain them at the previous year's levels. He also relied more on City Hall than on his agency chiefs to define the goals, and if this may have resulted in unrealistic targets, it certainly resulted in more ambitious ones. The weakness of the Beame productivity effort, says a former Lindsay administration official who now works for Beame, is that "it is silly." He adds, "There is yet no measure of what each department should be doing." Martin Lang, who has served both as parks commissioner and as sanitation commissioner, believes that the city also fails to measure what each employee should be doing. The city's productivity program, he says, measures the total tonnage of garbage collected—but "what counts is the per-man tonnage."

In March, Zuccotti defended the city's efforts. "First, we have introduced—and we haven't invented the wheel—a systematic approach that allows an ongoing review of an agency's performance," he said. "We have been able to minimize reductions in personnel in the delivery of services." He ticked off areas in which he felt the city receives improved services. The Fire Department has a twenty-five-per-cent greater work load and twenty-five hundred fewer men, yet maintains the same level of service, he said. (A spokesman for the department says the commissioner refuses to claim that it is maintaining the same level of service, preferring to say only that the service is "adequate.") "And take the police," said Zuccotti. "They're down six thousand cops, yet this year there are more men on patrol than in the previous year." Day care: "We have defunded seventy-five day-care centers, yet we are serving roughly the same number of children."

Few dispute that the city has improved its productivity management since the fiscal crisis began. But anyone's judgment of how much progress has been made depends on where he is standing. If you're John Zuccotti, a talented, hard-driving executive struggling to move the rock two hundred feet, twenty feet of progress is reason to be grateful, particularly since you know the obstacles only too well. But for someone standing farther away, the focus will probably be on the hundred and eighty feet remaining. Take Zuccotti's police example. Granted, the city is doing somewhat better. But compared with what? New York employs 25,355 policemen. Representative Edward Koch, a candidate for the Democratic mayoral nomination, has charged that during each of a day's three platoons, or shifts, there are only fifteen hundred patrolmen on the streets—a total of forty-five hundred men. Police Commissioner Codd has disputed this number, asserting that the average is about twenty-one hundred men per platoon. By the department's own figures, just 6,436 of the 25,355 policemen—about a quarter of the police force—are assigned to precincts and are "on patrol" on any given day. However, Francis McLoughlin adds that the patrol figures do not include about three thousand men who are assigned to narcotics, traffic, the detective bureau, and other duties each day.

Since "profits" are much more difficult to measure in government than in business, the city has to try to qualify—not just quantify—results. That invites disagreements, so the accountants often slip back into quantifying results. The Productivity Council has reported one grievous example: The Office of Code Enforcement gave as proof of increased productivity that it was inspecting eight buildings each day rather than six. "Yet the statistic itself," the report complained, "is meaningless—the question is what happens as a result of these inspections? Is there a follow-up visit to see if violations have been corrected? If they have not been attended to, is the landlord properly punished? When a landlord cannot immediately be located, are efforts made to track him down? In other words, how many of the inspectorial visits actually result in building improvements?"

Jack Bigel accuses the special deputy state comptroller, Sidney Schwartz, of the same obsession with quantifying results. "I resent Sidney Schwartz's approach," says Bigel. "He counts bodies only. I love him, but a head-counter is not a problem solver. He just counts layoffs and thinks you have to have them all the time or there is no productivity. He doesn't realize that the attrition clock is running all the time." Bigel takes considerable pride in the city's attrition policy, which he helped establish. Instead of making selective layoffs, the city adopted a general hiring freeze and encouraged people to retire early. In the Parks Department, for instance, roughly twenty-five workers resign or retire each month. There were eleven thousand Parks employees in 1975. This year, after layoffs and attrition, there were four thousand seven hundred.

In April, before his retirement as parks commissioner, Martin Lang called this attrition policy "insidious." "An organization that has no influx of new people is doomed," he said. "An agency can't be preserved like a fly in amber. The average age of my field force is fifty-six. All city departments must be dynamic. The Parks Department is dying." City departments have, of course, been affected not only by attrition but by layoff policies. Because of Civil Service and union seniority requirements, the twenty-five thousand people laid off by the city were the youngest, and often the most eager, workers. A report issued last year by the Commission on Human Rights showed that more than half of all Hispanic employees were fired, as were thirty-five per cent of all black employees, and that the percentage of women employees fired was thirty-three, compared with twenty-two per cent of white males.

Productivity efforts raise still other problems. The government's measure of productivity improvement may not be the same as the public's. Martin Lang takes pride in having introduced "mobile crews" to travel from park to park to clean up. They replaced stationary crews, who simply remained in one park. Lang says that the mobile crews do a better job of cleaning but that the public "feels abandoned," because it is more concerned with safety and the presence of a uniformed employee than it is with cleanliness.

Some city agencies have complained that the paperwork involved in the city's productivity program reduces productivity. The Department of Consumer Affairs, in its monthly management report last October, apologized because its Enforcement Division had not performed as many garage and gas-station inspections per day as it had planned. The reason: "The inspectors spent an additional day in the office so that the productivity figures would be calculated and the report submitted on time."

Improved productivity assumes

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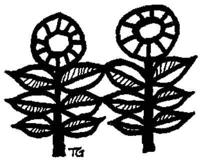
worker coöperation. City officials can hatch ambitious productivity schemes, but workers are not machines. They need to be motivated—to have their morale maintained. Interviews with workers and labor leaders suggest that at present the morale of city employees is low. Policemen, in particular, feel that they have been “punished”—through cuts, the loss of chart days, and because they have been without a contract for three years. “There is no question that the fiscal crisis has led to a marked decrease in morale,” says Jack Bigel. Workers, he says, are insecure about their jobs, their raises, their retirement pay, and the possibility of city bankruptcy. He also blames the newspapers: “Every time they read the press, they see it’s the city workers who are overpaid and underworked. They feel they’ve been held up to ridicule.” A third of those who have left their jobs, the Management Advisory Board notes, have resigned, not retired.

The coöperation of workers and their unions is essential at the negotiating table. Many of the work rules that the city adheres to—such as the practice of assigning three rather than two men to each sanitation truck—hinder productivity efforts. The minutes of a meeting held September 27, 1976, between First Deputy Mayor Zuccotti and Sanitation Commissioner Anthony Vaccarello carry an instructive notation under the heading “Two-Man Collection Crews.” It reads, “Union won’t negotiate with Department on this issue.” The minutes go on to say, “Issue to be raised with Office of Labor Relations.” When Commissioner Russo was asked about this matter not long ago, he said, “One of the things labor leaders and their people argue is that at the productivity table we should not try to get back their benefits. That, they say, must be reserved for collective bargaining. Yet when we bring it up at collective bargaining, they tell us, ‘Go to hell!’ ”

Mayor Beame, seeking reëlection, has been boasting about the city’s accomplishments and playing down its problems. His “balanced” expense budget of nearly fourteen billion dollars for the current fiscal year contains money to keep libraries open longer; to provide pay increases; to reduce taxes—though he acknowledges that the next three budgets, as now projected, show a deficit. The next mayor may have to play Scrooge; Beame is playing Santa. Before he left office, John Zuccotti was asked why the Mayor did not make further manpower cuts, and he replied, “That’s a good point. I would say to you there probably would have to be additional reductions in city manpower.” It is far from unusual for incumbents to put a good face on things, to stress the positive. But in emphasizing what has been done rather than what remains to be done, the Mayor may lose an opportunity to win greater public support for needed changes. The city’s first biannual management report borrowed a technique or two from Department of Defense “pacification” reports issued during the Vietnam war. Unpleasant facts were simply skipped over. The overtime and sick-leave records of city departments, for instance, earned a mere footnote: “Absenteeism and overtime are not reported in the data tables of this Report because uniform techniques for defining, reporting, and analyzing absenteeism and overtime for different agencies have not yet been developed. Measures of these factors will be included in future reports.”



A review of the departments’ unpublished monthly management reports shows that overtime and sick leave are among management’s most serious productivity problems. It also suggests that the agencies *have* devised “uniform techniques” for reporting overtime and absenteeism. The problem is not the technique but the numbers. They don’t make for good news. The Correction Department report for last November said that there had been twenty-two per cent more sick leave than the department had expected. Overtime was twenty-four per cent more than expected. The Consumer Affairs Department’s report for last September showed two hundred and twenty-five man-days lost because of absenteeism that month; the department had expected a hundred and sixty-seven. Absenteeism in the Sanitation and Police Departments was also running higher than expected. When I asked about the discrepancy between the published report and unpublished monthly reports, Jacob Ukeles, the principal compiler of the biannual management report, replied, “They never said, ‘Leave stuff out of the report.’ The report was done professionally.” He acknowledged, however, that the report went through “many drafts” and that it would have been delayed if the newly amended City Charter had not required its publication.

ON his first full day as mayor—January 2, 1974—Abe Beame issued an executive order to his commissioners that they were to choose their Civil Service aides strictly on the basis of who received the highest decimal-point ratings on written examinations. The message was that there would be no favoritism in the Beame administration. The Lindsay administration’s “reform” allowing a commissioner to pick from one of the top three exam scorers was discarded. Now if a commissioner wanted to choose someone other than the person who had scored highest on the exam he would need Beame’s written permission. The Civil Service associations cheered. So did many good-government forces, which hailed the new Mayor for removing “politics” from staff selection. People remembered that the Civil Service, introduced in 1883 as a reaction to the spoils system, was instituted to protect the public interest.

In reality, however, the system too often protects the employee’s interest instead. Granting an employee what is in effect lifetime tenure (barring emergencies such as the fiscal crisis) is not the best way to keep him on his toes. A hundred-and-forty-three-page study of the Civil Service by the City Administrator’s office in 1972 dubbed it a “meritless” system. The study said that good people could not be selected solely on the basis of a written examination and that the rise of strong unions duplicated the protections offered by the Civil Service. Mayor Lindsay nervously disowned the report, and it was generally ignored. The same reception had been given to a 1970 report by the National Civil Service League, which stated, “Many of the methods by which governments have contrived to assure merit employment and protect the service against past abuses have also served to exclude many well-qualified persons, severely limit the flexibility of responsible elected officials, and curtail the overall effectiveness of the public service.” A consensus is now beginning to build in favor of overhauling the system. In the introduction to “The Spoiled System,” by Robert Vaughn, a study critical of the federal Civil Service Commission, which is considerably less rigid than the city’s, Ralph Nader pointed to the tendency of bureaucracies to become vested interests. Nader wrote, “These vested interests include the security of tenure, the security of inevitable promotion, the security of habit, the security of sloth, and the unfettered right to stifle dissent within the ranks and block evaluation of performance from outside, whether by the public or by other governmental bodies.” A report by the Temporary State Commission on Management and Productivity in the Public Sector argues that the Civil Service system in its present form is counterproductive. The system, the report says, "no longer rewards performance on the job" but "rewards seniority;" has made it almost impossible to fire inadequate workers; and has fostered reliance on written examinations, which favor "test-takers" and do not measure "dedication, interest, sociability, and the ability to handle responsibility."

People collect Civil Service horror stories. The city's director of pharmacy, the Productivity Council report noted, must be drawn from a principal-pharmacists' list. Yet the exam does not test administrative competence—the primary skill required in the job. The first deputy of one city agency explains a current predicament: "We are stuck with an accountants' list for an entrance-level accountant which is three years old. Many people are on that list who cannot read English. We have a need for accountants, but we simply cannot use that list." He has a similar problem finding auditors: "It's a different skill from accounting, so we're trying to set up a different exam for auditors from that given accountants. I'm going crazy. The Civil Service people's desire is to have the lowest possible number of exams." His desire is to get a good auditor.

The Board of Education's personnel director, Frank Arricale, says that his greatest source of frustration is the hiring of teachers. "The overwhelming majority of teachers, perhaps eighty-five or ninety per cent of them, are sent at random to districts on the basis of rank order or seniority," he says. "If a district needs twenty-five teachers, the first twenty-five on the list are sent to that district. The district has no input. A mark on an exam and when you took the exam determine where and when you go. The reason behind the system is to eliminate political and racial patronage. But it takes away from the district superintendent and the principal any input into staff selection. We're wedded to a system where someone with a ninety-eight-point-five score is hired ahead of someone who scored ninety-eight point four. If there were fifteen slots and one of them was for a teacher with a music background but none of the first fifteen teachers on the list had a music background, you couldn't choose a person with such a background even if that person was sixteenth on the list."

"Civil Service makes it difficult for managers to perform," says Jacob Ukeles, who studied the subject for nearly two years. "For example, we have thousands of titles in the Civil Service, so it's difficult to transfer people. The number of steps in the grievance system takes months. To manage, you need the ability to hire and fire, to redeploy, to change responsibilities. And you don't have those things." Commissioner Russo puts it another way: "You could have the worst possible banana and still not be able to bring him up on charges."

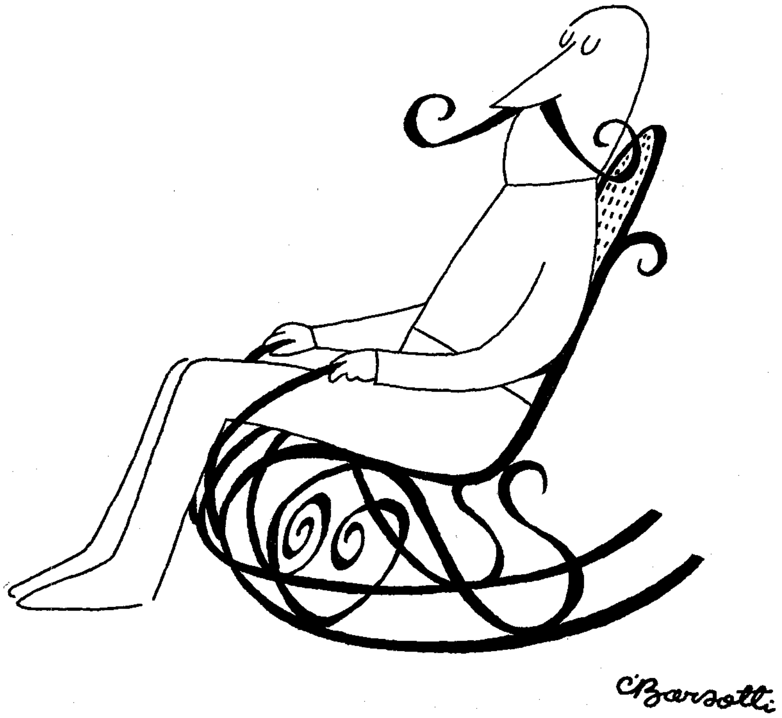
The Management Advisory Board counted more than thirty-nine hundred different Civil Service job titles, in two hundred and forty-three occupational groups. The federal government has only twenty-two occupational groups. What results from the larger number of groups is more rigid tests, more paperwork, more pigeonholing. There is also a requirement that when an opening develops someone be promoted from within the group if he has the right test score and title—even though he may not be considered qualified by the manager.

Labor leaders are receptive to some reforms. Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, says he would like to "find some method that would allow managers to proceed against incompetent people." Alan Viani worries about "extreme" reforms but does support giving managers enough flexibility so that they don't have to rely on written exams alone. He would also like to "cut down the number of titles" and to allow workers to transfer from one title or department to another.

The forces for change are growing. The recently amended City Charter repealed Beame's executive order, so this January the city went back to Lindsay's one-in-three rule. There are the first serious stirrings within the State Legislature, where a bill to reform parts of the current system is now being discussed. And the Management Advisory Board, in its personnel report last March, called for sweeping changes: "The City has two personnel systems, a Civil Service and a labor-relations system. These provide total redundancy in many areas, constituting a kind of fail-safe arrangement that doubles the personnel-management task." To illustrate, the board said that salary scales, employee-grievance procedures, and work rules were all set both by the Civil Service and through collective bargaining.

COMPARED with the powerful New York municipal unions, the Civil Service is toothless. "The City's capacity to act as an arm's-length employer in bargaining with the municipal unions is not what it should be," the Charter Revision Commission mildly concluded. The Management Advisory Board pinpointed a conflict: "A Mayor's ability to relate to municipal unions as chief manager of the City is sharply limited by his need to relate to them as an *elected* official."

"There is no question about it, we have the ability, in a sense, to elect our own boss," Victor Gotbaum admitted a couple of years ago. The Charter Revision Commission, which recommended the overhaul of many of the city's personnel practices, determined that the public employer was not comparable to the private employer in at least three critical ways: first, "the Mayor is a political animal who, in many instances, must rely on the support of powerful union forces at election time;" second, "the City, as employer, is not subject



"Yes, I do mind if you sing 'Stardust'!"

• •

to the same constraints of supply and demand that dictate to the private employer in negotiations;" and, third, "the Mayor, because third-party forces outside his control" often arbitrate and order settlements, "cannot say 'no' in negotiations and make it stick."

Municipal unions are not as popular in New York today as they were some years ago, but they are still powerful. They have the power to strike, which can cripple the city, as the transit workers proved in 1966 and the bridge workers and toll collectors did in 1971. They can provide a treasure of money and manpower for state and local candidates. Though most state legislators privately thought that the 1976 Stavisky-Goodman bill, mandating additional expenditures by the city for education, was irresponsible, they voted to override Governor Carey's veto. The reason was intense pressure from the United Federation of Teachers, which included midnight phone calls and threats to run candidates in primaries against legislators who voted "wrong."

The municipal unions have always been able to act as a special interest and yet not be treated as one. While this ability has probably been diminished by the fiscal crisis—for the first time, major Democratic candidates for mayor have made the power of municipal unions an issue—the unions have gained some new powers as the city's chief bankers. By June of 1978, the municipal pension funds, which are effectively controlled by the unions, will have invested three billion six hundred million dollars in city and city-related notes and bonds—three times the amount invested by banks. That this is not union money doesn't seem to matter. Most city officials call them "union" pension funds. Commissioner Russo does not. "They're not union pension funds," he says. "Most of the money in what are called 'union' pension funds is taxpayers' money." In the privacy of their offices, and on condition that they not be quoted by name, some public officials will venture that it is wrong for the unions to have the power to control *city* pension funds, and thus bargain both as employees and as bankers. At least one important state official says that he plans to try to end union control of the funds, thus decreasing the unions' leverage in bargaining.

The unions also play a major role in the management of city agencies. Section 1173-4.3 of the New York City Collective Bargaining Law seeks to define "management rights." It has come, however, to define union rights, too. The final sentence reads, "Questions concerning the practical impact that decisions on the above matters have on employees, such as questions of work load or manning, are within the scope of collective bargaining." This rule, promulgated in the Lindsay administration, means that today workers can bargain with management on just about anything. And they do. The work rules for policemen and firemen are written into the police and fire contracts, just as the size of classes for teachers and the maximum case loads permitted welfare workers are written into their contracts. When a top official of the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, which operates the city's trains and buses, was asked about his greatest source of frustration, he said that it was the contract prohibition against the use of part-time employees, who could be scheduled to conform to rider rather than worker habits.

The city government would like greater flexibility on contract work rules, but first it must negotiate, and that brings up another problem: the city is eclipsed at the negotiating table. The Temporary Commission on City Finances described the problem this way in its June report: "The allocation of municipal resources by the City to its own Office of Labor Relations compared to municipal unions illustrates the City's managerial confusion with respect to the collective-bargaining process. In 1976, OLR, responsible for researching, negotiating, and handling grievances for 122 different bargaining units, employed only 50 persons and received an appropriation from the City of approximately $800,000. In contrast, the City released 125 municipal employees full-time to unions and paid for all of their salary, fringe, and retirement benefits; 96 additional municipal employees were released without pay but with the City funding their pension credits; and 41 more city workers were released to unions on a part-time basis. The total cost to the City of staffing municipal unions for the purpose of conducting labor relations with . . . the City was $3.6 million, almost five times what the City spent on its own Office of Labor Relations." Commissioner Russo says, "I'm outclassed, outmanned, outgunned. They hire the best lawyers in the country to negotiate for them—firms like Phillips, Nizer or Kaye, Scholer. They can pay a fee of four hundred thousand dollars for one case. We can't even hire a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year lawyer." A year or so ago, to save money, the city sacrificed eight thousand square feet of Russo's space, including five conference rooms. "Because we have no space, we now go to the union offices to negotiate," Russo says. "It puts us at a disadvantage. The other alternative is to go to a hotel, which is very expensive." The real cost is psychological: "You're in their home. There have been times when Jack Bigel has threatened to throw us out."

Russo approves of a proposal from the Management Advisory Board that the number of units he must bargain with be reduced from a hundred and twenty-two to ten or twelve. The state bargains with only six. "It's the biggest problem we have," Russo says. "Every unit tries to outdo every other." There is not expected to be major opposition to the board's recommendation that the Office of Municipal Labor Relations coördinate bargaining for both mayoral and non-mayoral agencies. (At present, non-mayoral agencies, such as the Board of Education, bargain separately with the unions, with little regard for the city's overall labor strategy.) And the need for a "common data base," as called for by the Advisory Board, is apparent. It is impossible now to reconcile the contradictory sets of "facts" about city wages and benefits which are put forth by labor and management. Perhaps a nonpartisan commission could be established to provide for the city the sort of information that is available on the federal level from the Congressional Budget Office.

The real problem in making collective-bargaining changes is that union officials—although they agree with Russo, privately, that there are too many bargaining units and that reducing their number would make the task of a labor leader easier—start with assumptions about collective bargaining that are totally different from those held by city officials. Russo thinks that the unions have too much power; Jack Bigel, of course, thinks that they have too little. Whichever assumption one starts with, it is incontestable that city unions have considerable power. Comparing the city's Office of Collective Bargaining (O.C.B.) with the state's Public Employees Relations Board (P.E.R.B.) is instructive. Both are empowered to resolve disagreements between government and labor. The state board consists of three members appointed by the governor, with the advice and consent of the State Senate, "from persons representative of the public." The O.C.B. consists of seven members—two designated by the mayor, two by the municipal unions, and three "impartial members" elected by the four others. Thus, labor and management must agree on the four. What this means, according to a report by the City Club, is that "O.C.B. accepts the concept of the primacy of the adversaries, that is, labor and management, while P.E.R.B. assumes the primacy of the public interest."

The fiscal crisis subjects collective bargaining to new tests. Traditionally, it is a trading system, a process that has led to more for the workers. But now that there is no more to give—and, in fact, the city wants to regain certain management prerogatives and cancel certain fringe benefits—it is not clear what will happen. Will there be strikes? Can we expect workers' salaries to stand still while inflation doesn't? Can there be a middle ground when the city has no money to pay for it? How do we satisfy the desire of taxpayers to pay less and receive more services, and the desire of employees to receive more money and work less? Does the fiscal crisis provide the opportunity to create a new middle ground? If there is a new middle ground, the Beame administration has yet to find it. Though the city and the unions have made sacrifices, the message implicit in Beame's fourteen-billion-dollar election-year expense budget, with its new expenditures, is clear: Relax. It will be difficult for a union leader to go back to his members and ask for more sacrifices when the members can point to a growing city budget.

WHY, after all the studies and proposals, does change come so slowly? Politics, of course, is a fundamental reason. The political problems impeding change are illustrated by an event that occurred last March. For years, the city has reimbursed its retirees for their payments to the Medicare program that covers doctors' fees, an expense that other retirees pay themselves. Once a year, the city sends a check—this year, for about eighty dollars—to each of forty thousand or so retirees. The annual cost to the city is some four million four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, an amount that will increase as more and more members of the work force retire. As part of a proposed reduction in fringe benefits and other expenses, the Beame administration reached a tacit agreement a year ago with Victor Gotbaum to end this practice. Legislation to accomplish the change was introduced in the City Council in February. In early March, Brooklyn Councilman Robert Steingut told Commissioner Russo that the Council would never pass the bill. He was right. On March 31st, Mayor Beame announced that the current reimbursement policy would continue. "We were able to avoid imposing this hardship on retirees," Beame said in a press release announcing the continuation of the reimbursement policy. Russo put it a different way. "Abe collapsed," he told me, resignedly. "There was too much political pressure on him. City Council President Paul O'Dwyer has even introduced a bill to *increase* the reimbursement to match the increase in premiums."

Politics is not the exclusive province of politicians. Labor leaders also have to get elected and reëlected, and this is one reason they preferred layoffs of *some* union members in 1975 and 1976 to cutbacks in benefits for *all* of them. Union leaders often agree that there should be pension reforms, but only for future employees. In the context of the city's fiscal crisis, unions, which enjoy reputations as advocates of change, frequently become defenders of the status quo. "We need to do things slowly," says Gotbaum, who has been a genuine statesman during most of the fiscal crisis. "We can't make up for the errors of the past in one or two years. The system would bust open."

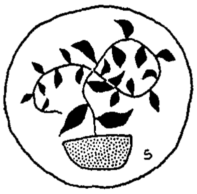
In a sense, the system burst open years ago. Without the discipline once imposed on labor and other interests by a firm (and often corrupt and autocratic) political-party organization, New York is divided into racial, ethnic, and special-interest groups, each seeking the adoption of its own agenda. No mayor can cope with these disparate forces and fundamentally alter the way New York is governed without a constituency that supports change. The forthcoming mayoral election may demonstrate whether or not such a constituency exists.

WHAT to do? Effective management of the city in the future may require that the mayor be granted authority over as well as responsibility for non-mayoral agencies like the Board of Education (as Beame has proposed). The reason the mayor doesn't have authority over the Board of Education now is that it has traditionally been feared that "politics" would creep into the school system if he did have it. Today, few members of the public would be likely to argue that in this respect the mayor could do any worse than the board. And taking non-mayoral agencies under the City Hall umbrella would have the advantage of improving coördination in labor negotiations, thereby insuring that one set of workers would not do better than another. In this sense, City Hall management has to be tighter. In another, it has to be looser. The city will have to continue the process—begun last year—of giving the commissioners of its agencies more flexibility in managing their budgets and their personnel. Along with this incentive must go encouragement to be firmer with unproductive employees.

Edward Costikyan, who was a candidate for mayor until May of this year and is now co-chairman of Edward Koch's mayoral campaign, has recommended firmness of another sort—a willingness to accept strikes, rather than an attempt to avoid them at all costs. “In order to govern, you’ve got to be prepared to take a strike,” Costikyan said when he was still a candidate. “If you’re not prepared, the bottom line is more, more, more. If they strike the schools, I’d be prepared to tell the teachers they’re forfeiting their job security—under the state Taylor Law, you can.” Costikyan’s approach is not popular with labor leaders and politicians; it may be with the public. Within the last year or so, the mayors of San Francisco and Atlanta have successfully resisted strikes by municipal employees, winning popular acclaim in the process.

The city will also need greater flexibility to create incentives—to dispense rewards. “A manager’s pay should be linked to performance,” says Personnel Director Thomas Roche. Both the city and the state have begun small pilot programs in which outstanding managers are given pay increases and other incentives. Former First Deputy Mayor Zuccotti thinks that the city must go further in this direction. “Let’s put on the table the question, Can you recruit top managers in competition with the private sector, and attract middle managers, without paying wage increases to them?” he says. “Is it possible for someone running for office to address that question? And can a guy say that and still say when he faces the union, ‘No wage increase’?” A system of incentives assumes a system of performance evaluation. Yet the city “does not have a systematic process for identifying its best managers,” the Management Advisory Board has said. (Nor does it have one for evaluating the performance of most workers, which a real merit system requires. Rather, it has seniority protection and tenure protection and grievance-procedure protection and the protection of written exams, and, most important of all, it has protection from performance evaluation.)

At the risk of generating newspaper headlines, the city may in some cases have to invest in hiring more managers. The Advisory Board report issued in January concluded, “The City has too few executive officers above the level of Commissioner, and too few staff professionals to support the officers who are in place. In most large private corporations, the number of managers per 10,000 employees above the fifth level of management (a position roughly analogous to agency heads) far exceeds the City’s.” There are many cases, however, in which agencies are top-heavy. In a speech to the City Club in June of last year, Anthony Smith, then on the staff of Special Deputy State Comptroller Schwartz, compared the New York City Police Department to the Mexican Army. He found that there was one lieutenant for every 2.7 sergeants on the force and one captain for every 2.9 lieutenants. After analyzing one Manhattan sanitation district, the Council on Municipal Performance, a privately funded group that was formed five years ago to study urban economics and municipal services, concluded, “Of the 122 men present and available for work each day in the district, 39 perform supervisory, administrative, and service functions, which support the actual ‘street’ work of cleaning and collection. Adding to this figure the absentee rate, less than half (48.9 per cent) of the work force is allocated to street work each day.”



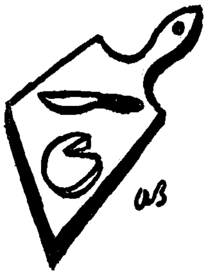
It is management’s task to address the problem of lowered worker morale. Albert Shanker says that “if you’re in a war you need a goal, a terminal point, some overall plan,” and that what New York now needs is a “shared sense” of sacrifice. Instead, Shanker says, his workers feel, “I am losing. I am going down,” and he explains, “There is poor morale because people don’t know there is a plan. And they don’t know there is a plan because there isn’t one.” Shanker’s lament is sounded by other labor leaders. The morale of the work force is a genuine concern. Alan Viani cites an example of how to improve morale and productivity. The Department of Water Resources contracts with private firms to repair hydrants. Confronted with the prospect of layoffs, Viani’s union members offered to compete with the private contractor, betting that they could do the job for less money. In place of one crew’s doing the entire repair job, the union “suggested an assembly-line approach,” according to Viani. “We sent out a crew to dig up the hydrant. Another crew dropped off the replacement. Another attached it. It’s a continuous process, which works extremely well—and the city is saving two hundred thousand dollars a year on it. This is the kind of thing that can be done, but it requires imagination on the part of managers and the union. And constant review. It involved no more work. It just involved a better organization of the task.”

Jack Bigel takes this idea a step further. He argues that workers must have a financial stake in productivity, and that the current cost-of-living increase in return for productivity is an insufficient incentive. “All they get this year is three hundred and five dollars,” he says. “That was a fair increase in the nineteen-thirties.” As a substitute, Bigel proposes a “gain sharing” plan. As each worker retired, and as costs were reduced by improvements in management and worker productivity, the savings would go into a pool. Though the work force would be reduced, the workers would be responsible for maintaining or improving services. In return, says Bigel, the workers would get to keep fifty per cent of the savings, and the city the rest. Detroit has tried a similar approach, and officials there claim positive results. State Senator Roy Goodman has urged that policemen who volunteer to work in one-man patrol cars share in the savings, which he estimates could approach four million dollars a year. From the public’s point of view, the key would be the assurance that services would be improved.

Worker coöperatives are another favorite idea of Bigel’s. For instance, the city would contract out to the sanitation union the responsibility for garbage collection. The union would agree to perform the job at a lower cost in return for the opportunity to earn a profit on the difference. The result would be that the taxpayers would pay less and the workers would earn more. This general idea has also been embraced by Felix Rohatyn, chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation. Former First Deputy Mayor Zuccotti expresses reservations but says that the idea is worth exploring. Some cautions are useful, however. The program might work better if private enterprise were allowed to compete with the union—an idea that is unpopular with union leaders. School custodians have had a co-op arrangement for years, and a recent audit by City Comptroller Harrison Goldin found that in the 1975 fiscal year some custodians bilked the taxpayers of ten million dollars. Commissioner Russo thinks that controls to insure savings can be included in co-op plans but says that he is “scared to death” of gain sharing. “I am going to recommend against it,” he says. “You start with one group, and where does it end? Will a cop stand still if a sanitation man makes fifteen hundred dollars a year extra by way of gain sharing? I see problems ahead of me.”

Another idea for increasing productivity is a longer work week. In California, the state employees work a forty-hour week. Fifty-six per cent of New York State employees work forty hours per week and forty-four per cent work thirty-seven and a half hours. In New York City, almost half the employees, according to the Department of Personnel, work a thirty-five-hour week. The Temporary Commission on City Finances has asserted that making the city's work week coincide with the state's (for those working less than thirty-seven and a half hours) "would be equivalent to adding almost five thousand new city workers at no expense to the city." If the city followed the same annual-leave policies as the state, the Temporary Commission said, the city would save almost two billion dollars during the next twenty-five years. The Productivity Council has estimated that obtaining just one hour a day more "productive employee time" from every city employee—not necessarily by means of a longer work day—would be worth more than three hundred million dollars annually to the city. Albert Shanker disparages the notion of a longer work week, comparing it to "my mother's sweatshop." Why not have an eighty-hour week? he asks. "Then we could have sixty per cent unemployment rather than ten per cent." State Budget Director Peter Goldmark has a different perspective: "Before you go to a forty-hour week, you have to get work for thirty-five."

Another recommendation, from the City Club—that the cost of every contract between unions and the city be computed and published shortly after the agreement is reached—became part of the newly amended City Charter earlier this year. It is a basic consumer issue: those who pay the bill ought to know what they're paying for. There is also the argument that the public should have greater access to the collective-bargaining table. In a recently published book, "The Public Interest in Government Labor Relations," Richard Schick and Jean Couturier call for public hearings at which both sides would be required to disclose their positions, for full disclosure of all agreements, and for a citizens' advisory committee that would be consulted when the parties reach an impasse—all to insure an increased public voice in labor negotiations. An undemocratic variation of this proposal was advanced this past winter by the city's eleven major commercial banks. In return for their coöperation in selling city securities, the banks proposed a three-member review board to be appointed by the governor to oversee the city's finances, including collective-bargaining agreements. It wasn't explicitly stated, but behind the banks' proposal lay the belief that New York suffered from too much, not too little, democracy, and that the only way to achieve responsible fiscal behavior from public officials was to command it. As the city's experience with the Emergency Financial Control Board proves, such a step has certain political advantages. It provides villains, permitting elected officials to throw up their hands and proclaim, "I'm not responsible."



The Management Advisory Board had a different idea for compelling responsibility at the bargaining table. It recommended that the city's "ability to pay" be a prime consideration in any negotiations, and that pay increases be matched by productivity savings. This proposal received a tepid response from John Zuccotti. "It's not realistic to think you can continue to run the city and do budget planning without granting some wage increases," he says. Jack Bigel says that the recommendation is "unreal" unless the Management Advisory Board also "declares inflation illegal." It is likely that the city's task will be complicated by the fourteen-per-cent pay increase for a hundred and forty thousand state employees which Governor Carey agreed to in April.

The city—as the Advisory Board and the City Club have urged—will make a push to remove from union contracts those work rules that are considered to be properly management's prerogative. And Governor Carey has proposed legislation to ban managers from belonging to the same bargaining unit as the people they supervise. (The proposal has been buried in committee in both houses of the Legislature.) A proposal granting unions their long-desired agency shop—requiring that nonmembers who benefit from union negotiations pay union dues—was passed by the Legislature a few days ago, and Carey is expected to sign it. Commissioner Russo embraces this change for practical reasons, saying that without it labor leaders are constantly grandstanding in an effort to recruit nonmembers.

Still another productivity proposal is that as the city work force shrinks, volunteerism should be encouraged; citizen volunteers could serve as auxiliary policemen, park attendants, caseworkers, and school aides, for instance. This idea makes the unions understandably nervous. But their fears could be overcome if a mayor created an atmosphere of common struggle and sacrifice. Such volunteerism could fuel a new spirit in New York—one of hope and good feeling, with more people beginning to think of *their* city, the way they think of *their* family.

The city government cannot hide from its productivity problems today as it once hid from budget deficits. The report of the Management Advisory Board defined the challenge fairly: "The city's fiscal crisis is forcing a dramatic reversal of recent trends. Not only will the City be unable to continue to increase employment, it will actually have to make sharp reductions in the size of its work force. During the next two to five years, the City faces a difficult period of retrenchment, a period made even more painful by the relatively weak state of New York City's economy and the relative paucity of alternative job opportunities."

The answer to the city's problem is—in part, at least—leadership, particularly from City Hall. Aim for the moon, the saying goes, and hit the top of the trees. It's interesting to look at the aim Mayor Beame took on May 3rd, when he responded to the recommendations of the Management Advisory Board's personnel report with some recommendations of his own. He thanked the board for "a significant contribution to our thinking" and sketched a series of general, relatively noncontroversial steps he was initiating. They included "broad banding" (consolidation of the city's thirty-nine hundred Civil Service job titles), a "management-development program," "performance ratings" for managers, "upgrading of the examination procedures," new procedures "to strengthen the use of the probationary period," and so on. But the Mayor ignored many of the most significant recommendations of the Management Advisory Board. These, he said, "are more complex and require further analysis and discussion"—presumably after the mayoral election. Among the recommendations he ignored are proposals to tie pay to productivity increases; to consider performance as well as seniority in making layoffs; to appoint "public members" to the Board of Collective Bargaining; to replace decimal-point grading of Civil Service exams with grades of A,B,C, and D; to provide pay increases for managers; to integrate the Civil Service and collective-bargaining systems; to reform the "prevailing wage-rate system" for maintenance workers; to recognize the city's ability to pay as a key criterion in labor negotiations.

This mayor, like mayors before him, was aiming not for the moon but for the top of the trees. —KEN AULETTA

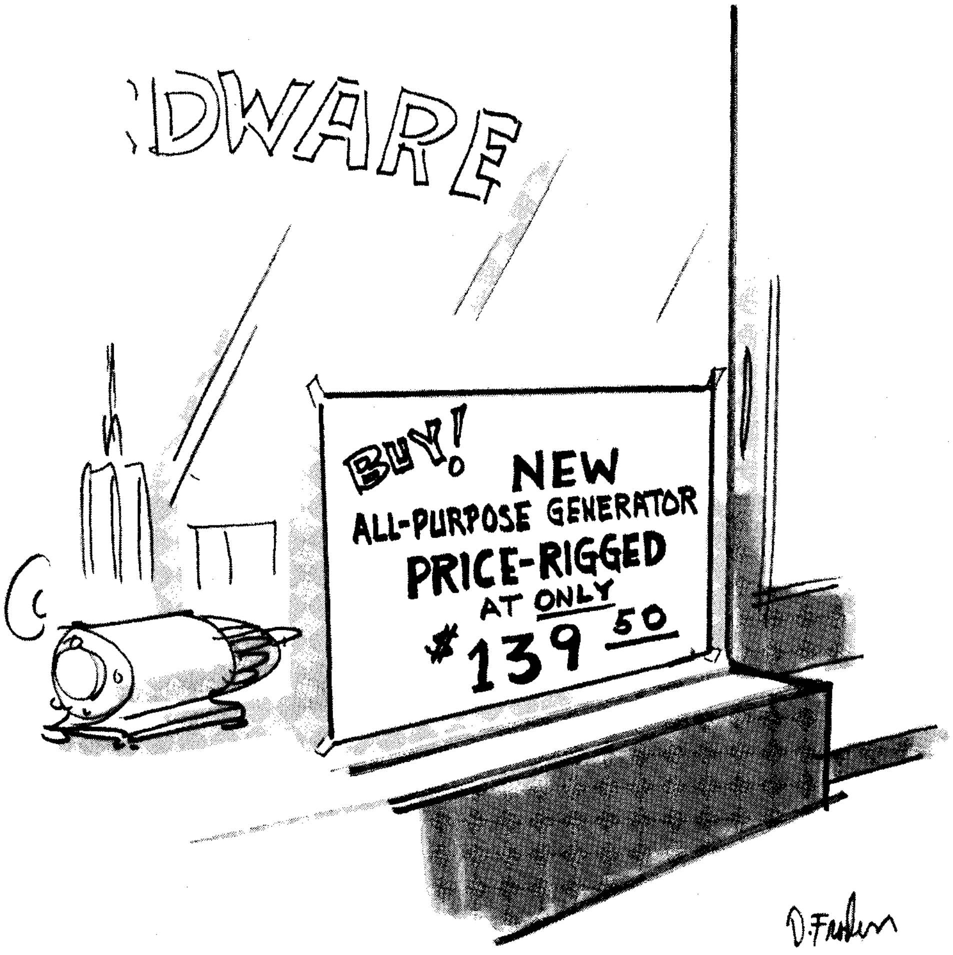
U.S. JOURNAL: THE BRONX

THE COOPS

IN the late twenties, a Jewish garment worker who wanted to move his family from the squalor of the lower East Side to the relatively sylvan north Bronx could select an apartment on the basis of ideology. It was a period in New York when workers seemed interested in banding together in coöperative ventures—not just coöperative housing but coöperative cafeterias and even coöperative hat shops—and which coöperative a worker joined could be considered part of his political identity. (It was a period when everyone seemed interested in political identity.) Someone who happened to be an active supporter of the Social Democratic wing of the Jewish labor movement—the wing whose views were reflected by Abraham Cahan in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, the wing that had, after a ferocious struggle with the radicals, retained control of the largest clothing unions—would probably try to obtain an apartment in the Bronx coöperative project sponsored by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. An adherent of the Labor Zionist movement could go the Farband Houses. A follower of Hayim Zhitlovsky, the leader of a movement absorbed with the preservation of secular Jewish culture, could live in a coöperative called the Sholem Aleichem Houses. A radical—someone who continued to defend the Soviet revolution after other Socialists had turned against it, someone who subscribed to the *Morgen Freiheit*, a Yiddish daily that was then faithfully pro-Soviet, and read the *Forward* only to see what the enemy was up to—could move to the Workers Cooperative Colony, shortened by everyone to two syllables: the Coops.

Of course, a relatively nonpolitical worker—someone who had merely been told of a reasonably priced apartment by a friend at the next sewing machine—might move to any of the projects, and might even remain relatively nonpolitical when he got there. "We did have Democratic and Republican voters here," one of the original coöperators of the Coops recalled recently—although a Yiddish-speaking Republican garment worker who lived in a project where Socialists like those who controlled the Amalgamated were referred to as "the right wing" was presumably a very quiet Republican. Even those residents of the Coops who were politically active leftists had differences among themselves; some people, known as nineteen-fivers, were so deeply involved in disputes about the Russian Revolution of 1905 that they hardly had time for American politics. But the controlling political atmosphere of the Coops remained what its enemies would call Party line and what the residents themselves tended to refer to as progressive. In the Coops, almost any human activity included some political content. If a teen-ager belonged to a club, it could be a club named after Roy Wright, one of the Scottsboro Boys; or Ella May Wiggins, the murdered leader of a Southern textile strike; or Marshal Budënny, a Russian military hero. One youth club was called Teivos—Soviet spelled backward. When Jay Lovestone and his followers were expelled from the American Communist Party and William Z. Foster took over, in 1929, Lovestonites gradually disappeared from the board of directors of the Coops. How would someone's views on the issues that separated Lovestone and Foster—the issue of American "exceptionalism" to international economic analysis, for instance—affect his ability to help preside over an apartment house in the northeast Bronx? "Their politics naturally influenced their general thinking," Bella Halebsky, who moved into the Coops in January of 1927, before they were even completed, said recently. "Once you accept a certain philosophy, it reflects on everything."

THE people who moved into the Coops in 1927 had a lot in common besides their politics and their mortgage. Most of them were Jewish immigrants who had been born around the turn of the century and had remained in the old country long enough to be affected by the beginnings of industrialization and radical political activity. They were workers who thought of themselves as members of the proletariat; no one who employed a significant number of other people was allowed to live in the Coops. Many of them—people whose lives had been spent in cramped tenements and dusty factories—had strong feelings about the value of outdoor life. One of the first coöperative ventures undertaken by some of the workers who later organized the Coops was a camping ground in Dutchess County that made it possible for them to remain overnight on weekend outings. One of the appeals of the land they found for the Coops was that it was in a relatively undeveloped area right across the street from Bronx Park. The workers' committee that met with the architect emphasized sunlight and cross-ventilation and the sort of inner courtyards that could be turned



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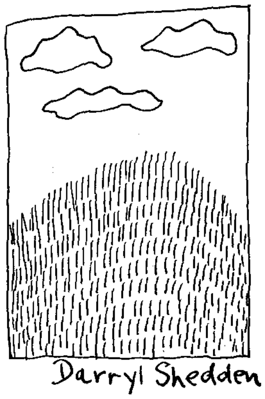
into gardens. Many of the children who grew up together in the Coops went to camp together as well—singing workers' songs around the campfire and living in cabins that might be named after Soviet republics instead of Indian tribes.

The original residents' children—people who are now in their late forties or early fifties—speak of growing up in the Coops in terms of living in a cocoon or a womb or a hothouse. There were hordes of children the same age, and the closeness they would have felt under any circumstances was intensified by a remarkable range of organized activities—athletic teams, science clubs, choruses, schools of secular Jewish culture—and, of course, by the politics that set them apart from most of their neighbors. In the Coops, the most important holiday of the year was neither Yom Kippur nor Christmas but May Day. "When you opened a door and walked into the court, you would think it was a world holiday," Tanya Rosenberg, one of the original coöperators, said recently to some people who were gathering material on the early days of the Coops. "All our children were out early in the court, dressed beautifully, waiting for the time to leave and join the demonstration. Such excitement! I can say that was the only holiday when you really felt a holiday spirit, all through the halls and courts." Coopniks, as they called themselves, stayed out of school on May Day and then carried notes from their parents explaining to the teacher that May Day is a workers' holiday. Their drum-and-bugle corps was sponsored by the International Workers Order, the left-wing offshoot of the Workmen's Circle; one of their basketball teams occasionally appeared for the second half having changed from their normal basketball shirts to shirts that said "Free Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro Boys." A young Coopnik might occasionally be called a Communist by his public-school teacher, but he could always return to the cocoon, where the other ten-year-olds saw nothing odd about refusing to cross picket lines or knowing all the words to Red Army songs. "We in the Coops were convinced that *we* were in the mainstream," someone who grew up in the Coops said recently. "It was only after we moved out that we found what the real world was like."



Financially, the Coops started to fail almost immediately. Through a public campaign supported by the *Freiheit*, workers' bonds had been sold to raise capital for what the organizers envisioned as three apartment houses, but it soon became apparent that there would be money enough for only two—two six-story buildings with a total of seven hundred and forty-three apartments. Coöperative stores were made part of the project, but they wilted almost as soon as privately owned competition showed up in the neighborhood. The workers elected to run the Coops had no significant managerial or financial experience, and their problems were greatly complicated by the onset of the Depression. Although a depression was just the sort of catastrophe that had been predicted for capitalism by the residents' political tenets, the constraints imposed by those same tenets made the Coopniks less able than the capitalists to cope with it. They were reluctant, for instance, to evict workers who could not pay their rent; in fact, they led anti-eviction campaigns and took in people who had been evicted from other buildings. According to an early resident of the Coops, one woman simply refused to pay her rent on the theory that she "couldn't be evicted—it would cause too much of a scandal if the *Daily Forward* found out." By the early thirties, the board of directors maintained control of the buildings only by working out a moratorium on amortization payments with the mortgage holder. In the early forties, when another plan to keep control in the board's hands would have required raising rents one dollar a room, the coöperators voted against the raise, partly on political grounds. By 1945, the Workers Cooperative Colony was officially out of business—its members merely tenants of two privately owned buildings on Bronx Park East.

The coöperators' loss of control over who would live in the project and how its funds would be allocated was only one of a number of blows to the political solidarity that had existed in those early days when just about all Coopniks, dressed in their holiday best, would assemble for the May Day parade. To the extent that Coops politics were pro-Soviet politics, there was a falling away after every event like the purge trials or the Hitler-Stalin pact. The McCarthy period—coming at a time when some of the children who had grown up in the Coops were beginning careers that seemed vulnerable—caused near-panic. The International Workers Order was no longer a lodge and the sponsor of the drum-and-bugle corps but an organization that had been officially declared subversive by the government and placed in receivership. The Coops library, which already had a remarkable collection of radical books in English and Yiddish and Russian, found itself with sudden donations from people who did not feel safe with a collection of Lenin's works in the apartment. Simply having the address 2700 Bronx Park East was thought to be enough to put people in jeopardy. Some people chose to move away for the same reason they had chosen to move in twenty-five years before—living in the Coops could be considered part of their political identity.

BY the McCarthy period, not many of the people who had spent their childhoods in the Coops were still living there. Many of them had reached adulthood in time for the dislocations of the Second World War; after the war, they went their own ways. A lot of them, though, kept in some sort of contact with each other, and many of them remained close in a way that astonished outsiders. Coopniks met regularly in California as well as in the suburbs of New Jersey—exchanging tales of what one of them has called "the biggest family I ever lived in." The wife of a lawyer who grew up in the Coops said recently, "My husband is always running into someone he went to kindergarten with. All of a sudden, at an airport or even walking down the street in New York, he's hugging somebody and talking about the Coops. I don't even remember anybody I went to kindergarten with." Some of the second-generation Coopniks remained factory workers, but more of them became teachers or lawyers or operators of small businesses or even entrepreneurs. Not many of them remained politically radical. Most of them eventually became Democratic voters, with more or less the same sort of politics that might be found among middle-aged Jews who grew up in the Amalgamated Houses or, for that matter, in the apartment house of a capitalist landlord in Brooklyn.

Many first-generation Coopniks have died by now, of course, and many have moved away—some to retirement in Florida, some to new projects like Co-op City. A couple of hundred of them

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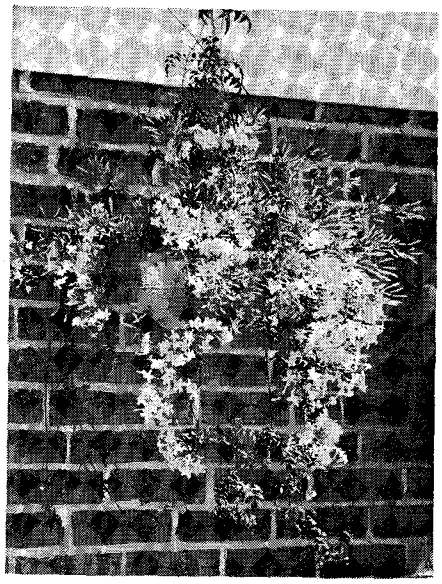

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A year-old Jasmine, overflowing a stoneware basket, blooms gloriously in late January. Occasional pinching during summer and fall transforms this rambling southern vine into a bushy houseplant. When not in bloom, Jasmine is as lush and lovely as any foliage plant — in January when it bursts into flower, the fragrance is, well, jasmine. The photo shows its beauty, but the scent's the thing.

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— Amos Pettingill

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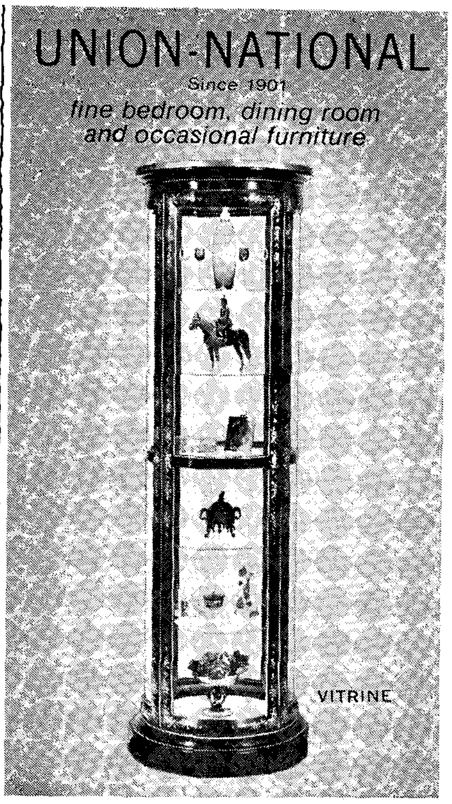
still live in the Coops. The neighborhood along Bronx Park East, just north of the Bronx Zoo, has not turned into the sort of battlefield associated with the South Bronx, but the residents of the Coops are much more concerned than they once were about theft and vandalism. The benches across the street from the buildings, on Barker Avenue—benches that were once occupied on spring nights by Coopniks arguing the fine points of Marxism or exchanging the latest morsels of gossip—are now the territory of black teenagers, who seem threatening to an eighty-year-old retired garment worker, even a garment worker who once picketed a segregated swimming pool in the Bronx and faithfully attended rallies for the Scottsboro Boys. It is said that one of the nearby stores is a heroin drop. Under a series of private landlords, the two Coops buildings have deteriorated. Many of the courtyard gardens are overgrown. The basement rooms that were once used for activities like the Russian dance group and the J. B. S. Haldane Scientific Society and the Budënnys are now boarded up. The auditorium, which is now used only occasionally, for tenants' meetings, is shabby. The library needs a paint job; its shelves sag dangerously under the weight of radical literature. Most of the newer tenants, many of them young black and Puerto Rican families, apparently do not have much interest in the tenants' association; the old militants who still fight the landlord by instinct find themselves with limited energy.

The library is open in the afternoons as a sort of senior citizens' center. The senior citizens who come there often spend their afternoons arguing politics in Yiddish. Most of the Coopniks who still live in the Coops remain loyal readers of the *Freiheit*, which broke with Moscow twenty-one years ago after Khrushchev's speech on the crimes of Stalin. These days, thinking of itself as having more or less the politics of Western European Communist Parties, the *Freiheit* criticizes the Soviet Union when it feels the need—particularly on the treatment of Soviet Jews and on Soviet policy toward Israel. Like the *Freiheit*, a lot of the Jewish Communists who organized the Coops seem to have found in their old age that they are more Jewish than Communist—at least the Moscow version of Communist. Bella Halebsky, still politically active in her early eighties, is one of the Coopniks who are critical of the Kremlin's policies toward Jews in Russia, but she could never bring herself to take



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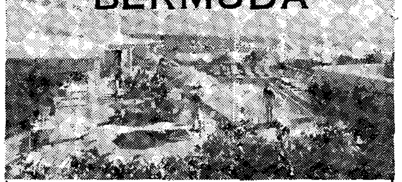

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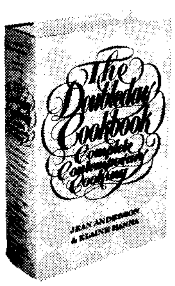

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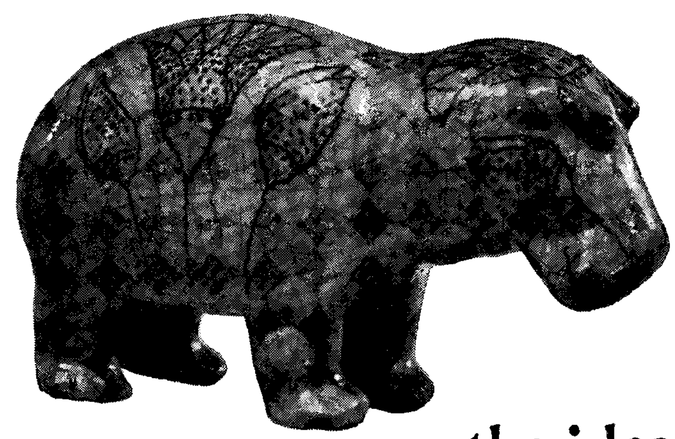
part in the sort of rallies for Soviet Jewry sponsored by the Social Democrats—the enemy. "You have to draw the line someplace," she says. A few of the old Coopniks remain not just broadly sympathetic to Soviet Socialism but specifically supportive of all Soviet policies; they read the *Daily World* and sneer at the *Freiheit.* It is said that the arguments over Soviet Middle Eastern policy among the old people who sit these days in the library are as bitter as any argument ever heard in the Coops. The other senior citizens' activities are, of course, not without political content. An art class that was held for a while produced for the library walls some landscapes of the sort that are customarily produced by art classes, but it also produced one or two paintings that could pass for the Soviet Socialist realism of the thirties. One of the senior citizens studying art did a bas-relief of Angela Davis.

THIS spring was the fiftieth anniversary of the Coops' opening. Almost a year ago, some of the people who grew up in the Coops decided that the occasion ought to be marked by some sort of celebration. They started gathering addresses, and they also started gathering documents and tape-recorded recollections and photographs, so that some history of the buildings could be presented at the celebration in a journal. There were people opposed to the celebration—people who believe the Coops failed, people who have a strong enough memory of the McCarthy period to be wary of anything that might draw attention to buildings that are for most of their tenants now simply an address in the Bronx. An offer to film the reunion was turned down. For a while, the committee considered banning the press.

The people who showed up for the reunion—more than a thousand people, who filled a huge banquet room at Co-op City one spring Saturday—seemed oblivious of such considerations as they hugged old friends and talked about the old days. The members of the Teivos Club—now men in their early fifties—wore club T-shirts. There were also T-shirts, sold by the reunion committee, that had on them some of the old slogans shouted by Coopniks at demonstrations in the thirties—"No Pasarán" and "All Out May First" and "Wages Up, Hours Down—Make New York a Union Town." Paul Robeson records were played during dinner. Somehow, though, the gathering seemed almost nonpolitical—the slogans and the workers' songs present for reasons of



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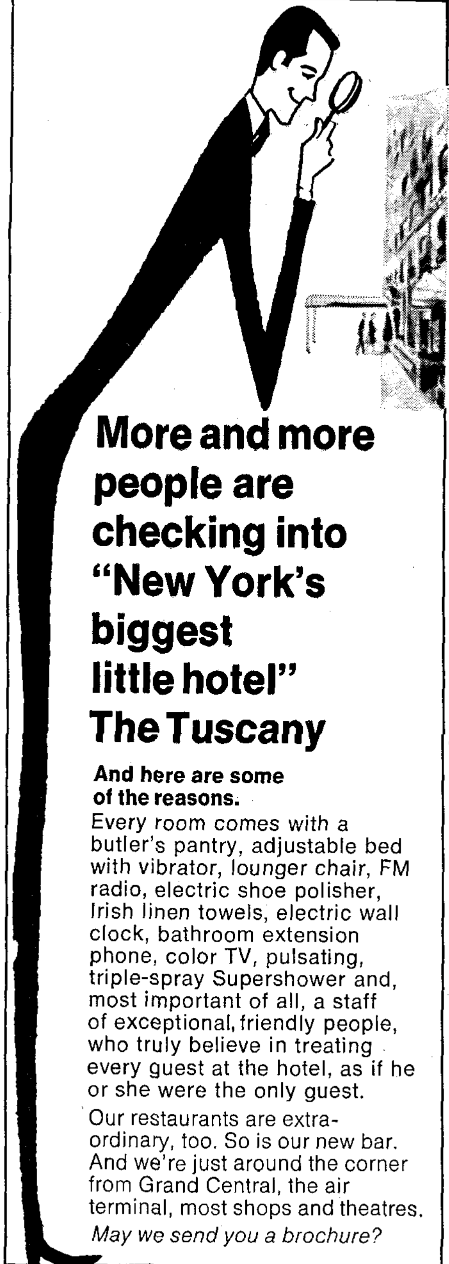

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nostalgia and shared memories, the way college songs and football chants might be present at a class reunion. The time has passed when it made much difference to anyone who was a member of which left-wing faction in the thirties. After dinner, Bella Halebsky went onstage to receive from Paul O'Dwyer, the president of the New York City Council, a City Council resolution calling attention to the contributions made by the Coops to civil rights and the labor movement and the American effort in the Second World War and declaring the day officially Workers Cooperative Colony Day in the City of New York.

"Some of the old people didn't want to go at first," Bella Halebsky said a few days after the reunion, back at her apartment in the Coops. "They said, 'What do we have to celebrate? The houses are not in our hands.' " Mrs. Halebsky does not see the Coops as a failure merely because the buildings were lost to private ownership and the children who grew up in them are no longer committed to the specific points of political ideology that seemed to hold the Coops together in the early years. She says that the feelings the second-generation Coopniks have for each other and for their childhoods are more important than the points of ideology. "They don't have to be members of the Communist Party," she said. "They have certain values by which they live, and being brought up here gave them those values. The important thing about the reunion is that it was not us who did it—it was the younger generation. The fact that they wanted to do it—to me that was the important thing. The old people who didn't want to go didn't understand the larger implications." —CALVIN TRILLIN

•

COFFEE BATH—A Tokyo bathhouse owner claims he has a soothing remedy for stomach ills, neuralgia and rheumatism. He bathes his customers in hot, powdered coffee beans. Started in 1971, treatment costs $5.—*Photo caption in the Los Angeles Times.*

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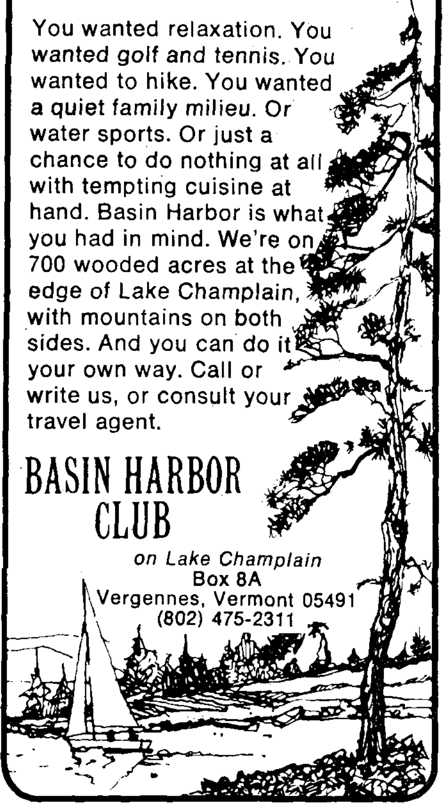

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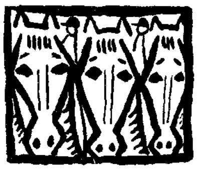

THAT last hundred-and-fifty thousand is always the hardest. Forego was beaten again—in the Brooklyn Handicap at Belmont Park last Saturday—and has still not succeeded in his bid to become the world's leading money-winner. Great Contractor, to whom he gave twenty-five pounds, came up fast in the last quarter of the mile and a half, and swept past him in the stretch to win by nearly a dozen lengths. Forego saved second place only by a neck from American History, a long shot. The time was 2:26⅕. Forego, winner of the last three Brooklyn Handicaps, carried 137 pounds and went to the post a 7–10 favorite in the field of thirteen. He was away well, and, because the early pace was slow and Shoemaker made no effort to urge him, was second down the backstretch. He also came well around the far turn, but then he didn't respond when Great Contractor challenged. Shoemaker said later that his mount tired under the weight. Second money in the Brooklyn was $24,442, which brought Forego's earnings to $1,818,957; Kelso still leads, with $1,977,896. Calumet Farm's Our Mims, the first filly to run in a Brooklyn Handicap in years, finished sixth. As for Great Contractor, a four-year-old by Selari out of Oh Annie, owned by H. P. Wilson, himself a contractor, he had started seven times this season, and the Brooklyn was his first victory.

LAST week, buyers set a record for the prices of yearlings at Keeneland—or anywhere else. At the four sessions of the July sales, three hundred and twenty-four were sold for $27,651,000—an average of $85,343 a head. The highest price paid was $725,000, for a chestnut colt by Secretariat—there's still magic in the name—out of Lady Victoria, by Victoria Park, a winner of the Queen's Plate. The colt was bought, from E. P. Taylor's consignment, by Robert Sangster, an Englishman who has one of those fabulously rich British football pools going for him. At the sales two years ago, Mr. Sangster gave $200,000 for one of Mr. Taylor's yearlings—a colt by Northern Dancer, whom he later named The Minstrel, and who won the English and Irish Derbies for him in June. (Last Saturday, The Minstrel won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot—next to the Derby and the Grand National Steeplechase, the most important horse race in England. According to reports, it was quite a performance. Piggott brought him from next-to-last in the field to win at the end of the mile and a half in a photo finish with Orange Bay that took the judge minutes to decide. Exceller was third. First money was the equivalent of $151,970.) The Secretariat colt will be trained in Ireland by Vincent O'Brien, who also trains The Minstrel.

Mr. Taylor, who breeds thoroughbreds at his two Windfields Farms, one in Oshawa, Ontario, and the other in Maryland, sent twelve yearlings into the ring, and all were sold, bringing him $2,229,000. Laddie Dance, Fasig-Tipton's auctioneer at Saratoga, gave $400,000 for one of the Taylor colts by Northern Dancer. Mr. Dance also went to $400,000 for a filly by Bold Bidder out of Cosmah; she's a half sister to Tosmah and was bred by John R. Gaines. Returning trainers say they don't remember higher bidding or hotter weather at Keeneland. Not so long ago, $100,000 for a yearling was almost unbelievable; at Keeneland last week, eighty-seven of the yearlings brought $8,905,000—an average of $102,356 apiece. At Fasig-Tipton's sale, which preceded Keeneland's, two hundred and ninety-nine yearlings were sold for $7,154,900. That's nearly thirty-five million altogether for new stock.

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—AUDAX MINOR

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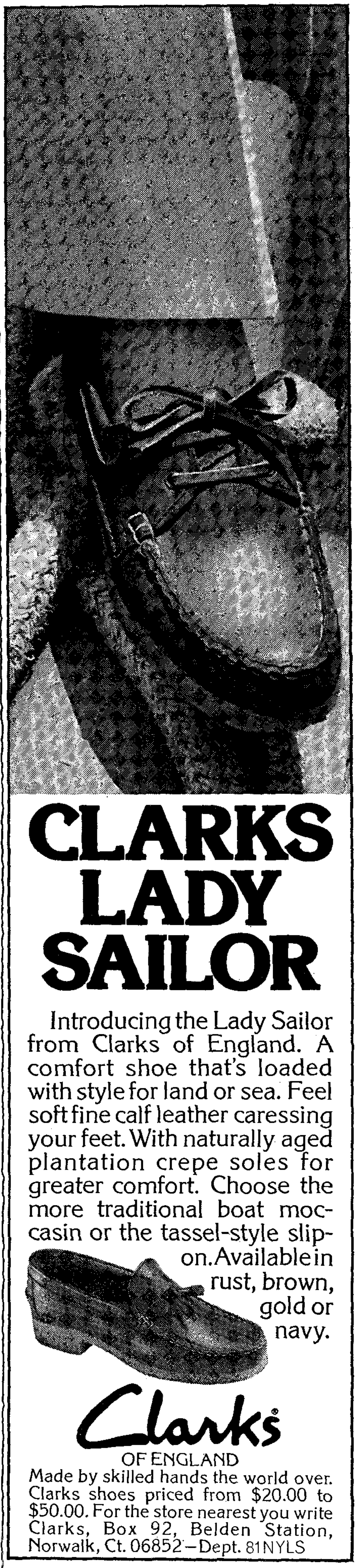
THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From "The Nether World" (1889), by George Gissing*]

Joseph was neither a bully nor a man of courage; the joke with which he was delighting himself was certainly a rich one, but it had its element of danger, and only by abandoning himself to riotous mirth could he overcome the nervousness with which Clem's fury threatened to affect him. She, coming forward in the attitude of an enraged fishwife, for a few moments made the room ring with foul abuse, that vituperative vernacular of the nether world, which has never yet been exhibited by typography, and presumably never will be.



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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JULY 22

MENAHEM BEGIN is in New York pleading for United Nations assistance for the Jews of Syria, and Jimmy Carter is on his way back from Yazoo City, Mississippi, where he may have expected but did not get a respite from the problems of foreign policy. Of the questions Carter fielded in the high-school auditorium, almost as many dealt with diplomatic and military matters as with the immediate social and economic concerns of the community. From Carter's point of view, the developments of the past week, including the talks with Begin, can hardly be considered encouraging. The Chancellor of West Germany and the President of France have been critical of his approach to Western Europe and the Soviet Union, and M. Giscard d'Estaing went so far as to charge him, in a magazine interview, with having "compromised the process of détente," by which he meant that Carter had confused our allies and been indelicate in his dealings with Leonid Brezhnev. (The French President was affronted by what he regards as a breach of French-American friendship—Carter's failure to revoke the Port Authority's ban on the Concorde—and threatened retaliation of some sort.) Carter was also advised by W. Averell Harriman and Marshall Shulman, two experienced observers of Soviet affairs, that his approach to the Kremlin has been lacking in finesse. It had earlier been planned that the Secretary of State would address himself to the repair of Soviet-American relations in a speech before the Southern Legislative Conference, in Charleston, South Carolina; then it was decided that the matter had become so urgent that the President himself should make the speech and strike the conciliatory notes his critics had found wanting in earlier statements. The speech was a rather gracious and well-tailored one, explaining his vision as one that calls for coöperation of the superpowers in making a "gentler, freer, more bountiful world." He reiterated most of the themes that have been fundamental to American diplomacy for the better part of three decades—including some that the Soviets have always found offensive—and he explained that his espousal of human rights was an effort to "restore the moral bearings" of our foreign policy and should prove no barrier to détente and arms reduction. Thus far, there has been no direct response from Moscow, unless one is to be found (as probably it is) in the publication today by Tass, the official news agency, of a Soviet study made earlier in the year and entitled "International Zionism: History and Policy," whose authors claim that "Jewish capital" invested in American banking, trade, industry, newspapers, and broadcasting is so influential that "one must not expect a change in American policy supporting Israel."

The Begin-Carter talks were described by the President as having been helpful in laying the "groundwork" for a Middle East peace conference, presumably in Geneva and presumably in October. Beyond that, and a few expressions of cordiality, he did not go. Begin is willing to attend, or be represented at, such a conference, and he has many thoughts on its planning and agenda. But he will not countenance the presence of the Palestine Liberation Organization, and it appears from what he has said here and elsewhere that he would not be displeased if the plans for Geneva fell through, leaving him free to seek separate, bilateral negotiations with Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, and any other states willing to participate. When he became Prime Minister, there were some who conjectured that Begin might turn out to be an Israeli Richard Nixon—not the Nixon of Watergate and the obstruction of justice but the Nixon of détente and the opening to China. Nixon's credentials as a hard-line anti-Communist were so impeccable that he could, when he found it advantageous, soften the line and deal with Moscow and Peking. The thought was that Begin, whom none of his countrymen could accuse of appeasement, might be just the man to work things out with the Arabs and make a settlement acceptable to all but the most militant of the Palestinian factions. The analogy, it is now clear, was false. Nixon was an opportunist, not an ideologue; his anti-Communism was no more a matter of principle or conviction than his professed adherence to democratic values and institutions. Begin's ideology is a stern and ancient one, deriving from God's covenant with Abraham. He wants no Palestinian state on or near the West Bank of the Jordan, regarding that land not as territory occupied by Israel in 1967 but as territory having at last been liberated. He is also an astute politician of the divide-and-conquer school brought to near perfection by the British in the last century. He seems now to be pinning his hopes on his conviction that the fabric of Arab unity is fragile and could be pierced if he had a chance to deal with his adversaries one at a time and tempt them with concessions that would not violate his Zionist principles. Egypt could get back most of the Sinai; some deal with Syria might be made on the Golan Heights; non-aggression pacts could be negotiated with Jordan and Lebanon. In his view, and that of a good many others, pan-Arabism, like Communism, is a less compelling force than nationalism.

There is, it is felt, a chance that in time such a strategy would work. It would not bring the kind of bustling, profitable peace that Carter has been talking about—one with trade, diplomatic and cultural exchanges, and open borders, and with tourism a growth industry throughout the Middle East. The Palestinian Arabs would not disappear, but they might disperse if their cause seemed to them, and especially to their allies, a hopeless one. To a small extent, there is already some dispersion; there are Palestinians in Saudi Arabia and elsewhere who are content with their lot and ready to stay where they are even if a homeland is established. Arab unity is powerful in time of war, but it is always subject to strains. There is tension between the oil-rich countries and those of meagre resources. Syria and Egypt have twice made efforts to live under one flag, and couldn't. In Lebanon last year, the Syrians spilled rivers of Palestinian blood, with more relief than protest voiced by other Arab governments. Egypt has internal and external problems fully as pressing as its differences with Israel. Economic conditions grow increasingly intolerable, and President Sadat's regime is always in danger of being overthrown. Egyptian troops and planes are engaged in a border war with Libyan forces, and Sadat fears encirclement by pro-Soviet powers—by Libyans to the west and by Ethiopians moving into the Sudan in the south. It has been reported today that Egypt and Jordan are willing to go to Geneva with or without the P.L.O. Some time ago, Sadat proposed that P.L.O. representatives be part of the Jordan delegation, and King Hussein has said that this would be acceptable to him. Still, it seems unlikely that piecemeal settlements of the kind that Begin envisions could be reached in anything less than a few years—a period that his coalition government may not survive, and one in which the pressures for war will be rising. Unlike Communism, pan-Arabism, though frail, *is* a species of nationalism; few nations in the Arab world have the inner cohesiveness of Western European nations, but there are strong transnational ties of culture and religion. Moreover, there are demands from far outside the Arab nations for some redress of Palestinian grievances. Support for American aid to Israel would decline sharply if we did not keep pressing the Israeli government to take these displaced persons into account. There is a certain hypocrisy and injustice in this, as Begin seemed to be telling Carter when, in their exchange of greetings on the White House lawn, he recalled a ship of Jewish refugees from Germany that once cruised the Caribbean and the Atlantic vainly seeking admission before returning to Europe and the death camps. It has frequently been pointed out that the world today is swarming with people living in stateless desperation and that we and our allies do little or nothing about them. The British did not make room for more than a few of the Asians originally brought by them to East Africa and then expelled from the former British colonies, yet this did not become an issue between the British and us. The difference is, of course, that the Jewish and Asian refugees had no powerful ally or military force, and were no threat to anyone's peace. The Palestinians, armed and well organized, remain near the center of a large storm area, and we have reached a point at which it would almost seem a betrayal if Carter or any other American leader continued to befriend Israel without demanding that it find some way of honoring the Palestinian claims.

Cyrus Vance will be touring the Middle East early next month, presenting the American viewpoint (as if it were not already known) to the Arab leaders and scouting the prospects for a conference this year on the terms Begin has made. It seems a hopeless mission. Most of the Arab states are committed to P.L.O. participation—not as part of another delegation but as an independent party to the bargaining—and this seems certain to be the Soviet position. In the circumstances, it may be better to shelve the plans for a conference this year, to let Begin see what he can do on his own, and to press for some kind of compromise on the West Bank. The Palestinians could be given a self-governing homeland there that would be something less than a sover-

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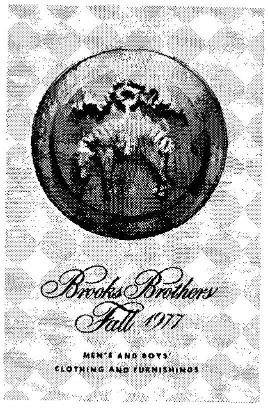

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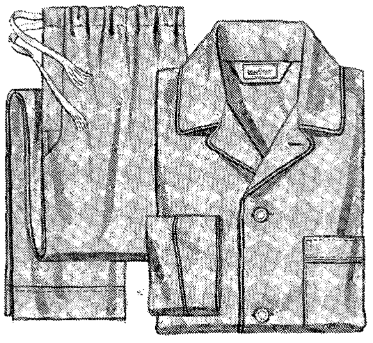

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eign state with all the military trappings. Begin's animus is not against the Palestinians as a people but against the P.L.O. as a movement that began with the intention of destroying Israel. This aim was clearly stated in the P.L.O.'s charter and early literature, but time and a couple of wars have made it a nullity, like the early Communist talk of world domination. If Israel ever falls, the cause will be something other than an implementation of anti-Zionist rhetoric. Besides, in a Palestinian homeland the P.L.O. would be not the government but a political party seeking power—and a divided party at that. If Begin will not hear of some such arrangement, he will preside over an increasingly dangerous situation, and he may not preside for long.

CARTER's decision, announced three weeks ago, to scrap the B-1 bomber was—quite apart from its wisdom or lack of it—bold and in some ways risky. He became the first President to take upon himself the responsibility for rejecting a major new weapons system. The plane, a gimmicky, versatile aircraft, was held by the military to be the last word—and an indispensable one—in deterrence, and, if deterrence failed, a piece of ordnance that would give us a sure strategic edge. It was the most expensive system ever to come off the drawing boards, but a clear majority in Congress was ready, even eager, to buy it. And the prime contractor, Rockwell International, had shrewdly let subcontracts in forty-eight states, so that its manufacture would be a stimulus for local economies from the West Coast to the East and thus give a great many politicians a stake in the enterprise. Carter's decision took some political courage, but it was made on prudential rather than moral or political grounds. He was not against the B-1 because it would escalate the arms race and endanger the peace. He wanted the augmented strike power the plane would have provided. But in his engineer's mind he became convinced that this could be achieved by the development of cruise missiles and by refitting part of our fleet of B-52s. Though he did not say so, one reason for his opposition was almost certainly economic: the estimated cost of the program, even without the inevitable overruns, would have gone far toward dashing what hopes he still has of balancing the budget by the end of his first term. And he doubtless hoped that the Kremlin would view his decision as an act of military forbearance, which it did not. Unless things have changed since his Charleston speech, in which he said he might cut back on development of the cruise missile if there were some reciprocal action by Moscow, the outlook for arms reduction is, if no worse, no better than it was last winter, which is to say unpromising.

Carter is now in the process of making another military decision—one that confronts him with what has at least the surface appearance of a moral dilemma. He has determined, he told his news conference last week, to request funds for the development of the neutron bomb; he must follow with a decision either to leave it in stock in American arsenals or to make it available to Army, Navy, and Air Force commanders overseas. The neutron warhead is a refinement of nuclear technology that could, according to its proponents, devastate by "enhanced radiation" (what an adjective to modify a noun synonymous with death) invading columns of infantry and artillery but cause little damage to the territory being invaded. Its opponents have made much of the fact that it would destroy people while leaving buildings intact, as if it were the ultimate capitalist weapon, taking lives and sparing property. But this is not really the point, which is that its lethal power could be limited to areas measurable in yards and metres rather than miles and kilometres, and that, furthermore, because of low blast and fallout effects, the areas under attack would be safe for human passage and habitation within hours, rather than years, of detonation. It would be more like a sharpshooter's rifle than like a shotgun, an instrument of warfare more "humane" than even the "conventional" explosives rained on Europe during the Second World War and on Vietnam and Cambodia a few years ago. It offers, in other words, the prospect of a return to the time when ignorant armies clashed by night on designated battlefields while in nearby towns and cities noncombatants slept and life went on almost as usual. This has its attractions—for civilians, if not for soldiers.

An argument for deploying the weapon, then, is that if, say, Western Europe should be invaded by the Warsaw Pact powers, a defense could be mounted without resort either to the trench warfare of sixty years ago or to the aerial bombardments of a quarter-century later. The cities could be saved and the carnage limited to the troops of the aggressor. This is, as such things go, a pretty picture, but hardly a plausible one: invaders repelled on the ground take to the air, and cities are the best targets. It is doubtful if any of our military leaders believe that adding the neutron bomb to what is already at their disposal would make their task easier or more agreeable, and it is even more doubtful if any of the European leaders who have expressed enthusiasm for the bomb see things that way. For them and for us, the argument has little to do with defense. The case for deploying the bomb is more an economic than a military one. The undisputed fact is that the Communist bloc enjoys a considerable advantage over the West in the number of men under arms in Europe. Our missiles and planes and submarines and radar may be more numerous or more reliable or more sophisticated than theirs, but in a war on the ground the other side could overwhelm us. For some time now, the Western Europeans have faced a choice between conceding ground superiority to the Communists and trying to match them by adding hundreds of thousands of men to their forces and accepting the strain this would put on their shaky economies, which might be more than some countries could endure. Conceding superiority would by no means be an acceptance of conquest. It is agreed by most people that, of the many kinds of trouble the Communists might make in the world, a Moscow-led land invasion of Western Europe is just about the least likely. There is no evidence that any Soviet leader—with the possible, though highly questionable, exception of Stalin in the late nineteen-forties—has ever had an appetite for aggression of this sort. The troops are in place for a number of reasons—one being to impress us with their might, another to deal with emergencies behind the Eastern borders, still another for use in the event of general war initiated by us or by them in some other quarter. But their troops are no more bent on crossing into the West than ours are bent on moving into the East.

If the Communist powers did plan to mount an invasion, the neutron bomb would be a deterrent, but not much of one, and not for long. The Communist reliance is on the big warheads that would take out the cities before the ground forces moved. And our deterrent power, too, would still be the big, indiscriminate ones. The deterrent value of nuclear weapons lies in the vast and enduring destruction they can cause. Those who have them dread to use them, or even threaten their use, because of fear of pulverizing retaliatory blows. The problem posed by the neutron bomb—the problem Carter

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must be mulling over now—is not whether the neutron bomb would deter an enemy but whether it would deter those who possess it. It seems rather clear that if we deployed it and found ourselves locked with an enemy—particularly an enemy in some distant part of the world and not equipped with nuclear weapons—the clamor for its use would be all but deafening. (This bomb is not, of course, the first nuclear weapon that can be described as tactical rather than strategic. There were some in existence when we fought in Korea twenty-six years ago, but they would probably have hurt us as much as the enemy.) Up to now, each new nuclear development has raised the stakes, and the theory has been that every time the ante goes up, the players become more reluctant to play. The balance of terror is what seems to have kept the superpowers from war. The neutron bomb, once deployed, would alter the balance—until the Russians got one of their own. Then for both the great rivals war, at least in its first stage, would seem less dreadful to contemplate—and initiate.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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for such stories by the fire

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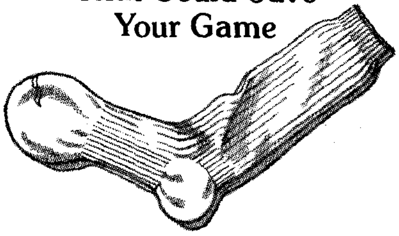
with your eyes like flowers

—ROBERT DANA



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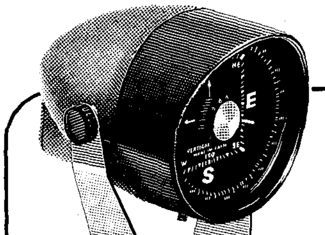

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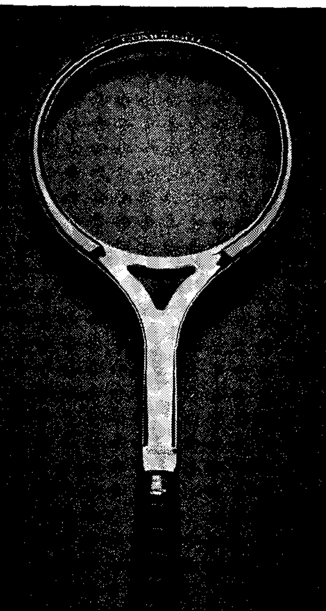

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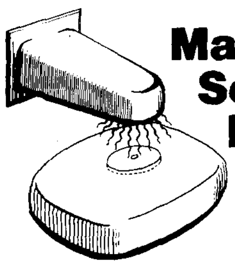

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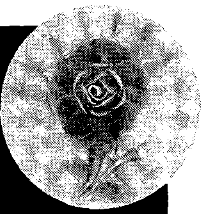

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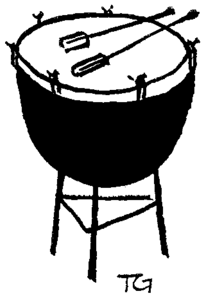
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

FREDERICK DELIUS's last opera, "Fennimore and Gerda," has finally been recorded, and the recording is an excellent one; it involves such outstanding artists as Elisabeth Söderström, Robert Tear, and Brian Rayner Cook, accompanied by the Danish Radio Chorus and Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Meredith Davies (Angel SBLX 3835; four sides). In looking over the libretto, which has been done in an English version by Philip Heseltine (Delius wrote the original in German), I got the impression that it was a rather episodic work, in which the narrative falls, as the liner notes say, into eleven tableaux. But in listening to the work I found that it is all of one piece, held together by some of the most beautiful music ever written by an Englishman. It is a contemplative work, almost without action. The story tells of the hero's seduction of his best friend's wife and the best friend's subsequent death in an accident, which throws the wife into a state of guilt and self-hatred. The affair obviously cannot go on. In the last act, the hero finds happiness in marriage to a much younger woman. Not a very complex plot, but the post-Wagnerian music of Delius makes it into something like a British "Pelléas et Mélisande."



It has long been known among opera fans that Boris Christoff is one of the finest living exponents of the role of Boris Godunov. Surrounded by a superb cast that includes Eugenia Zareska, Nicolai Gedda, Kim Borg, André Bielecki, Lydia Romanova, and Ludmilla Lebedeva, he produces a perfectly splendid performance on a new recording of the Moussorgsky opera (Seraphim 1D-6101; eight sides). The choral and orchestral forces involved are the Chœurs Russes de Paris and the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, conducted by Issay Dobrowen.

Two new versions of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg" have appeared almost simultaneously. One is conducted by Eugen Jochum, the other by Sir Georg Solti. Both are respectable performances, but both have some faults. Jochum has the better singers, including Placido Domingo (a magnificent Walther), Caterina Ligendza, Christa Ludwig, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Roland Hermann, and Horst R. Laubenthal. They are accompanied by the chorus and orchestra of the Deutsche Oper of Berlin (Deutsche Grammophon 2713 011; ten sides). Still, one finds that Fischer-Dieskau has to force his voice here and there as Hans Sachs, and that Miss Ligendza, a dramatic soprano, is a bit heavy for the virginal Eva. The Solti version has René Kollo as Walther, and by comparison with Mr. Domingo he is a bit dry-voiced. Norman Bailey makes a splendid Sachs. Kurt Moll, Julia Hamari, Adalbert Kraus, Martin Egel, Bernd Weikl, Adolf Dallapozza, Hannelore Bode, and others make up the rest of the cast. The orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic and the chorus that of the Vienna State Opera (London OSA 1512; ten sides). As Eva, Miss Bode, though she is a real lyric soprano, proves to be a little wobbly from time to time. Curiously, Solti uses none of his usual dynamic intensity in this recording but, on the contrary, conducts in a very gentle, sometimes fussy manner.

Johann Strauss's operetta "Wiener Blut" is really a pastiche put together by one Adolf Müller and the librettists Viktor Léon and Leo Stein shortly before Strauss's death. Nevertheless, it is a rollicking affair in the best Viennese tradition, with a libretto that is in some ways superior to that of Strauss's masterpiece, "Die Fledermaus." It concerns the amorous shenanigans that went on—or might have gone on—during the Congress of Vienna (1814-15). Many of the melodies have been borrowed from "Fledermaus" and other Strauss operettas, but one doesn't mind. Angel has recently released a new recording of "Wiener Blut" (Angel SBLX 3831; four sides). The orchestra is the Philharmonia Hungarica, under the baton of Willi Boskovsky; the chorus is that of the Cologne Opera; and the singers include Klaus Hirte, Nicolai Gedda, Anneliese Rothenberger, Renate Holm, Gabriele Fuchs, and Heinz Zednik, with Gerd W. Dieberitz and Hans Putz in speaking roles.

Mozart's little comic opera "The Impresario" ("Der Schauspieldirektor") has had a number of recordings, but none quite as lively and hilarious as the latest one, in which Peter Ustinov

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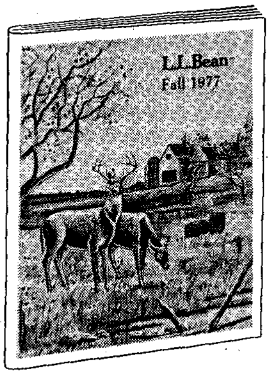

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takes over the title role and interpolates some new dialogue that he himself wrote. The competing sopranos are Mady Mesplé and Edda Moser, with Nicolai Gedda and Klaus Hirte in supporting roles. The Bavarian State Orchestra, under Eberhard Schoener, provides the accompaniment. The singing is in the original German, but Ustinov's lines are in English, and the whole enterprise is an extremely happy one (Angel S 37405; single disc).

HERBERT VON KARAJAN has produced a new recording of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony—probably, all in all, Bruckner's greatest work (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 085; four sides). The performance is one of exemplary sensitivity, and I recommend it.

The Canadian pianist Glenn Gould is always an interesting performer, though sometimes notable for eccentricities. Columbia has issued his performances of all five of Beethoven's piano concertos, done some time ago, and there are no eccentricities apparent, except perhaps for a newly minted cadenza in the First Concerto. The orchestras and conductors are the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, under Vladimir Golschmann; the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein; and the American Symphony Orchestra, under Leopold Stokowski (Odyssey Y4 34640; eight sides).

It is a pleasure to report that the Latvian-Canadian pianist Arthur Ozolins has become the master I predicted he would when I heard him at Alice Tully Hall several years ago. I am also thankful to him for introducing the "Dainas," by the almost unknown Latvian composer Janis Medinš (Kaibala 60F02; four sides). These appear to be little preludes, some of them based on Latvian folk music, and they show Medinš to have been a highly original artist with distant relationships to Rachmaninoff, Chopin, and Ravel. Apparently, he was a prolific composer of operas and symphonic music, too, and it may be that further investigation into his work will place him as one of the outstanding figures in twentieth-century music. He died in 1966.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Freud "was anti-American," said Dr. Kardiner, as his wife, Ethel a former student, perched on the arm of his chair. "We was pro-British here that spoiled his stomach, but I don't believe that."

—*The Times*.

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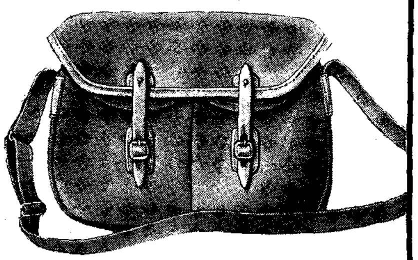

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BOOKS

Great Themes, Grand Connections

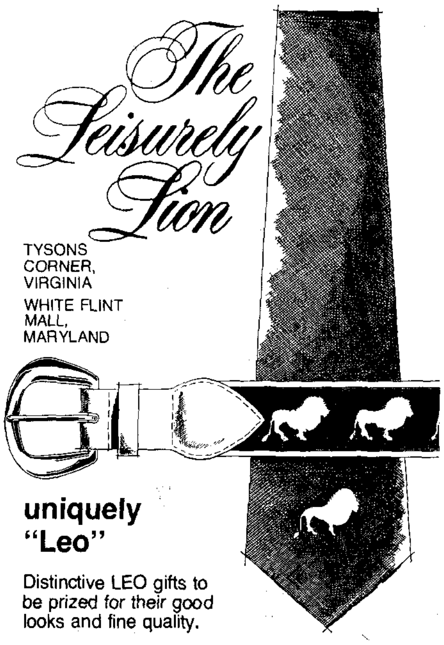
NO recent visitor has had a good word to say for present-day Alexandria. Caesar and Cleopatra would be offended, it seems, by its crowded streets, and Euclid and Plotinus would wrinkle up their noses at its garbage-strewn alleyways. Alexandria is over two thousand years older than the United States, but hardly a stone is left to remind its Arab citizens of its Ptolemaic splendors. An echo chamber of Greek, Jewish, Roman, and Christian voices—pasts within pasts—its fabled nature remains invisible. Because it does, other cities vibrate inside the real one—cities of the imagination, hidden but waiting to be discovered—and they have excited philosophers and writers through the ages: most recently, Lawrence Durrell, in the "Alexandria Quartet," and E. M. Forster, who wrote the city's most authoritative guidebook, "Alexandria: A History and a Guide." In it, Forster says, "Then, as now, [Alexandria] belonged not so much to Egypt as to the Mediterranean, and the Ptolemies realised this. Up in Egypt they played the Pharaoh. . . . Down in Alexandria, they were Hellenistic." And so it is not surprising that the truest Alexandrian voice of all should belong to a native son and a member of the Greek diaspora—Constantine Cavafy, born in 1863. Nondescript except for his extraordinary eyes, vastly intelligent, he worked as a civil servant in Alexandria's Third Circle of Irrigation for over thirty years, lived with his rather silly mother and a slew of brothers in genteel poverty, and escaped at night to the seediest part of town to sleep with boys. For all these reasons, or for none, he became one of the most fascinating poets Greece has offered the world—the Greek language, not the state, for Cavafy never set foot in Greece until he was thirty-eight, and then only briefly.

Robert Liddell's biography "Cavafy" (Schocken) begins with a genealogy almost as complex as that of the Ptolemies. Odd facts complicated Cavafy's life. His father, who had worked in England, became a British national, conferring automatic British citizenship upon his son. Cavafy was Greek by inheritance, an Egyptian by residence, and a British citizen. There were nine children in all—two dead in their first year, and one of those the only girl. Constantine, her replacement, was his mother's favorite, and she kept him in frocks and curls as long as she could. Of the others, his next two older brothers were important to the poet: Paul, with whom he lived for many years, and John, the closest to Constantine in temperament and understanding. Paul, debt-ridden, alcoholic, and homosexual, finally ran off to the Riviera to spend his declining years. John wrote poems and translated some of his brother's. Commerce (including embezzlement in one case) was always a stronger thread than artistry in the Cavafy family, but after the father died the Cavafys, once notable and rich, were poor; they lived the sort of life led by "well-bred" people who have lost their money—a fading luxuriance up front, and a tightening of belts behind doors.

At the time of his father's death, Constantine was seven. His mother remained in Alexandria for the next two years. Then the English connection asserted itself, and the family began one of those pilgrimages that must seem Biblical to a child, stopping off at Marseilles, Paris, and London, and finally settling in Liverpool. The oldest son engaged in "unhappy speculations," the second lost his shirt in sugar and United Bonds. The tiny Cavafy inheritance dwindled to a pittance. The sense of shadowy cities and of a dynasty ending may have communicated itself to Constantine; he never forgot that he was the son of an extravagant man. The family moved from Liverpool to London, remaining fixed there for a year; reversing course, they returned to Paris and Marseilles. Five years after they started out, they were back in Alexandria. The poet was fourteen, and, except for three forced years of exile in Constantinople (after the Arab "troubles" and the British bombardment) and a trip or two to Europe, he lived in Alexandria for the rest of his life. It was in Constantinople, according to Liddell, that Cavafy had his first homosexual experience.

Liddell follows Cavafy from birth to his death, in 1933, but what there is to follow is meagre. Rémy de Gourmont's remark about Flaubert is true of Cava-

THEY CAN TAKE THE MAN OUT OF THE BIG CAR, BUT THEY CAN'T TAKE THE BIG CAR OUT OF THE MAN.
D. Kelly



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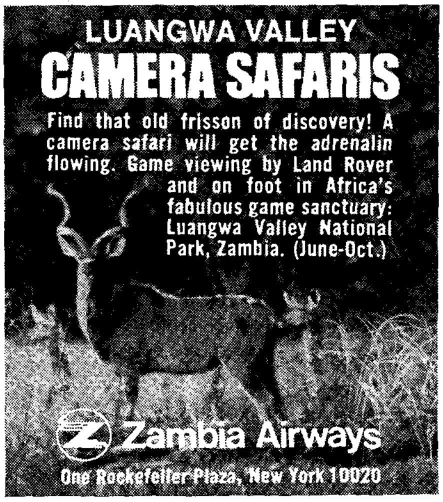
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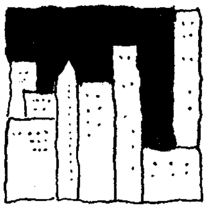
fy: "Apart from his books, he is of very little interest." Sensible and forthright, Liddell's biography does all it can with the available facts, exhausting the Greek sources and providing the necessary checks and balances. It rescues Cavafy from the Freudians, working up from below, and the Marxists, determined to turn everything into a poster.

BEFORE 1911, Cavafy was, by and large, a sentimental poet, writing what he later called "trash." It would have taken a clairvoyant rather than a critic to see the promise of a major poet in the first work. Cavafy was always grateful that he hadn't published early. In fact, he never published at all in any conventional sense: no volume of his poems came out during his lifetime. Poems in manuscript or broadsheet were sent to a select list of people—elected subscribers—and later Cavafy included reprints and offsets of magazine publications. Two pamphlets appeared, in 1904 and 1910; a bound booklet in 1917. These slowly accreting works filled folder after folder with what Cavafy's translators, Philip Sherrard and Edmund Keeley, refer to as "the canon," a group of a hundred and fifty-three poems. Sherrard and Keeley have added to the original canon twenty-two "unpublished" poems, some among Cavafy's finest, in their edition of the "Collected Poems" (Princeton, 1975)—a hundred and seventy-five poems in all, only thirty-five of which come from the period before 1911. The time between a poem's composition and its "publication" could stretch to as long as a quarter of a century. The intervening years left open the possibility of endless revision and the repositioning of poems once Cavafy had come to see his work in terms not of single poems but of a sequential order as complex as the huge territory and time that became his subject.



In a well-known poem, "Days of 1909, '10, and '11" (the "Days of 19 . . ." poems are part of a series, which has been picked up and revoiced by James Merrill in *his* "Days of 19 . . ." poems), Cavafy sees a boy in an ironmonger's shop, a boy willing to sell his body in order to buy a few cheap pieces of clothing. Under his "cinnamon-brown suit . . . [and] mended underwear," the naked boy is perfection, at one with the beauty of ancient Greek statues, the heads of the favored stamped on precious coins. It was through images such as these that Cavafy began to connect a banal marketplace with a major seam in Greek civilization. What was at first a guilty burden became in the end the means of discovering great themes and grand connections. Cavafy was moved by correspondences, and saw in them the true gestures of history. And thus it was through the erotic that the historical came to life. But though correspondences were moving, they were also ironic, because power—Caesar, Sparta, the Roman Empire—could exist only to be swept away, and had little effect, ultimately, on the repetition of human patterns, the endless tale of construction and pillage. Correspondences were not metaphors to Cavafy—his poems are almost completely free of them in any literal sense—but ongoing dramas, and so the poems are usually monologues, the speaker a fictitious or real person in history, the tone contemporary but the voice timeless.

The historical poems tell their stories in a disinterested way: their savor is the dry accumulated wisdom of someone who has taken the measure of two thousand years of imperial struggle, if not always the measure of himself. They have, as the poet says in "Dareios," "a certain insight into the vanities of greatness . . . [its] arrogance and intoxication." Scene after scene adds up to a play whose dimensions dawn on the reader only slowly. Edmund Keeley, in his completely knowledgeable critical study "Cavafy's Alexandria" (Harvard, 1976), a model of compression and concentration, lists as an appendix the principal settings of Cavafy's poems in the ancient world of Hellenism: Athens, Eleusis, Argos, Thermopylae, Macedonia, Ithaca, Delphi, Rhodes, Sparta, Rome, Poseidonia, Sicily, Syracuse, and so on. They read like a roll call of what we never knew, or have long forgotten. Sometimes we are in Libya, sometimes in Persia. And, using only Cavafy's titles, I would add a few dates to suggest the grand strategy of the poems: "Of Dimitrios Sotir (162-150 B.C.)," "Of the Jews (A.D. 50)," "Young Men of Sidon (A.D. 400)," "For Ammonis, Who Died at 29, in 610," "Days of 1903." These are poems of statement, forbidding at first in their lack of color, their wide frame of reference, their historical data. The extraordinary thing about them is not Cavafy's ability to see the ancient world alive with character but the accumulated sweep of the whole. Reading them, one feels that history is a vast reality one can dip into at any particular moment. The past being perpetually present, and alive, history becomes permanent. These poems do one of the big things poems should do: they make one aware of time. Cities whose names appear in the newspapers every day make Cavafy's point over again—Beirut, Sidon, Jerusalem, Cairo—and though "historical" suggests the textbook, the opposite effect is at work here: these poems are the products of sensibility, not of scholarship. The method is that of ironic reversal: Claudius justifying his role in "Hamlet;" an invasion of barbarians who are conceived as rescuers rather than destroyers. Young men looking for the main chance—say, in Sidon in 300 B.C.—appear as if they were familiar strangers glimpsed at a bus stop. If one could imagine a contemporary American poet standing on a balcony—as Cavafy stood on his in the Rue Lepsius—resurveying the entire history of the American continent, including its Indian past, one would have some notion of Cavafy's accomplishment.

But that accomplishment seems to me peculiarly patchy, for the great poems stand out—poems like "Waiting for the Barbarians"—and the love poems tend to diminish the cumulative effect of the whole, even though they are the source of its vitality. A worldliness that sometimes brings to mind its supreme example, "Antony and Cleopatra," alternates with a provincialism that is purely emotional, as if we had in the same person and the same works greatness and a diminishment of it. Most writers of Cavafy's stature save that kind of immaturity for life, but because his life *was* the poems it has entered into the bloodstream of the texts themselves. Impeccable in tone, scrupulous in having rid themselves of every shred of rhetoric, they manage nevertheless to suggest lost opportunities. Cavafy divided his work into three categories: historical, erotic, and philosophical. He is superb in the first, risks sentimentality in the second, and is weakest in the third. Intelligence is not philosophy, any more than insight is psychology. The depth of thought in these poems is not always equal to the genius of the sensibility that created them. When we compare Cavafy with Eliot—a perfectly reasonable comparison, considering the period, the roles they cast themselves in, and their ultimate achievement—we find in Eliot components missing in Cavafy: philosophical reach, an awareness of traditions other than Hellenism, and a feeling for the natural world that provides a balance

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between personal history and the historical record.

The urban voice is distinguished from the nature poet's by more than consciousness and irony. The nature poet is usually religious and seeks a god, the city poet mythological and seeks a hero. (Certain works—"Moby Dick," for one—though ostensibly belonging to the first category belong to the second. The crew of the Pequod are the inhabitants of a small city at the mercy of an evil essentially man-made, though in the form of a natural monster. The whale is more Ahab's creation than God's.) Nature is conspicuously absent from Cavafy's poems; he is moved less by the pastoral conventions and the cycle of the seasons than "by seeing something of this city I love, a little movement in the streets, in the shops." And he uses the city in unexpected ways. It is not only the past in the present but the tangle of mortal and god that gives these poems their impact. The heroic is humanized but never condescended to. In what is possibly Cavafy's most famous poem, "The God Abandons Antony," a shift in emphasis reveals both his devotion to the city and his mining of a tradition. After the defeat at Actium, Antony is abandoned to his death. In Plutarch it is Dionysus who abandons him, in Shakespeare it is Hercules, but in Cavafy it is Alexandria herself. By association, the city has taken on a triple quality: the god, the hero, and the civilization for whom they exist.

Cavafy was one of the first modern poets openly to acknowledge his homosexuality. He made good use of it, for it connected him with the "Alexandrian mode," which Keeley defines as

> ...first of all to search for the hidden metaphoric possibilities, the mysterious invisible processions, of the reality one sees in the literal city outside one's window. If one is Cavafy, the mode is then to dramatize and expand these discovered possibilities until they carry a broad mythic significance. Cavafy's use of the mode begins with his choosing to move from personal metaphors to communal and historical metaphors, and from there to the projection of a self-contained mythical world that serves to represent both his special view of Greek history and his image of the perennial human predicament.

Homosexuality is invisible, and so is the Alexandrian past. One develops its secret negative in the dark, the other is a library of countless lost photographs. The homosexual has certain built-in advantages as a spokesman for the city. The search for the hero is not merely literary, and if alienation and loneliness are the marks of the city-dweller, the homosexual is set apart simply by being sexually categorized. (One would become more aware of this if the distinguishing characteristic of a person's nature were to be described as being heterosexual.) In most homosexual lives, the search for a partner to go to bed with and/or love cuts across artificial social barriers; the bellboy and the ambassador, the governor and the mechanic may be found in each other's company *sub rosa*. Exploring byways of the city usually, but not always, outside the bourgeois domestic circle, the homosexual gets to know the city in ways most people don't—strange places at strange hours. Secrets contain within themselves a hidden spring—the compulsion to reveal them—and this compulsion has something in it of the quality of history: the story not yet revealed, the truth under the appearance of it, the onion skin of façade endlessly waiting to be peeled away. It isn't hard to understand why the only occupation imaginable to Cavafy other than the poet's was that of the historian.

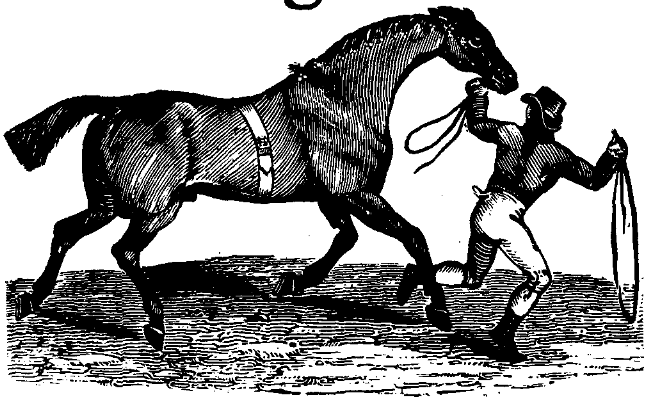
In "Cavafy's Alexandria," Keeley traces the poet's development through various projections of the city itself, and his chapter headings are a precise guide to his method: "The Literal City," "The Metaphoric City," "The Sensual City," "Mythical Alexandria," "The World of Hellenism," "The Universal Perspective." It is the method of the stone thrown in the water making ever-expanding ripples. Appendices, including a very much needed comparison of dates of composition and publication, the principal settings, a map opening the ancient Mediterranean world to view; a bibliography; scrupulous notes; and an index—everything scholarship could want is available, yet the book is comparatively short, and Keeley's affinity with Cavafy is everywhere apparent.

To me, there are striking similarities between Cavafy and Proust, and homosexuality centered in a mother with whom a relationship lasts intact through middle age is the least of them. The chief bond is how each of them rescued himself from frivolity by converting sexuality into an obsession with the past. The tinkle of salon music is a never-distant menace in both cases. Each managed ultimately to resist that peculiar mother-derived nicety of necktie and manner characteristic of the social lives of "good" families—the whole upper-bourgeois apparatus of balls and carriages, the meaningless events to which so many lives are dedicated. Preoccupied with younger men, Proust and Cavafy both contrived to emerge from the palm court onto the plains of myth, if myth is history transformed into a body of work one can permanently refer to, which grows out of and transcends the limits of its creator and touches perimeters so wide that the generic begins to take the place of the specific: the Cavafy voice speaking through many heroes, the Proustian tone and intelligence shedding light on everything. In each case, the history of a people came to the rescue as a force and focussing agent: it would be utterly impossible to read Cavafy without Greece and the Hellenic world in view at all times, and completely mistaken to read Proust without knowing that the Guermantes are—no matter how flawed and stupid in their immediate versions—the means of leading back through the great genealogical family names of France to the roots of a language and a culture.

Yet Proust's and Cavafy's attitudes toward homosexuality couldn't be more different. For Cavafy it was the release and abandonment of the pagan, for Proust the guilty secret of Christian and Jewish morality—though he regretted, if Gide quotes him correctly, having put in only his "bad" homosexual experience and left out all that was charming. For all their resemblances, Proust and Cavafy were on opposite sides of the fence: Proust found in love a form of bondage and Cavafy in sex a means of connection. There is no moral tone in Cavafy, whereas in Proust there is always a certain Mosaic ring. Cavafy is closer to Whitman, who, by one of those historical coincidences that seem preordained, had just published the "Calamus" poems in 1863, the year of Cavafy's birth.

Cavafy was one of the first "modern" writers in his fidelity to his own experience, his disdain for rhetoric and decoration, his use of demotic Greek as well as the high style, and he belongs to a tradition whose outlines are now clear. By apprehending the present and the past as simultaneous realities, the major figures of twentieth-century literature have worked private worlds into epic proportions, reinventing the image of the self (Proust), a city (Joyce), a country (Yeats), or a tradition (Eliot and Pound) as the reflected image of a civilization. In Cavafy's case, as in Joyce's, the mythological city is forged out of disparate elements: the commonplace life of the streets and the splendor of ancient tales and legends, in which the ordinary man of the first could become the un-

The Dowager's Gallant.



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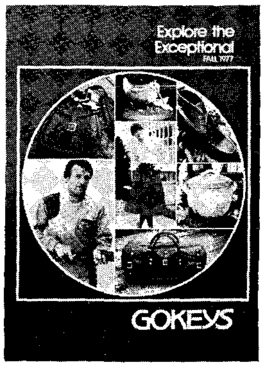

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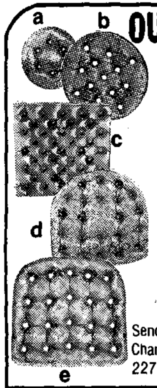

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witting hero of the second. The process was, we now know, reversible: at the time that Joyce was turning Bloom into Ulysses, Cavafy was, so to speak, turning Ulysses into Bloom.

—HOWARD MOSS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SADLER'S BIRTHDAY, by Rose Tremain (St. Martin's; $7.95). A sinewy, touching first novel about the old age of a retired English butler who has become the master (and sole inhabitant) of the elegant East Anglia country house he once served in. Now shabby, forgetful, and irascible, decrepit Sadler recalls the loyal, impassive, fastidious Sadler he once was with something like amazement. How could he have sustained his role of "perfect servant" for so many years, or tolerated a life that had so little personal gratification in it? Sadler is not without a sense of humor, but he pities himself. And with justification. The bastard child of a timid, kind country girl who was forced to become a servant herself to support him, he was trained at an early age to suppress his own impulses lest they irritate his masters. The story of his adolescent tutelage as an under footman in an aristocratic house, his painful separation from his mother (who worked at another house), his affection for the old colonel and his wife whom he served for much of his life and who left him the house, and the one romantic passion of his life—for a sullen young East End urchin who was billeted at the mansion during the war—is told with great economy and feeling. This is a short book, but one feels that it says all there is to say about English servants of a bygone era.

GENERAL

JANE AUSTEN AND HER WORLD, by Marghanita Laski (Scribners; $8.95). A short, richly illustrated biography that, for all the little that is known about her private life, brings the first fully enduring English novelist into a reasonably satisfactory focus. Miss Laski achieves this considerable success by placing her subject carefully in her period (the plain-speaking Regency years), her class (the modestly comfortable, educated middle class), and her region (the towns and villages and seaside resorts of Hampshire), and by dipping liberally into both Miss Austen's letters and those of other

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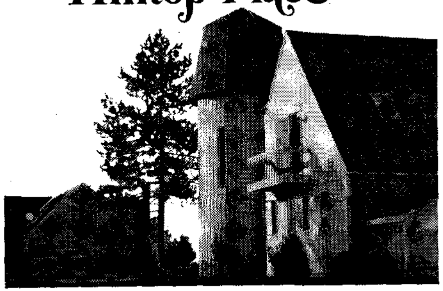

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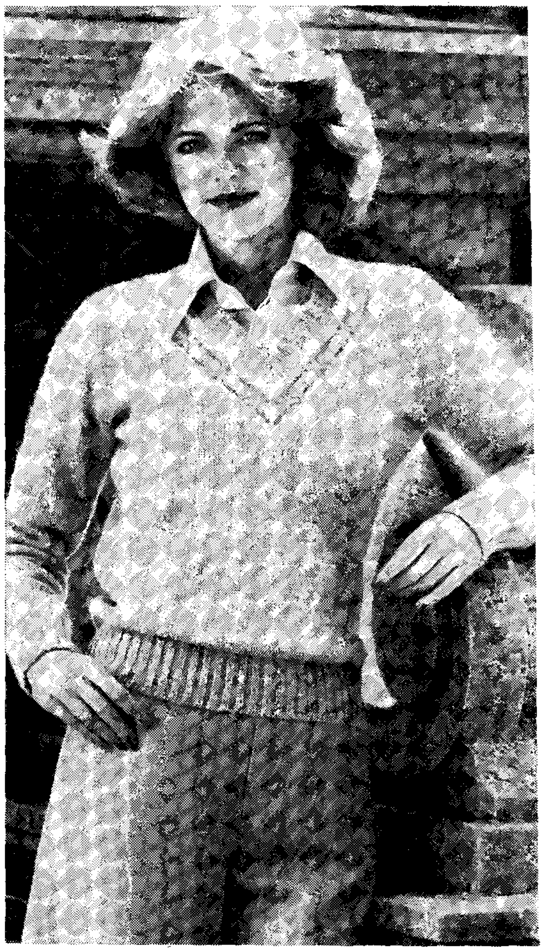
people in which she is mentioned. Thus we learn that she took "to the garb of middle age unnecessarily soon," at thirty-four, and that (to her favorite niece, Fanny, who became a most proper Victorian) "Aunt Jane for various circumstances was not so *refined* as she ought to have been for her *talent*." We are allowed, in a letter to her sister Cassandra, to hear her maliciously witty voice: "I was as civil to [the Misses Debary] as their bad breath would allow me." In a letter to another niece, about the latter's attempt at a novel, she is nicely revealing: "You are now collecting your People delightfully, getting them exactly into such a spot as is the delight of my life;—3 or 4 Families in a Country Village is the very thing to work on." And a reader, Annabella Milbanke (who married Byron), makes a contemporary comment on "Pride and Prejudice": "The *most probable* fiction I have ever read. It is not a crying book, but the interest is very strong." The illustrations, a hundred and thirty-seven of them, include a charming pencil portrait of Fanny reputedly by Miss Austen.

THE RELUCTANT KING: JOSEPH BONAPARTE, KING OF THE TWO SICILIES AND SPAIN, by Michael Ross (Mason/Charter; $12.50). Though he is sometimes remembered as an ineffectual dilettante and an unsuccessful king—weak, lecherous, and lazy—Napoleon's older brother possessed the qualities the Emperor himself lacked, being sensible where Napoleon was rash, liberal where Napoleon was a tyrant, humane where Napoleon was cruel. Again and again in this lucid biography we see Joseph setting out intelligently on some political mission only to be upstaged and overshadowed by the martial fustian of his megalomaniacal brother. Especially in Spain, where the reluctance of the title showed itself, Joseph's good sense contrasted sharply with the brutalities of Napoleonic power. His liberal nature, however, never prevented him from enjoying all the comforts of his position, or from safeguarding the interests of the Bonapartes. As fond of country life as he was of urban glitter, he made the most of exile in Switzerland and America, and from beginning to end his love life was extraordinary.

DEBUSSY ON MUSIC, collected by François Lesure, translated from the French by Richard Langham Smith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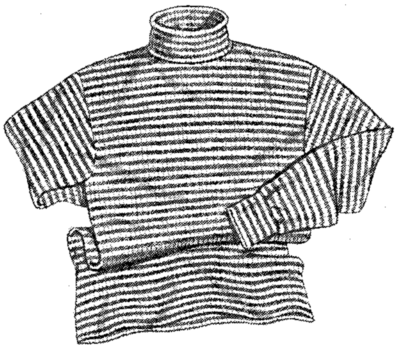

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(Knopf; $15). Claude Debussy was a great composer, and one can excuse a certain offhandedness in his writing about music: he had better things to do. Judged by later musical history, his opinions were, to say the least, capricious. He was a chauvinist, and continually praised second-rate and now forgotten French composers. His attitude toward Wagner was ambivalent. He described Berlioz as "the favorite musician of those who know little about music." Two of his bêtes noires were the Paris Opéra, which he maintained specialized in noise, and the Prix de Rome, which he regarded as worthless. He was always trying to base a French musical tradition on Rameau, whereas practically nobody had followed that composer. He liked Chausson and Paul Dukas and adored Mozart and Bach. He was very critical of Beethoven, and he never set down a word about Verdi or Puccini. He was, however, a lively writer, and if you can accept his prejudices you will find this a fairly amusing book.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS, by Linda Simon (Doubleday; $10). Alice Toklas would have disapproved of a biography of herself. Gertrude Stein was the one to write about, although almost no one ever did write about her well enough to suit Alice. This book (published on Alice's hundredth birthday) is about Gertrude Stein, all right, but Alice is its heroine, and high time. Skinny, ugly, with a melancholy hooked nose and a mustache, to Gertrude she was "a siren," "a queen." Gertrude was never sure that anything she wrote was good until Alice read it. Reticent (usually), jealous, witty, loving, cruel, she was not a flat character, and Mrs. Simon has caught her roundness—though Alice might have sniffed at Mrs. Simon's style, which is less elegant than Henry James' (Alice's criterion). There is an excellent appendix in which obscure references to Alice in Gertrude's writings are explained.

VICTORIA AND ALBERT, by Joanna Richardson (Quadrangle; $12.95). A gifted biographer's delineation of two dissimilar characters whose marriage became an era's ideal. For Victoria, apparently, it *was* ideal; for Albert less so. By Victorian standards, she was more masculine than he—more decisive and less moody, with more emotional and physical energy. Albert continually complained about playing second fiddle

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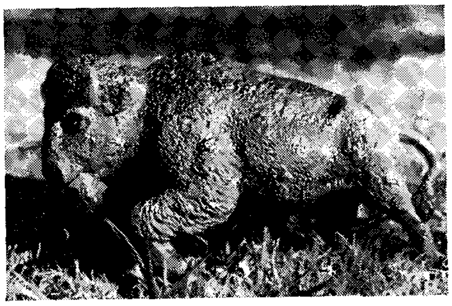

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as the consort of a ruler, but he himself did not have the stuff to rule. The scope of the photographs is remarkable; they take in everything from an imposing royal bull (Albert made pots of money out of the family farms) to a hilarious group portrait of the royal children arrayed in arty costumes for a dramatic performance.

THE CELTS, by Gerhard Herm (St. Martin's; $12.50). The Celts, a people of enduring mystery, appeared in the ancient world more than two thousand years ago, and in relatively short order they became anathema to everybody else. They spread like a stain over Central Europe, into the Netherlands and Britain in the north, across Spain and down the Italian peninsula in the south. They were largely responsible for snuffing out the Etruscans, and they came close to throttling Roman civilization before it could flourish. (The Romans, who called them Gauls, got their revenge under Julius Caesar.) They were fierce, skilled, and frightening warriors; at the height of their culture they were unsurpassed as artists and workers in metal. The author of this breezy survey of Celtic history is a German writer and documentary filmmaker who wrote a marvellous book on the Phoenicians a few years back. He is a responsible writer, one feels, and highly stimulating, being agreeably relaxed about the strict disciplines of the archeologist and the historical scholar. "In academic circles," he says at one point, "no one would keep his job for long if he described the period of climatic change as I have done." The illustrations are the only pedestrian feature of an otherwise first-rate book.

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KATHARINE SERGEANT WHITE

FOR many of us, Katharine White was a monumental presence in the world. She was changeless amid change. She was a figure of order, composure, certainty, permanence. She was always there. Then, last week, the event that we chose not to foresee took place: at the age of eighty-four, she died. Katharine White, as Mrs. Ernest Angell, came to work for *The New Yorker* in 1925, six months after the magazine was founded by Harold Ross. She started out as a manuscript reader, but she quickly became involved in everything else that went on in our office. Ross seized upon her intelligence, her energy, her aristocratic taste, her air of authority, and her awesome strength of character, and put them to work in the service of his young magazine. Within the routine chaos of a publication struggling to find itself, she had a stabilizing influence. Possessing an aesthetic of her own and some firm literary standards and judgments, she extended the range of Ross's ideas and interests by another full spectrum. When Ross knew what he wanted and didn't know how to get it, he began turning to Katharine. When he didn't know quite what he wanted, he turned to her to find out what it was. When he was unsure of himself, he was sure of her. Before long, she was his most valued collaborator. More than any other editor except Harold Ross himself, Katharine White gave *The New Yorker* its shape, and set it on its course.

As the years passed and the workings of the magazine grew more complicated and more compartmentalized, Mrs. White became the head of the Fiction Department, and she remained its head for about ten years, until she made an attempt to retire to a farm in North Brooklin, Maine, with her husband, Andy (E.B.) White. There, as a half-time editor, she continued to do considerably more than a normal full-time job. In the late nineteen-fifties, to meet an emergency, she came back to the city to put in two more years as Fiction Editor, and then she resumed her strenuous semi-retirement in Maine.

Katharine White's qualities as an editor were without parallel. She gave to every writer she worked with a seemingly limitless amount of attention. It was as if there were no other writers. Yet there were scores of writers, and she managed to devote herself to all of them. She talked with them for hours at a time, and carried on a prodigious correspondence with them. She took a genuine, nonprofessional interest in their personal lives; she encouraged them endlessly, reassured them, comforted them, counselled them, mothered them. She sent off hundreds of letters and notes to writers simply urging them to write, and they did. The history of American fiction in the last fifty years would not have been the same without Katharine White. Her standards and her taste had much to do with it, but there was something else. She had a mysterious ability to touch off the literary impulse, and could draw work even out of writers who were languishing or thought they had run dry. No one can estimate how much good writing might have been less good if it had not been for Katharine White, or how much writing would not have been done at all if she had not been waiting, at her desk, to receive it. For many writers, she was the only muse they needed.

A calm, reserved, majestic, beautiful woman (as beautiful in her eighties as she was in her thirties), Katharine walked into her editorial career at *The New Yorker* as though that alone were what she was destined to do, and then, as though it were equally in the nature of things, she married the quintessential *New Yorker* writer. Somewhere along the line, she found it possible to contribute to the magazine a definitive series of essays on children's books and, later, a series of erudite, poetic, humorous, ardent essays on gardening. In the last twenty years of her life, she had more than one person's share of illness—her afflictions crowded in on her without interruption, and three or four at a time—but she also had more than one person's share of courage, and she prevailed. Concentrating against pain, she wrote marvellously of the flower gardens she still tended, the gardens she remembered, and the gardens of her imagination. And she wrote letters. She was a torrential letter writer up to the last. Her letters to her friends, among them the writers who had worked with her, were long: page upon page filled with inquiries, thoughts, information—details, invariably fascinating, of the daily life she shared with Andy, and bulletins on the many other lives she kept track of. Her bits of domestic news were gifts to her friends, scattered about with a prodigal hand. The day before she died, she received a letter from one of the magazine's contributors saying, "To have your affectionate and warm letter made me feel nurtured, as you did indeed always nurture me." A host of writers might have said the same.

Katharine White's loyalties were numerous, intense, and fixed: Brookline, Massachusetts, where she was raised; *St. Nicholas* magazine, to which she contributed as a child; Bryn Mawr, from which she graduated; the city of New York, no matter what happened to it; the state of Maine; the Boston Red Sox; her flowers; *The New Yorker* itself; her colleagues at the magazine; every writer she ever worked with; her adored Andy; her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, friends, neighbors; and the written word—particularly the word as written by E. B. White and by her son Roger Angell. It is E. B. White who, in an interview in the *Paris Review*, has described better than anyone else could what Katharine was like when she was in full editorial flight:

"She was one of the first editors to be hired, and I can't imagine what would have happened to the magazine if she hadn't turned up. . . . Katharine was soon sitting in on art sessions and planning sessions, editing fiction and poetry, cheering and steering authors and artists along the paths they were eager to follow, learning makeup, learning pencil editing, heading the Fiction Department, sharing the personal woes and dilemmas of innumerable contributors and staff people who were in trouble or despair, and, in short, accepting the whole unruly business of a tottering magazine with the warmth and dedication of a broody hen. I had a bird's-eye view of all this because, in the midst of it, I became her husband. During the day, I saw her in operation at the office. At the end of the day, I watched her bring the whole mess home with her in a cheap and bulging portfolio. The light burned late, our bed was lumpy with page proofs, and our home was alive with laughter and the pervasive spirit of her dedication and her industry."

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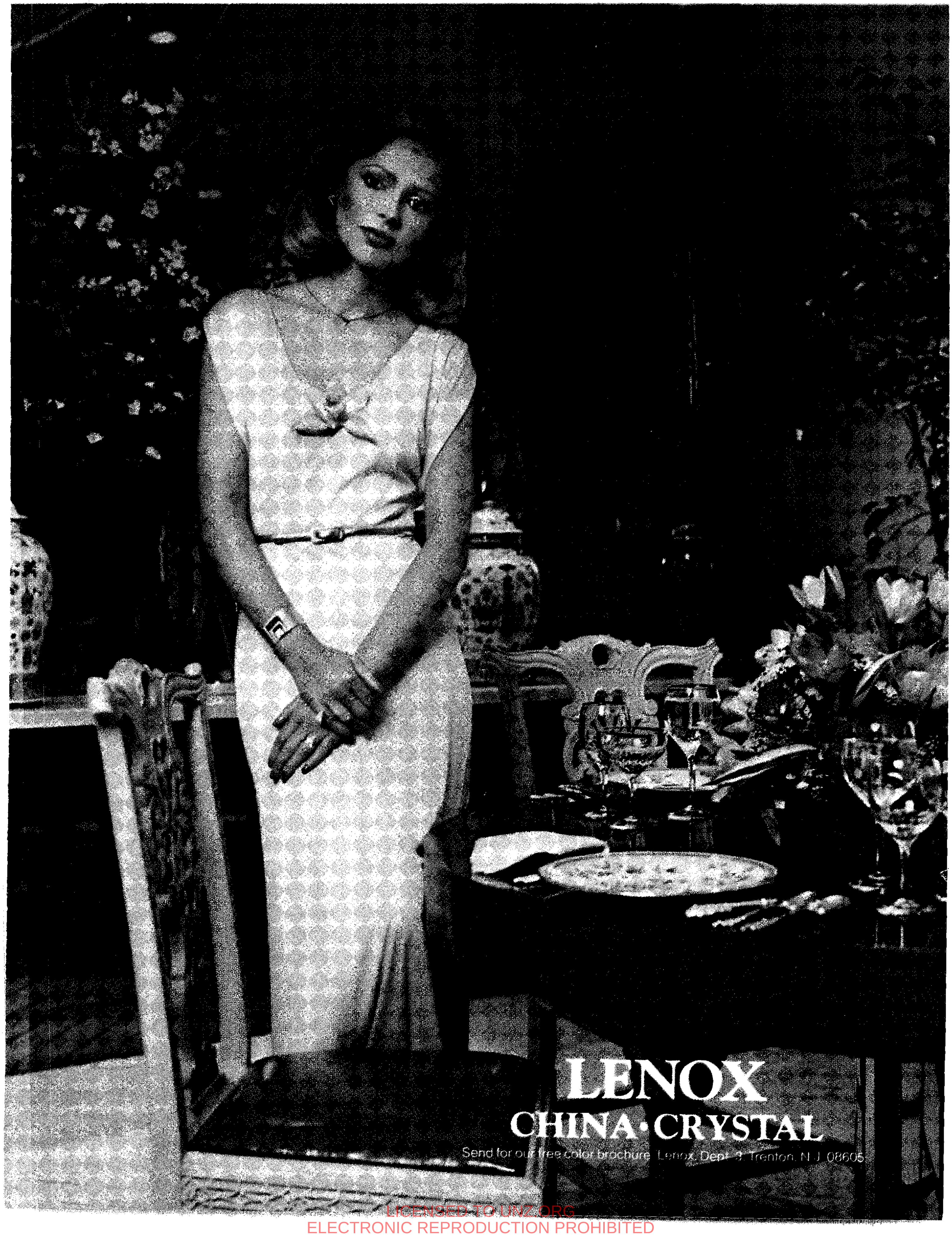
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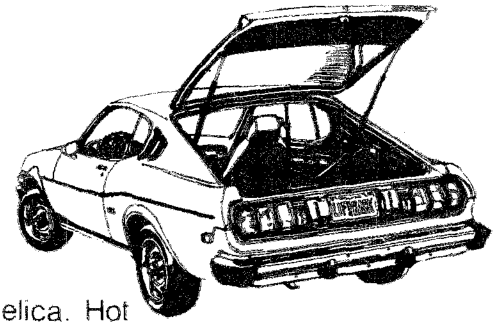

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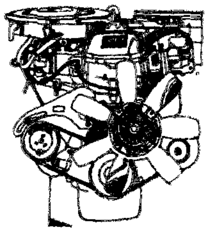

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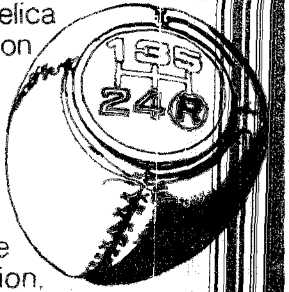

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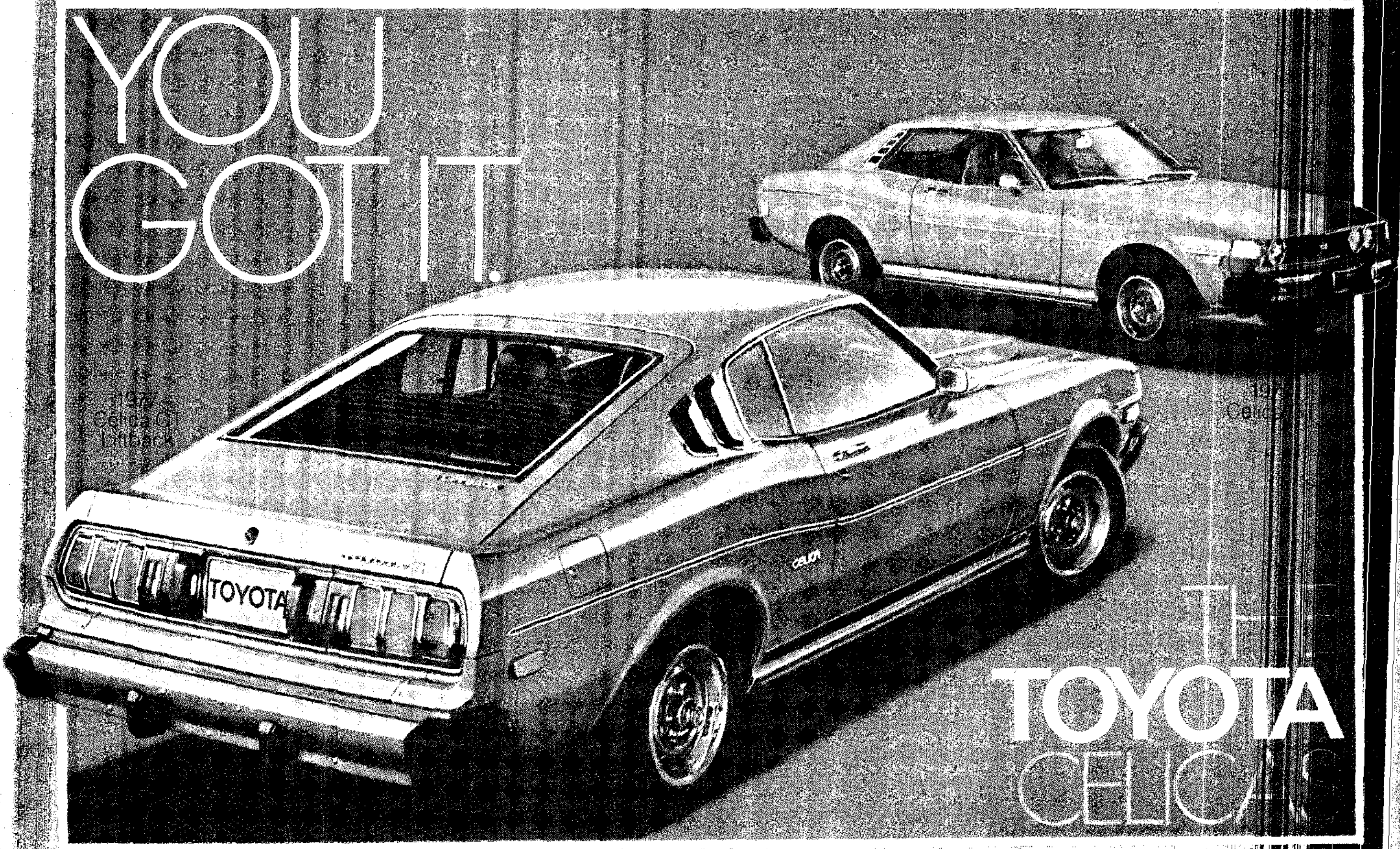

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